BRITISH WAR OFFICE

HAS LATELY BEEN UNDERGOING A TEMPEST.

Fight Between Lansdowne and Wolseley Like That of Alger and Miles in This Country—Former Governor General of Canada Accuses Commander-in-Chief.

(Special Letter.)

As the result of British unsuccesses in South Africa in the war with the Boers much criticism is being directed against the British war office and considerable friction has arisen between the secretary of war, Lord Lansdowne and the commander-in-chief of the army, Lord Wolseley. The followers of each accuse each other of being responsible for England's unpreparedness when the crucial time arrived, and it is probable that as the outcome of the agitation one or the other will have to retire. Parliament will inquire into the matter and interesting developments are expected.

Lord Lansdowne comes from one of the oldest and haughtiest families in the kingdom, dating to the twelfth century. He succeeded his father the fourth marquis, when he was only 21, and became lord of the treasury three years later. He has been in office almost steadily for the last 30 years, his highest post previous to that he holds now having been that of governor general of India from 1888 to 1893. Previous to that he was governor general of Canada. Lord Lansdowne was a liberal until Mr. Gladstone's home rule bill sent him over to the other side. His reward was the appointment by Lord Salisbury to be governor general of India, and after his retutrn thence to be secretary of state for war.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

Just before Lansdowne stepped into this office Gen. Wolseley became commander-in-chief, succeeding the old Duke of Cambridge, the queen's first cousin, who had held the office 40 years.

What has caused the greatest agitation is the affair of Gen. Buller. He had been in command in South Africa until the outbreak of the war and upon him the government relied for information as to the Boer strength. When the war broke out and England was unprepared people openly charged that Gen. Buller was either blind or a traitor. But now it transpires that Gen. Buller not only was informed as to the strength of the Boers, but that he urged and pleaded with the war office repeatedly for immediate preparation on the part. Some of Gen. Wolseley's supporters are saying that he hurled Sir William's report, but that the Marquis of Lansdowne shelved it.

DEPORTED IMMIGRANTS.

No People in the World Have a Sadder Fate Than They.

The saddest class of people in the world, perhaps, are the immigrants who are rejected as being unfit to enter the United States—the land of promise to so many hundreds of thousands of human beings. On almost every outgoing steamer that carries steerage passengers there is a group of men, women, and children who stand out distinctly from among their fellows, says a New York correspondent. They have been brought to the pier a trifle early, arriving huddled together in large express wagons and guarded by burly men in uniform. As the wagons rattle along the streets in the early morning the occupants are, as a rule, quiet enough. They even seem interested in the scenes around them; but, when the wagons draw up before the pier and the ship comes into view, a shock runs through the forlorn groups and the air is filled with vocalized grief. There is swearing and pleading, and lamentation in Yiddish, Polish, Italian, Syrian, and any one of a score of other tongues. There is wild sobbing in the international code of distress. There is resistance, sometimes even downwright rebellion. The officers in charge are used to such scenes. They use persuasion, consolation, force, if necessary. Their charges are hustled aboard the ship. Some go quietly, in a dull apathy of despair. Others make the air ring with their protestations. Occasionally there is a savage fight for liberty, always ending in one way. The fighter is overpowered and put aboard the ship without ceremony. The officials are not brutes. They have hearts in good working order, concealed about their persons. They don't like the work, but they are carrying out the law, and, incidentally, posing as angels with flaming swords. They are deporting immigrants excluded from American residence as dangerous to the welfare and prosperity of the country. These people have been rejected by the examining board at the Barge office and sad indeed is their state. Many of them before leaving home sold everything they owned, converted it all into money for the passage. No homes are waiting for them. Their money is gone. Their hopes are dead. They are shut out from the new life of which they dreamed, and cannot even take up the old life where they left off with it.

FACTS ABOUT BANANAS.

Why the Red Banana Has Disappeared—Other Phases of the Trade.

Red bananas are so scarce nowadays as to be practically a rarity; the prevailing banana is yellow. Twenty years and more ago the red was the prevailing banana and the yellow the rare one. The yellow banana requires less care and time in the cultivation, and so costs less in that stage. It sticks to the stem better than the red banana, and so stands handling better. There are one-third more yellow bananas to the bunch than red. With all these marked advantages in its favor the yellow banana has practically driven the red banana out. With yellow bananas at $1 or $1.50 a bunch, red would be worth from $6 to $11, and there would be fewer in a bunch. Red bananas sell nowadays in the fruit stores as high as 20 cents each. The comparatively few bunches imported are taken by dealers in fancy fruits as novelties, the rarity in large measure determining the price. It might be asked why, with red bananas at such prices, more are not cultivated; to which the answer is that if more were raised the prices would go down again, and there would be no profit in raising them for the general demand, in competition with the more economically produced, more prolific and better shipping yellow bananas. Some people prefer the flavor of the red banana, some prefer that of the yellow; it is preferable that the great majority would have no choice, and the far lower price at which the yellow banana can be offered to the individual consumer settles the question. Bananas were never before so cheap as they have been in recent years. Formerly a luxury that was rather costly than otherwise, the banana is now a cheap luxury; very good bananas can now be bought commonly in the streets in the season at a cent apiece, or 10 cents a dozen, such as formerly cost two or three times as much. The bananas eaten in this country come from Costa Rica, British and Spanish Honduras, Colombia, Jamaica and Cuba. The bulk of the fruit from the gulf countries goes to New Orleans for distribution, that from the other countries coming to the Atlantic ports. Bananas are now sold, not as rarities, but more or less commonly, in all parts of the country, practically everywhere, the eastern part of the country being supplied from Atlantic ports and the Mississippi valley and the western half from New Orleans.—New York Sun.

The Automatic Bath Tub.

It is told of a certain lazy man of these parts that, in order to save himself any inconvenience when he had his house remodeled, he included an automatic bathtub. The tub was so arranged that he could lie in bed, and, by pushing a button, the door opened and a bathtub would glide from the next room to the side of the bed, and then all he would have to do was to roll over into the tub and take his morning bath. The other day he was showing a party of gentlemen friends over the house, and when he came to his room he said: "Let me show you my automatic bathtub." He pushed the button, there was a scream, and the tub came sailing into the room with his wife in it. She now takes her bath in a washpan.—Galesburg Mail.

The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies.—Steele.

A BRITISH HEROINE.

HER ESCAPADES AMONG THE BOERS CAUSES SURPRISE.

Besieged, Then Escaped, Was Captured, Acted as a Spy, Was Exchanged and Finally Found Herself Shut Up in Mafeking.

(Special Letter.)

English society is disposed to regard Lady Sarah Wilson, the handsome and adventurous daughter of the house of Marlborough, as a modern Joan of Arc. The adventures through which she is passing in the Boer war are more extraordinary than have fallen to the lot of any woman of rank in the present century, and place her alongside those women of the middle ages who defended cities and endured the horrors of war.

She was first besieged, then escaped; was caught after many thrilling adventures; acted as a spy; was ordered to be confined in a certain town and escaped from it, and finally was exchanged for a Boer officer and returned to the besieged place from which she started. At the beginning of the war Lady Sarah was with her husband, Capt. Wordon Wilson, in Mafeking, the chief town in British Bechuanaland, which lies northwest of the Transvaal. It was held by Col. Baden-Powell, with the Fifth Dragoons, about 900 strong. Capt. Wilson is an officer of the Horse Guards, but was out in South Africa on special service, and had attached himself to Col. Baden-Powell for the sake of adventure. Lord Edward Cecil, a son of the British prime minister, the Marquis of Salisbury, was there for the same reasons. The redoubtable Gen. Cronje, who captured Jameson and his raiders, besieged Mafeking with 3,000 Boers. Col. Baden-Powell reinforced his little body of regulars by enrolling and drilling all the able-bodied men in Mafeking. Thus he gathered a force of nearly 2,000 men with which he has made a brilliant defense and furnished the most picturesque feature of the war. Lady Sarah took an active part in the work of the soldiers, and even accompanied the armored train that went out of Mafeking to fight the Boers. After a month Lady Sarah left Mafeking to carry the news of the beleaguered garrison to the outside world. She started out to ride over hundreds of miles of desert and mountains, infested not only by armed Boers, but by wandering bands of bloodthirsty Kaffirs. The chance of falling into the hands of the latter was the most appalling danger she ran. She may almost consider herself fortunate that she was captured by the Boers.

LADY SARAH WILSON.

One morning at Setlagoli, a small station in British territory, she was aroused by the report of heavy firing. Riding to the scene of the trouble she found that a British armored train had been wrecked by the Boers. The train was commanded by Capt. Nesbitt, of the Mashonaland mounted police, who was trying to run through to Mafeking with ammunition. He and all his men were killed or captured.

Lady Sarah was seen by the Boers and taken prisoner. She was placed in charge of a Boer and sent to Mochudi, a Boer center near Mafeking. While there she established a regular spy system, by means of which she supplied Col. Baden-Powell with information of the utmost value concerning the Boer plans. By informing him that the Boers on the southern side of Mafeking were being drawn away to the siege of Kimberley she enabled him to make a sortie, in which he killed thirty Boers and captured 2,500 rounds of ammunition.

Lady Sarah secured the services of a native runner, who became so devoted to her that he would have risked death in any form to do her errands. She used to meet him late at night on the outskirts of her Boer host's farm, and there give him messages for the besieged garrison of Mafeking. He hid these in his luxuriant crop of wool which was bound up with a copper ring on the top of his head. Ultimately the Boer commandant,Snyman, learned that she had been sending dispatches into Mafeking. Up to that time he had been in some doubt as to how to treat her. Now he had no more doubt. He held her strictly a prisoner, locked her up and put an armed guard over her. Then Col. Baden-Powell demanded Lady Sarah's release as a non-combatant. Commander Snyman replied that she was a spy, and that he was behaving with leniency when he consented to exchange her for an important Boer officer,held by the British. He intimated that he had a perfect right to shoot Lady Sarah as a spy. The gallant Col. Baden-Powell could not bear the thought of leaving a woman—and such a woman—in so distressing a position. He therefore exchanged his Boer prisoner for her, and she returned to her husband and the garrison of Mafeking. Lady Sarah is now living in underground quarters in Mafeking to escape the Boer shells. Recently her husband was wounded in a sortie, and so she has him to nurse in addition to her other occupations. Lady Sarah Wilson is the tenth child of a former Duke of Marlborough, and is about the same age as her nephew, the present duke. She is the youngest sister of the late duke—who married Mrs. Hammersley, of New York—and of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. In 1891 she married Capt. Gordon Chesney, an Australian millionaire. She is a tall, handsome woman with an insatiable fondness for outdoor sports and for foreign travel and adventure.

WHEN ONE IS LOST IN FOREST

Advice of an Experienced Woodsman It Will Be Wise to Follow.

You know how the redskins of old used to smoke signals? Now, let every sportsman in Maine or elsewhere who gets lost in the woods make a smoke, and the chances are 100 to 1 that the searchers who are looking for him will find him within a few hours. Start the smoke on a bare rock on a side hill. Make a thin smoke and keep it up. Sit down and take it easy and vary the program by gathering fuel for the smudge or boughs for a windbreak or camp bed, in the possible chance of having to lie over night. Look for water to drink. No trouble to find your way back to your rock with the smoke to guide you. Every professional guide who takes out a party of sportsmen should instruct them in these particulars. It will save painful worry, hunger, starvation and too frequent death. To a tyro in woodcraft I would much prefer making a smoke than an attempt to study the divides, or even to follow a stream out. In a country of limited area, where the streams are all short and seldom over fifteen miles from the crown of the divide to the tide water, as in Nova Scotia, the latter would be the best plan—to stick to the watercourses and follow the downstream current. In a wilderness tangle a smoke is the best, though in a flat area of dense forest it is a hard chance for a men unsophisticated, smoke or no smoke. No man should ever be without matches in a waterproof safe and a serviceable jackknife in his pocket. And above all things, study the lay of the land before you start out and see in which direction the hills and valleys run. Getting lost should be impossible when nature makes all her paths so plain, at least it seems so to me at these presents. But then I have had fifty odd years of experience in all regions and latitudes. As a rule, a bewildered man, when he finds himself lost, has not traveled far from his starting point. Distances seem vastly greater in a strange woods than they do on a turnpike. Indeed, a man cannot travel fast and far through an undergrowth. So the logic of the situation is to stand still, halloo often, fire both barrels of your gun, and, finally, make a smoke in a safe place, if you cannot find a sightly one as well; and if you keep the blaze covered with moss, punk and green boughs it will not run, and it will give one employment to fill up anxious time.—Forest and Stream.

AFTER A BRITISH DEFEAT.

A Correspondent's Graphic Description of a Retreat.

A correspondent writing of the British retreat from Stormberg, where Gen. Gatacre met with a serious defeat, thus describes the affair:

"After our repulse at Stormberg we had the humiliating experience of being chased back all those weary ten miles to Molteno, retreating as fast as we could in small groups, sometimes crouching against the right side of the road—the Boers being on our left flank—sometimes making our way into the cornfields, or along the interminable veldt, or now and again falling prone on the ground as a shell came hissing overhead, waiting with breathless suspense until we heard its dull thud as it struck the ground; then, with an exclamation of thankfulness, as we found the uncanny thing did not burst, up and off again, ravenously hungry and utterly fatigued as we were, harassed and hurried by the Boers, who accompanied us for a distance of eight miles with the attentions of their artillery. At last, when the major portion of our force, which had left the night before so full of promise and so brimful of eagerness, had straggled into Molteno, about 11 o'clock, and when we all generally found our feet again, we formed up and got into line for the roll call. When name after name was called; when silence—dead silence—was the only answer; when 366 men of the sturdy Northumberlands were missing, and when some 294 of our gallant Irish comrades failed to give response, then the grim reality of the disaster came home to us, and we silently thanked God that we were safe, and thought very sadly, of the comrades, dead, wounded and missing, left behind in the terrible trap at Stormberg from which we had just escaped."

Cheerful Girls.

Good and healthy girls are almost always cheerful. No novelist would consider his youthful heroine complete if a "ringing laugh" were omitted from the list of her charms; and in real life the girls who do not laugh now and then are seldom liked by their companions. Even beauty will not save them. A belle who fails to understand the jest of her admirers and smiles in amiable bewilderment while other people are laughing is soon left with no consolation save to wonder what anybody can see in her rival—a girl with "tip-tilted" nose, perhaps, and a large mouth, and freckles, but the happy possessor of a pair of merry eyes and a cheerful mind. The gift of gayety is, indeed, of great value; but it must be gayety which originates in a kind and cheery heart,not that which is born of mere excitement or gratified vanity.

Old Sumptuary Laws.

A statute of Edward III. of England, which ordained that no man of whatsoever condition or estate should be served at dinner or supper with more than two courses, or more than two kinds of food in each course, except on some great holidays specified, when he might be served with three, was only repealed in 1856. It had, however, been obsolete for a great number of years, and was probably not enforced after the passing of a statute of James I., in 1604, which repealed the other laws, restraining the expenditure of private individuals in matters of dress, etc., such as the one which prohibited all who did not enjoy a free estate of £100 a year from wearing furs, skins, or silk, and confined the use of foreign cloth to the royal family alone.

BATTLE TO THE DEATH

BULLS AND JAGUAR FIGHT A DUEL.

The Latter Put Up the Best Fight at the Start, but Finally Succumbed to a Long-Horned Charger—Captured by Unarmed Cowboys.

I was over the plain west of San Bautista in the Pelos country recently trying to look up a strayed horse, writes A. G. Gillispie, a Texas ranchman. There are always plenty of cattle on the plain, especially in the winter when the stock drifts south before the northers. They were all there that day, but instead of being scattered over the prairie as usual most of them were bunched together near the middle of the plain and all the others in sight were running to join them. The herd was a good two miles away, but I had the curiosity to ride over and see what was happening. I expected to see a fight between two bulls, but when I got where I could look over the heads of the cattle I saw that a jaguar had come out on the plain and knocked over a yearling heifer. The cows and steers had gathered and formed a half circle about him, and they were bellowing and pawing the ground at a great rate, but they stayed at a safe distance from the jaguar, who was tearing the heifer's throat, now and then lifting his head to snarl at the cattle. So far it was a game of bluff on both sides. The arrival of a 2-year-old half-grade Texas bull changed the situation. He passed tothe front of the herd and advanced along toward the jaguar. At this the jaguar left off tearing at the heifer and, leaping over her body, faced the bull.

He was a handsome, fierce-looking fellow, with his sleek skin of black and yellow, as he crouched to the ground with his white teeth showing and the tip of his tail curving in and out like a snake. The bull came on, roaring, stopping to paw the ground and shake his head at four or five yards away, then lowered his head as he charged upon the jaguar. Just as the horns seemed about to touch him the jaguar rose, curving, from the ground, overleaped head and horns and landed square upon the bull's shoulders. In an instant he had shifted position, and, clinging to the bull's side and shoulders with his claws, was biting savagely into the back of his neck. The bull bellowed and shook himself, but could not shake the jaguar off, and at last ran, circling, back to the herd. Just before he got among the other cattle the jaguar leaped to the ground and crept back to the heifer, where he stopped again, facing the herd. The young bull had got more than enough of fighting, and he took up his position among the non-combatants in the rear of the herd, but a new champion appeared in the form of a polled angus bull, a big one, as black as midnight. He ran straight for the jaguar, with perfect confidence; then, as he lowered his hornless head to butt, the jaguar followed the same tactics as before, rose above it with an easy leap, landed on the bull's shoulders, and in a second more was biting at his neck. The polled angus thrashed around and made a longer struggle than the 2-year-old had, but the jaguar hung on and the big bull at last ran back to the herd while the jaguar dropped off and went back to the heifer as before.

A SAVAGE ATTACK.

He scarcely had taken his position behind the carcass when he was called once more to defend it, and this time I saw that it meant serious business for him. The newcomer was an old Texas bull of the wild cattle variety, with long horns pointing forward; he had arrived late, but was full of fight. As he came on the jaguar, who perhaps was tired of fighting, did not attempt to spring upon him, but at the last moment jumped away. The bull followed him up, darting at him with his horns and showing an agility astonishing in so heavy an animal. For a minute or so the jaguar dodged his rushes, then turned and broke on the jump for the wooded bank of the Alamosa creek, a mile away. The bull chased him a short distance, stopped to bellow and gaze after him, then turned back to the herd and promptly tried to start a fight with the polled angus and with the young bull, but neither wanted anything to do with him. Once safe away from the bull, the jaguar slowed his pace and trotted along toward the timber, making good time with his long, smooth, cat-footed stride. He had got half way there when out from the creek bottom, directly in front of him, five cowboys rode up over the bank upon the plain. At once they spread out and rode to head him off from the timber. The jaguar made a few bounds in the effort to get past them, then as they surrounded him, stopped and stood on his defense. There was not a firearm in the party, and it was not easy for them to force their horses near enough the jaguar to use their lassos. At last one of them, a Mexican named Juan Ribera, letting the loop of his lasso lie on the ground, caught the jaguar's forelegs in the noose, and setting spurs to his horse rolled the beast upon his back and dragged him. Other lassos quickly caught the jaguar's neck and one hind leg, and then, with the three ropes pulling taut, the animal lay helpless. The question was debated of trying to preserve him alive, but was settled by one of the cowboys killing him with a knife. I measured the jaguar and he was just eight feet long. When I rode away the cowboys were skinning him.

Horse Slid 51 Feet.

A horse attached to a delivery wagon ran away the other morning, going up State street to Main and there turning to the west. On the turn the horse slipped and fell to the pavement. The bricks were never more slippery than under present weather conditions, and the horse took what is probably the most remarkable slide in the history of paved streets in North Adams. It went clear across the street, and reached the sidewalk with sufficient momentum to carry it up the driveway by Lally's office, so that when the animal finally stopped moving its head was in the doorway of the office. The horse was not so much injured as would be expected from its "slide for home," resembling Kelly's famous feat, but a very large crowd was quickly gathered. Afterward some of those who saw the slide measured the distance and found it to be 51 feet, which is thought to constitute a long distance record.—North Adams Transcript.

French Centenarian a Rip Van Winkle

Even swift, gay Paris has its Rip Van Winkle. A patriarch, who had spent all his life tending sheep on the outskirts of the city, came into town one day a little while ago, and asked for shelter in a police station. He was 100 years old, and was bewildered to learn that Louis Philippe no longer was king. The word republic had no meaning for him, for he had heard not of Napoleon III., or the fall of the empire. He had nursed some of the soldiers wounded in the war which resulted in the overthrow of the empire, but he never bothered to ask what it was all about. To him the Dreyfus case was as a closed book. Talked to about the exposition, he mournfully shook his head. His life will close in a poorhouse.

Wants an Entire Husband.

A wooden leg and a glass eye played havoc with cupid's arrangements at Alto, Ill., recently. A young woman became engaged to a man in Iowa whom she had never seen. The correspondence had lasted long enough to convince both that they were "fated to be mated." The date for the wedding was set and the prospective bride was at the depot to meet the train which was to bring her fiance. When the train rolled in the Iowa man stepped down on the platform. His wooden leg thumped, his glass eye wobbled. That settled it. The young woman threw up her hands and emitted a scream that would have shamed an Apache and ran like a deer. She reached her home, locked herself in her room, and refused to see her lover, who, after a night's rest, disconsolately turned his face homeward.

Rob Luetgert Sausage Plant.

The trial and conviction of Adolph L. Luetgert on the charge of wife murder and his subsequent death were recalled in Chicago the other day, when it was reported to the Sheffield avenue police that the Luetgert sausage factory, at Diversey and Southport avenues, which has been vacant for some time, and which was said to have been the scene of the murder, had been broken into by burglars and $500 worth of brass trimmings and gas fixtures taken. Officers were detailed on the case, and arrested Frank Beckowski, an expressman, and Rudolph Prankski and August Rode. They also recovered the stolen property. The prisoners confessed to the burglary. Beckowski hauled the stuff away in his express wagon after the other two men, it is asserted, had broken into the factory and stolen it.

Two heads may be better than one, but one big head is usually enough.

THE HERO OF SAMOA.

THAT DREADFUL TRAGEDY IN THE PORT OF APIA.

Where 140 Americans and Germans Perished, Recalled by the Death of Commander Carlin of the Vandalia—The Great Samoan Tornado.

(Special Letter.)

There was recently laid to rest in an old cemetery in Carthage the remains of a man who passed into the beyond with the event being scarcely noted and yet who, only a few brief years ago, was the idol of America. He was Commander James W. Carlin, U. S. N., the hero of Samoa. He died last December on the City of Pekin, between Manila and Yokohama, and his remains have just been laid to rest in Illinois soil.

Commander Carlin played an important part in the great Samoan tornado. On the morning of March 16, 1889, ships of the English, German and American navies were in the port of Apia. The storm came swiftly, and found them unprepared to meet it in the shallow waters of the bay. Every energy was bent toward getting to the open sea. The Englishmen succeeded. That day death came quickly to many, and in all 146 German and American officers and men found their end.

Carlin was executive officer of the Vandalia, and practically in command even before the death of Capt. Scoonmaker. The latter was an old man, and so fleshy that he was unable to handle himself with ease. He was killed and washed overboard in the early part of the storm, but not before his executive officer had made a gallant attempt to save him. The men had been ordered into the rigging as the only place of safety, and Carlin was about to follow when he saw the captain lying on the forward part of the deck, with his arms clasped about a stanchion. Making his way to him between the huge waves that were pounding over the deck, Carlin clasped his arm around the commanding officer's waist and told him that he intended to help him into the rigging.

"Don't try to help me, Jim," said Scoonmaker; "I'm as good as dead now. You save yourself."

While he lay on the deck by the captain's side Carlin felt one of the ropes that held a gun in place slip, and to an old sailor this meant that in a few minutes the gun would be loose and pounding around the deck. He resolved to secure a rope and tackle hanging near by in the rigging, and with it help Scoonmaker up the ladder. Twice as he made the rush, between waves, for the rope, he was forced to clasp a brass railing to prevent being washed overboard. On the return trip he was again compelled to hold to the rail for his life while two waves of unusual height and violence rushed down upon the deck, and when he arose and looked for the captain both man and gun were gone. Then he looked out for himself. Back to the rigging he went, but every place on the yard arm was occupied by the men, and in that time there was no rank. Death stood at their face and leveled rank. Carlin was too brave to order men to give up a place of safety to him, but they insisted on pulling him up to them.

COMMANDER J. W. CARLIN, U. S. N.

The ship seemed doomed. Men were being washed overboard at every wave, and to make death more certain the Vandalia was drifting down upon a coral reef. Then the Trenton, anchored near by, began to drag her anchor and bear down upon the fated ship. It seemed certain that the Trenton would cut the Vandalia in two before either struck the coral reef. Officers and men bade one another farewell and stood there waiting for death, but when it seemed most certain a stronger gale than usual struck the human sails in the rigging of Vandalia and shoved her so far ahead that the Trenton's prow struck her stern, and slowly warped around alongside. Instantly Lieut. Carlin saw his opportunity and the men's and ordered them to run along the yard arms and jump upon the deck of the Trenton. Every man reached the Trenton, and that ship steamed away to safety—having by that time got her engines into working order. For his part Carlin was commended to congress. His military career began when a mere boy. He was born in 1848 and in 1862 he enlisted in an Illinois regiment and served in the Union army. When mustered out in 1864 he was appointed to the Naval academy, from which he graduated four years later. His advance was as slow as that of all naval officers during the past third of a century. He served in all parts of the world, and was in command of the transport Culgoa, plying between Manila and Australia, carrying supplies, when he obtained the sick leave to start on the journey that proved his last.

A Touching Appeal.

A youngster who had been sent to a boarding school did not much like the change. He was suffering from his first attack of homesickness, and naturally desired to return home. In making known his wish to his father in a recent letter he said: "Dear Father—"Life is very short; let us spend it together. Your affectionate son."

The airship man is expected to be a little flighty in his ideas.