

IN FAR OFF JAPAN.

JOHN A. COCKRILL WRITES OF THE COUNTRY.

The foreign cemetery in Yokohama—Fabled story of the sinking of the United States Steamer Onida by a Treacherous English Captain.

Yokohama Correspondence. HE foreign cemetery in Yokohama is well worth visiting and studying. It is a picturesque spot, covering the north side of what is known as the "Bluff." It is terraced and beautifully kept, the foliage being peculiarly attractive. Although the cemetery has been in existence nearly forty years, it does not contain one neglected grave, such is the excellence of the care-taking. A cosmopolitan spot is this quaint and mournful graveyard. Within the enclosure one finds the graves of men of all the nations that ever had touch with Japan. The humble sailor sleeps beside the foreign minister, the Catholic beside the dissenter, the early Dutchman beside the Spaniard whose ancestors plowed the main when his were searching for the gold of the Orient. We find here every form of mortuary tablet and memorial architecture, each following national characteristics as near as possible. On one imposing stone we find



the story of a man who died in London, an Englishman, who directed at his death that his body be cremated and the ashes sent to the Japan he loved so well. And here they are. Epitaphs may here be read in Russian, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, German, English and nearly all the known languages. In one section sleep the officers and men who have died in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship company. In an obscure corner one is reminded by the gravestones of our naval vessels who have from time to time visited this station—the Tennessee, the Iroquois, the Piscataqua, the Hartford, etc. One poor fellow from the steamship Ocean sleeps beneath a slab upon which some inspired poet, doubtless of the marine variety, has inscribed the following rhythmic dirge:

"A pain of sickness gave the fatal blow. The stroke was certain, but the effect was slow. With wasting pain death found me sore oppress'd. Piled my sighs and kindly gave me rest."

The graves of men predominate here, for the founding of this God's acre was in the day when few women of the western world came hither. But the care of graves, the floral tributes, the bits of offerings all tell to-day of living woman's tenderness and undying love. The most conspicuous object in this sadly beautiful cemetery, with its deep sense of loneliness which springs from the contemplation of the graves of those who die in distant lands, unnoticed, unloved mayhap, is the granite pyramid erected in memory of the officers and crew of the United States steamship Onida, who met cruel fate in these waters twenty-five years ago. The massive block is hemmed with a chain swung from anchors at the four corners of the plot and within the enclosure are commemorative stones above the remains of three officers whose bodies were recovered. Many Japanese admirers of the United States take a mournful interest in the spot, and more than once memorial services have been held by them in honor of the poor wanderers of the sea who were engulfed with the ill-fated Onida. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin" is realized here. On one side of the pyramid shaft, in bold, black letters, is this inscription:

In Memory of the Officers and Men Who Went Down with the U. S. S. Onida, When That Vessel Was Sunk While Homeward Bound By the Steamship BOMBAY, In Yeddo Bay, Japan, January 24th, 1870.

That is it; coldly frank and candid, fast history. And history, too, which should not be forgotten so long as human indifference and cruelty upon the seas remain to be detested and execrated. This is the story: The masted Onida had been on the Asiatic station something more than her allotted time. Lying in Yokohama harbor, she received her welcome recall. All was glee and happiness among the good fellows who had been yearning for home and its delights. The home-bound pennant was run up, hasty visits were paid to friends on sister ships, bumpers were drunk, jolly songs were sung and in the gathering twilight the anchors were hoisted, and the Onida went bounding down the bay to music of band and voice. Never did vessel carry happier hearts nor more hope-laden crew. The night thickened, and there was a breath of gale in the howling wind. A few miles down Yeddo Bay the English steamship Bom-

bay, carrying mails and bound in, swept wildly down upon the Onida, wounded her to death and rolled on to heaven. The heavy wooden war ship, as if struck by a bolt of lightning, careened, filled and plunged to the bottom, carrying with her nearly the entire crew. Commander Edward P. Williams and Lieutenant Commander Alonzo W. Muldaur went down with brother officers, firemen, sailors and the twenty-five lads and midshipmen who had helped a moment before to fill the ship with song. Scarce a boat's crew was saved. A passenger on the Bombay, who saw the whole quarter ripped from the Onida, in the fierce collision, leaped from her deck into the lighted wardroom of the war ship and saw her officers, with toasting glasses in their hands, as death reared for them. The piteous voices of some of these poor floating fellows were ringing on the night air when the captain of the Bombay, who never halted to see the harm he had done, was steaming into Yokohama harbor, to subsequently declare over a glass of whisky in a barroom: "I run down a Yankee awhile ago, and it served him damned bloody well right." The heartless brute! There was talk of misplaced lights on the Onida, mistaken signals and too much conviviality, and the brutal captain of the Bombay, with a few inches of water in his ship's forward compartment, indulged in the usual talk about his fears concerning the safety of his own vessel—the customary excuse of the sea-coward—and his neglect to inquire after the condition of his victim was palliated by a board of inquiry. But his name was execrated throughout the civilized world—no place more than in England, where inhumanity upon the seas is ever decried and chivalry forever exalted—and today he is in oblivion. But the craven's name should be graven upon the shaft in the Yokohama cemetery, to the end that future generations may learn to hate his kind. As for the Bombay, she lies, I am told



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For this reason he is highly acceptable and desirable. Foreign bred animals require great attention, feeding and grooming. I am satisfied, from my experience, that the native breed of horses cannot be satisfactorily inbred with foreign horses—at least, it would require many patient years to produce anything like satisfactory results." JOHN A. COCKRILL.

ROBBED OF ALTAR PLATE.

Valuable Chalices and Ciboriums Are Stolen from Catholic Churches. (Chicago Correspondence.) The work of robbing Catholic churches in the city still continues. Thursday night two edifices were plundered of chalices and ciboriums, and the thieves left no clew behind. At St. Bridget's church, Archer avenue and Church place, the thieves broke open the closet in the altar where the sacred plate containing the sacrament was kept. A chalice and ciborium were taken, the sacrament being thrown on the floor. Rev. Daniel M. J. Dowling, the parish priest, had taken every precaution to guard against the thieves, who had been plundering so many churches, but it was without avail. The value of the property taken from St. Bridget's church is \$500. The same gang probably visited St. Joseph's French church, 2033 Joseph street, Brighton Park, and there removed a chalice and two ciboriums, the total value of the plate being \$750. Rev. Father La Sage, the parish priest, was much chagrined at the loss, as he had taken extra care to guard the church property. Each robbery was reported



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SHE IS NOT A POLITICIAN.

Whatever Else the New Woman May Be She is Certainly Not That. From the Buffalo Express: My only excuse for telling a political story between campaigns is that I heard this particular anecdote just the other day. Last fall a new woman set out to proselytize. She was a very young new woman, well satisfied with her own political disability, but strongly determined to make converts for the party to which she fancied she belonged. She was particularly interested in a certain candidate running on the Democratic ticket. Her first call was on her own godfather, a Democratic warhorse, a man who has worked and held office for the Democratic party for many years.

"Godfather," began the new woman. "I want to get some votes for a friend of mine. He is a perfectly lovely man and I want you to promise to vote for him."

"Maudie," replied the old man, who naturally thought that the girl was asking him to make an exception in favor of a Republican, from his lifelong habit of voting the straight Democratic ticket, "you know I would do almost anything for you, but I can't go back on my party."

Maudie pleaded and pleaded, until finally her godfather relented so far as to ask who the favored candidate might be.

"Why, Judge Blank, of course," answered Maudie in some surprise, though his name had not been mentioned up to that time.

The old man's face was a study for a while. Then he chuckled softly to himself and said: "Girlie, have I to be asked at my time of life to support a nominee of my own party? Don't you know that Judge Blank is a Democrat and I am a Democrat?"

But Maudie had burst into tears. "I think you are a mean, horrid old man not to have told me that when I began to talk? How was I to know to what nasty old party you belonged. I think politics are just awful!"

And the promising political career of one new woman ended right there.

Hearse for a Peddler's Cart. The yankee has always had the reputation for being an ingenious fellow. He has been credited with doing a great many things he never did, and he has done a good many things he has never been credited with. But it recently devolved upon a real Vermont yankee to buy a second-hand hearse and turn it into a peddler's cart. He fixed it over a little, boarded up the sides and "daubed" a little red paint in several places to take off the funeral air. He also took off the plumes and built a canopy over the driver's seat.

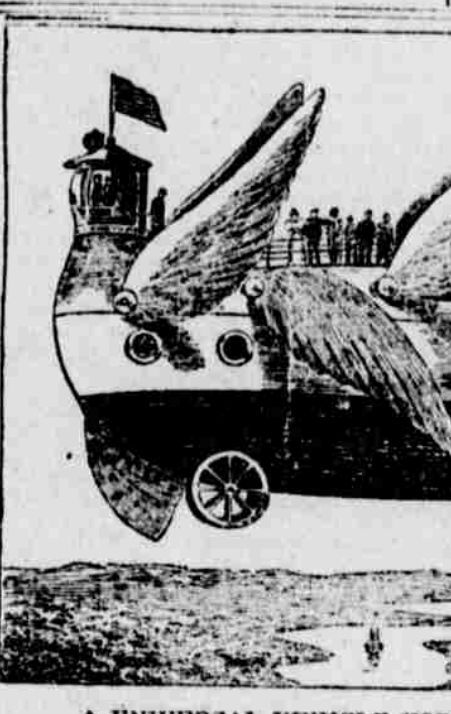
AIRSHIPS LIKE A DUCK

NAVIGATES AIR OR SEA AND GLIDES OVERLAND.

At Least, That is What is Claimed—This Latest Ambitious Inventor Would Copy the Flight of Birds—Controlled by a Motor.



HE ancient astronomers who named the constellations were but prophets of a later age. They placed a wagon in the heavens, and the strange, amorphous creation which strikes the reader's eye on this page is a confirmation of their poetic foresight. The illustration is not intended to represent the famous wooden horse of Troy, nor the hybrid gods of ancient Babylon or Nineveh. Neither is it taken from some geological treatise—the reconstructed remains of some extinct species of a remote period. No, wondering reader, it constitutes an idea for a universal motor vehicle, designed to skim along the ground, to wing its way through the air, and to navigate river, lake or sea as occasion may require. This is the cherished scheme of a learned natural philosopher and inventor, who for many years has been studying the problem of aerial flight and terrestrial locomotion. The inventor believes that previous investigators in aerial navigation have erred in adopting as their prototype in nature the fish instead of the bird. They have been trying to build airships propelled by screw propellers and similar devices, or to utilize balloons, which expose a large surface of resistance to the wind and are, therefore, at its mercy. The bird, on the other hand, goes with or against the current. The little gosling can teach the philosopher a valuable lesson in land locomotion, for even before it can fly



A UNIVERSAL VEHICLE FOR AIR, WATER AND LAND.

through the air, it accelerates its progress in the water and on the land by the use of its wings. Yet up to the present time no student of the motor, vehicle problem seems to have thought of applying mechanical wings to the propulsion of vehicles.

So, discarding all previous theories, this inventor begins by making an independent study of the wings of insects and birds, with the idea of determining how they fly, and what is the precise sustaining power of their wings. In looking over the winged kingdom his attention was arrested by the duck, which waddles on the land, swims in the water and flies in the air. The whistle-winged duck in particular is a wonderful example of wing power. Though its wings are comparatively smaller than those of other fowl, they carry its body at a very high velocity at the ratio of about three to five pounds of sustaining power to each square foot of wing surface. Some insects' wings show even more remarkable sustaining power than this. The duck, seeming to afford the best example for a universal vehicle, the inventor takes this fowl as his model, elongating the body somewhat to suit it to his purpose.

The length of the body of the vehicle represented is twenty feet, the breadth four feet and the height six feet. The weight is estimated at 400 pounds, and it is intended to carry four persons. In front is the elevated outlook, from which the pilot can govern the movements of the vehicle, and back of this is a passageway for ingress and egress. Five pairs of wings, four or five feet wide and five to seven feet long, giving a total of about 275 feet of surface, extend along the upper part of the machine. These wings have an aluminum frame work supporting prepared palm leaf or other like material of extreme toughness and lightness, and underneath each wing are eight or ten parachute valves or oval underflaps, acting like the feathers under a bird's wing, which give momentum when the wing is raised, and buoyancy with momentum when the wing is lowered. Oscillating shoulder joints, with inclining air-cushion pivot joints near the shoulders for active propulsion, attach the wings to the body of the vehicle. From a close comparison of the wing surface, and a comparison with the buoyancy of bird and insect wings, the inventor concludes that the vehicle would sustain a weight of from 1,000 to 1,400 pounds.

But the wings are not the only curious thing about this modern Pegasus, if such it may be called. Passing over the three wheels—one in front and two behind—which are provided for land

travel, we come to the three vibrating and revolving fins—two at the rear and one in front—to propel and guide the vehicle in water and also in air. These fins, which are modeled after the fins of a fish, are made of flexible metal and are about three or four feet in length. When not in use—i. e., on land—they are to be folded up against the body of the vehicle, but in the air or water they drop below the body, and are actuated sideways by the same power that moves the wings, thus guiding the vehicle in any direction, as a fish alters its course by the use of its fins. Four turns of these fins will reverse the motion of the vehicle even at high speed. In water they become propellers, and the wings may also be used in conjunction with them to increase speed. In fact the wings could be so manipulated as to accelerate the speed both on land and water, the vehicle skimming along the surface of the water like a gigantic seagull. The wings alternate in action by successive pairs, while the fins are operated together or singly, as the pilot may desire. Complete control of the wings and fins is secured by a double crossing cable connection, from an oscillating crosshead in the rear of the vehicle, the crosshead being operated or vibrated by a light, single-acting, double-cylinder vapor engine, consisting of a generator, condensing coils, so that the vapor can be used over and over again, and the two cylinders. Either liquid or dry fuel may be used, i. e., gasoline, kerosene, ether, pulverized coke or charcoal. The fuel will be so economically fed that the combustion will be perfect, and no smoke will stain the pure cerulean.

The weight of the entire motive apparatus would not be over 200 pounds, and from three to six horse power could be developed, according to speed and the resistance of the air. Fuel and water needed for a day's journey, the inventor believes, would scarcely exceed 200 pounds in weight. The wings would set with a vibrating disc motion, and both wings and fins would be double-gear, so that they could be shifted at any desired angle. In case storm or contrary winds are en-

countered, the pilot is supposed to either ascend to a more favoring current, or descend to the earth or water, which he could do by manipulating the wings and fins in the proper manner. Fly? Yes, 100 miles an hour! It is estimated that a speed of thirty miles an hour could be attained on land, one hundred miles an hour in the air, and forty miles an hour in the water. The flight of the machine in the air would naturally be greatly accelerated by taking advantage of favoring currents.

Refused to Accept the Apology. The car was crowded, and when a passenger boarded it he was nearly upset by the sudden starting and tread on the toe of a man standing at the rear end. "I beg your pardon," he said, very politely; but the man of the hurt toe scowled and in an undertone muttered curses.

The innocent offender again apologized. "Yes, but that doesn't help my toe any," and he growled some more in an undertone.

Nearly passengers began to smile. "I begged your pardon, didn't I?" said the other man.

"Yes, but my toe hurts just the same," was the reply in an ugly tone.

Then the other man's dander rose, and in very forcible language he said: "Now, look here, I accidentally stepped on your foot and I apologize for it. If you say another word about it I will give you this instead of my foot (showing his doubled-up fist), and it will land right in your face."

This warning was not taken, for he continued to talk about the clumsiness of some people. Suddenly the passengers were electrified by seeing a fist shoot, and the growler lay in the street as the car passed on. Nobody said anything, but some thought it wasn't wise to talk too much.

Austrian Journalism. There is a telephone newspaper now being "published" daily in "uda Pesth, the details of which I will send you in a future letter. It has a large and increasing "circulation" and is beating all the printed journals. The price is only two cents and it is making money.

French Coffee. A French journal thus itemized the ingredients of French coffee: "Roasted horse liver, roasted black walnut sawdust, and caramel, or burned sugar."

THIS FROG HAD SENSE.

Fixed Himself So That the Snake Couldn't Swallow Him.

Milton Lake is a good-sized body of water at the extreme northwestern section of Rahway, N. J. It is famous for its black bass, turtles and water pilots; and its wooded, picturesque shores are a great resort for fishing and picnic parties. At the eastern extremity of the lake is a large dam over which superfluous water empties into the Robinson branch of the Rahway River. Thousands of huge rocks and boulders support this dam, and during a dry spell, when very little or no water is running over the dam, scores of huge, ugly looking, brown-colored water snakes use the rocks for sun baths. It was at this point that Nick White witnessed a singular scene Monday. He was watching the snakes, and had his eye on an old fellow, who, he declares, "had scales on him like a salamander," when his attention was drawn from the pilot to a frog that was hopping along on the bare ground between the rocks and the river. The frog was nearing the snake, apparently unmindful of his peril, for snakes love frogs and toads. But this frog had evidently "been to school," as subsequent events proved. "I guess the old snake had one eye open," said Nick, "for as soon as the frog came in reach he sprung for him. The frog, seeing him, essayed to get away, making a high leap toward the water. But the snake was too quick for him, and got between him and the water. It was then that the frog manifested his schooling. He picked up a twig about four inches long and held it in his mouth like a bit. I wondered what for, and when I ascertained, said I to myself: 'Nick, that is the smartest frog in the United States.' The snake seized the frog by the fore leg, and lengthening out, opened his jaws and wriggled forward. In went the frog's leg and then, after many efforts, the snake got the frog's nose and part of his head in until he came to the twig, which, extending an inch beyond his own jaws, queered him and saved the frog. The snake writhed and wriggled frantically. He relaxed the muscles of his jaws, as does a ducky just after he cuts a watermelon, but all in vain. I laughed so loud and so long that I became weak in my knees and had to sit down and rest before I looked for a club to help the frog out of his difficulty. Then I got a big stick and moved quickly down upon the snake, who was too busy to hear me. With one strong, well-delivered blow I broke his spine and paralyzed him, and as his jaws relaxed the frog backed out, dropped the twig, looked up at me and gave a croak of thanks. Before I could reach him he gave two leaps, and was in his element."

WORKING IN FINLAND.

Miss Trygg Has Established a People's Kitchen There.

Away off in Finland—and how very far away it does seem—a woman is doing her best to elevate her fellow beings. She is a Miss Allie Trygg, and she lives in the workingmen's section of Helsingfors, where she has established a people's kitchen and has invented a new fermented beverage containing a very minute per cent of alcohol, in order to keep them from drinking strong beer and brandy. But her efforts are not confined to the physical needs of the laborer. She has seen the palaces and buildings erected in England and America for the benefit of the workingmen and longed to found a similar institution in Finland. Undaunted by the pecuniary demands of the scheme, she visited the members of the Finnish Senate and induced them to make her a grant of 60,000 marks for her purpose. A year from that time the workingmen's home was ready for use. It contains, among other things, a free reading hall, with papers and periodicals, a leading library, a large hall, where the men can meet for Sunday and evening lectures and also can practice their music and gymnastics. There is also a kindergarten and nursery in the building. Miss Trygg makes her home in this palace of her own creation and is the soul of the whole undertaking.

PERSONALS.

Sir Arthur Sullivan realized \$50,000 by his song, "The Lost Chord."

Professor Huxley's widow has received a civil list pension of \$1,000.

One half the week Sir Isaac Holden is a vegetarian. The other half he is carnivorous.

When in the best of health Lord Rosebery seldom sleeps more than five hours out of the twenty-four.

Dr. Buggaene, professor of medicine in the University of Ghent, is 90, but feels pretty well. He drinks and smokes.

John Bigham, Ph. D., of the University of Michigan, has been elected professor of Philosophy in De Paux university.

Calvin Wilcox of Jewett City, Conn., is said to be the largest landholder in eastern Connecticut. His holdings aggregate 2,500 acres.

Lord Sholto Douglas, who recently married Loretta Mooney, concert hall singer, has decided to locate in Los Angeles, Cal., where he will engage in business.

Father John Bannon, formerly known as the fighting chaplain of Guitars' Missouri confederate battery, is now priest of St. Francis Xavier's church, Dublin, Ireland.

In private life Mr. Asquith is said to be impartially disagreeable to everyone he meets, while Mr. Chamberlain's manners are charming and he is the most pleasant of hosts.

General Armstrong, when talking about the business profits connected with missionary work, said: "The first sign of grace in a pentitent savage is a request for a shirt."