commodore, who made the name famous around the world, was married in Paris on the 1st day of June. The ceremony was heralded far and near. Wholesome and kindly as is her na-

its smallest details. Perhaps no one read the news with more interest than William H. Vanderbilt, fr., cousin of the groom, citizen of the village of Denmark, N. J. For it has been noticed that William H. "favors his cousin" in face and figure, and he naturally feels some curiosity as to the comings and goings of the man who is so close to him as kin, "if something less than kind."

William H. Vanderbilt, ir., did not the door upon him and according to the door upon him.

pick up an odd job at carpentering. if there is nothing of profit in fish.

For William H. Vanderbilt, jr., cou-sin of the very rich man wedded in Paris is a fisherman and carpenter. One 'My father, John Vanderbilt, and the Paris, is a fisherman and carpenter, One

erally John of the Hills-who came to struck by the strong resemblance, bar-the country from Holland and settled ring the difference in their clothes, bein Staten Island in 1650, is the common tween the two. ancestor of both these men, the fortunatmosphere and the contented man of

sey instead of on Staten island, the modern legend runs, there came the parting of the ways of the Vanderbilts the commodore's son, so he never went and the founding of the rich and poor branches of the famous family.

John and Jacob were grandsons of the emigrants from the lowlands, so runneth the tale. They were brothers, twins, some of the annals have it. In due course of time both married and John and Cornellus the son of Jacob. These cousins kept a tavern at Quaran-tine and it was in a fair way of flour-he had made in dissoiving the partnerishing when Aaron went shad fishing off Bergen point one day and became en-Bergen point one day and became enchanted with the seining possibilities of the place. He sold out his interest in the tavern to his uncle, staked out a shad ground at Bergen Point and so began the line of poor Vanderbilts. Fishing is not so profitable as tavern

The Elder Cornelius prospered at the Quarantine. He died possessed of something in the way of houses and lands He had begun the chase for the pot of son, Cernellus, afterward known as the George Vanderbilt. commodore, found it.

The Quarantine inn fell to Cornelius. He and his cousin John, son of Aaron, chatted over the bar many a time and oft. They talked of the joys of life and the way that led to fortune. But John loved nature and the shad that came to his net and Cornelius, afterthe manner of extracting golden coins ed conviviality. from him. John's course brought him William H. Vanderbilt, jr. great contentment, the commodore's great wealth.

FOUR GENERATIONS. Four generations have sprung fron. the Vanderbilt who preferred shad fish ing to tavern keeping, and each is and all seem destine poorer than the last. In the process of ily occupations of carr time a part of the name has sloughed ing away, and the iron miners about Lake Denmark know the "Belts" well. Of the Vanderbilts in their midst no mention is ever made. The family name has lost itself.

One woman in the family of worldly goods has some pride of family. It is she who keeps green the emory of the relationship to the family of the railway magnates.

This woman who upholds the pride bilt Pierce of Lake Denmark. It is she who sees to it that at least one baby spring in the various family branches shall bear the name of William H. Vanderbilt.

A two hours' drive over the rocky hills north of Rockaway, N. J., brings the visitor to a hamlet of four houses on the shore of little, gem-like Lake Denmark. A few men engage in tar-get practice beside the half tavern, half boathouse. Miners and fishers live in the remaining houses. A mile further among the abrupt, rocky slopes, live ne Vanderbilts' poor relations. "B'ldin' this way's the house. T'others

the barn," the driver from Rockaway sure to say, by way of explanation, for the two are as much alike as the proverbial two peas. They are of the same size. Both are weather-beaten and have a sad, dependent-looking 'lean-to' at the back. Rank grass grows in the not too generous space between the barn and the house. Some consolately among the stones in search ditches and rivers that go to make up chickens of mongrel breed peck dis-

Will Belt and his sister, Miss Lizzie Belt, lives here," says the driver, and you lift the rusty bucket hoop 'hat ter the "Belt" house by its only entrance, through the "lean-to," or shed, at the rear. "Miss Belt" admits you, army of the French entered Amsterserves as a latch for the gate and en-

family. With her apron she placidly drives away the hens that are enjoying their midday siesta in the shed, and with the same bit of faded blue gingham wipes off a chair and places it in the pleasantest corner of the "living room" for you. For there are but two rooms and shed in the house of these Vander-The loft has "curtained off spaces for the beds of the brother and They cook, dine, do all the sister. housework and sit through the long winter evenings in the 8x12 feet "living

IN THE "LIVING ROOM."

There is a square of rag carpet in the middle of the room. A rough dining table, a stove, an old-fashioned bureau that might please the taste for antique furniture of the rich Vanderbilts, some green shades at the windows and a rude cupboard comprise the fursishings of the "Belt" home. Meager- any rules laid down in the study of ness and neatness are the distinguish-

ing marks of this home 'Miss Lizzie Belt" is known among the miners as the keeper of a house that is as "neat as wax." No floors are cleaner, no windows brighter in Her own face shine with cleanliness tonish and health. "I believe in the saving salts.

George Vanderbilt, son of William grace of soap and water," is her creed; H. Vanderbilt and grandson of the old Her soft gray hair forms a fitting frame

Society on two continents snapped up ture Lizzle Belt has suffered from the is smallest details.

Perhaps no one read the news with Instead of being Elizabeth Vander-

William H. Vanderbilt, jr., did not the door upon him, and when he died dance at that wedding, however. In the shed not a reminiscent tear. She has brilliant Parisian society he would feel seen both the daughters marry honest very much at outs. He had far rather and industrious men, and she is congo out to fish, if the fish are running, tent. Her contentment swells into happiness when another baby boy comes, so giving her an opportunity for the

cousin is good at finance; the other at carpentering. William H. earns \$2 a day, and supports himself, wife and boy baby comfortably on that, and has no desire to beg from his rich relations. Father was always welcome to the So, between the carpenter and the commodore's home or his office, and millionaire there are no grudges, no animosities. Each probably is happy enough in his place. But there is something of interest in tracing how, from a common ancestor, four genera-tions have made of one cousin an ar-the Jersey Vanderbilts had been retisan at \$2 a day, and another a finan- membered in the will. Father was too cier who can afford to forget \$2 a feeble to go alone and I went with him to the office. William H. Vanderbilt Old Jan Aoersten Von Der Bilt-lit- received us for a few minutes. I was

"But father was as proud in his way ate man of the gayety-charged Parisian as the other Vanderbilts. He had been atmosphere and the contented man of used to the freedom of life here, and ants of the sturdy John of the Hills—
chose to live on the coast of New Jersey instead of on Staten island, the
modern legend runs, there came to

again. "My brother, there, whose picture you see on the wall, looks like George Vanderbilt, William H.'s son, so everyone who has seen the pictures tells us "I can remember well my grandfather Aaron Vanderbilt telling how he and begat sons. Aaron was the son of Cornelius were both brought up by an aunt and how they had kept the tavern

and Mrs. Elizabeth Vanderbilt Pierce live a stone's throw from them in a gray, weatherbeaten duplicate of their a shad ground at Bergen Point and home. He is a carpenter and fisher, thither moved his household goods. And When there is a dearth of building he trolls on Lake Denmark and carries a string of fish to Rockaway, where he sells his finny prizes on the streets. His baby son, Raymond, is as healthy and happy a youngster as is the infant heir of the Duke of Mariborough and son of the duchess, born Consuelo Vangold at the foot of the rainbow. His derbilt. He, too, strongly ersembles

Behind an especially rocky hill ten minutes' walk from his brother's house is Antony Vanderbilt, commonly known on the countryside as "Tone Belt." His ward the commodore, loved human na-ture, and studied his fellow man and the road. Mis characteristic is a mark-He is the father of

At Beach Glen lives John Vanderbilt, the owner of a large family but no family pride. He is a stone mason. All three male Vanderbilts have sons bearing the name of Willi H. Vanderbilt, and all seem destine the joint family occupations of carp htering and fish.

Mrs Ludlow Dolan, of No. 231 Sixth avenue, Roseville, Newark, is the daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Vanderbilt She worked as a domestic in Pierce. the family of the Dolans and married one Ludlow Dolan of that family. At the time of their marriage he was a farmer with aspirations toward the trade of a stone mason. He was graduated from the farm and the college of stone masonry. Now he is a Newark of genealogy is Mrs. Elizabeth Vander- builder. He and his good wife are a sturdy, honest young couple.

And with it all, there is no envy in

the hearts of the poorer Vanderbilts who work with their hands, for the fortune of the Vanderbilts who work with their heads.-New York Journal,

It seems rather preposterous to read of ships being taken by cavalry-the gunners at their stations between deck cannonading men on horseback, the ma rines in the tops blazing away at gal loping troopers, the sailors clustering anxiously along the side waiting to re pel the attack of spurred and bootes boarders. In short, a cavalry charge quite like any other cavalry charge, up to the very gun muzzles of a man-of war. It was during the rench revolu-tion, in 1795, that the unique battle tool place, when the hussars of Genera Pichegru's advance guard captured the Dutch fleet lying in the Texel.

It was one of the coldest winters eve known in Central Europe, and such a large part of Holland were frozen solid. These conditions had enabled Pichegru to enter the Dutch territory with his troops, which overran country with all the fury of fire in dry

is the woman who has "pride of dam, the city having surrendered without resistance worthy of the name. the Texel, near by, lay a Dutch fleet, consisting of a frigate and several large sloops-of-war. The Texel was frozen

solid, sav; for the holes that had been made in an unsuccessful attempt to cut the ships out. The French hussars, who constituted Pichegru's advance guard, the presence and the plight of the Dutch ships, and not waiting for the infantry or artillery to come up, decided to un dertake their capture forthwith. Trusting to the thickness of the ice to sustain the weight of their horses, they boldly charged straight across the slipery sur-

opened portholes of which peered the astonished seamen. They experienced some sort of demonstration of the French army, had hardly anticipated a cavalry charge an occurrence not provided for by

face of the harbor and up to the very

guns of the men-of-war, from

seamanship.
The fire of the French troopers a ponit-blank pistol range drove the sailors from their posts beside the guns and compelled them to surrender. It may been, too, that the French were any house round about Lake Denmark. helped to their easy victory of the as. Her own face shing with cleanliness tonishment and surprise of the Dutch BOB AND MINA.

(By Annie L. Diggs.) The boy and girl were very small and very old; smaller than they would have been had they been well fed, older than they would have been but for hardships But Bob and Mina were in love. They did not know what to call it, they only knew they were comfortable with each

other, often supremely content, Sometimes true, strong, devoted love comes to very tender years. Bob and Mina were inseparable comrades; they strolled about the livelong day, holding each other by the hand. With their blue, bony fingers intertwined they were not conscious of the gnawing hunger pain; they forgot their gaunt stomachs. Bob had lived eight years, Mina seven. Both were strangers to ffection save that which each received

limited to handclasps. These children had homes, if it not sacrilegious to apply the word to the rackety board shantles settled into the clay bank close by the coal shaft, place himself before this young wo-where no shrub, no blade of grass, no man. It is not likely that the war will flower, nor even weed could grow.

rom the other. Their caresses were

This young-old couple had mothers and fathers, at least those who bore that physical relationship. Their par-ents were not brutal nor unkind; they were merely dull drudges, such as exist and slave in every coal mine, whose vitality was exhausted by slow, sucessive days of drudgery that none was left over for manifestation of affection toward their offspring. When there were bread and potatoes, and sometimes

own share scant. Days when the bread supply was short, Bob and Mina kept hold of hands

almost constantly. This day there was no bread in the shantles: the men were on a strike. Bob and Mina wandered down to the creek; there was shade there. The children were weak; they walked unsteadily. Ther was advantage in having hold of hands; when one stumbled the other prevented a fall. They seldom stumbled both at once; when they did they both laughed-their love was so great they enjoyed even their mishaps if shared together. This day the heat-sultry, life-taking heat-added to, or maybe counter-irritated, the gnawing hunger. Bob and Mina sat on the grassy bank of the clear, pebbly brook, and talked about bread. "Bob," said Mina, "I guess they ain't no more bread is the world, is they?" Her ideas of the world were vague. "Oh, some bread is setting the same place." replied the gettin' growed some place," replied the hopeful Bob. There were long intervals between their remarks. They were too hunger-weak for steady talk

The awful heat scorched and boiled and found them out, even in their re-treat under the shade tree. As the sun streaks burning through the scantleaved places in their protecting tree shifted across the dry grass the children moved languidly from time to time to the shadler spots. At Sundown the air was heavy, stiffing, stagnant Mina gasped for breath; inward fever was adding fuel to the outside torrid heat. Her little pinched face flamed red as the blood hued, angry sunset her eyes shone through the fever heat like two round bits of deep, blue sky. She grew delirious. She leaned on Bob's shoulder and now and then threw her thin arms convulsively about his neck. "Bob, oh Bob, the bread's growed, I see a whole great big loaf." The charm of encircling arms could not quite still the last famishing call of the starving "Bob, which hurts worst, the hot, or the cold, when the snow gits on the bed in the winter?" Mina laughed loudly and tightening her clutch about his neck. Bob did not understand the girl's strange mood, but he stroked de and strove to quiet her wh he tried to think if it ever had been cold, and how that could possibly have hurt. Mina breathed faster, "Mina, be No answer save a shiver from the child. By and by her breathing grew more quiet. Bob could scarcely hear it; he bent his face close to It yielded him supreme comhears. fort to hold his one love in the world so long. He would have kissed her had he known about that kind of caress. but he had never been kissed, at least not since he could remember. His mother had four listless, stunted children younger than himself. She sometimes kissed the youngest baby. They had each doubtless had their turn. Bob had forgotten his time. 'Twas the same in Ma's family, only there had been but three younger ones, and the baby had died, so no one got kissed.

At last Bob could not hear Mina breathe at all. Her arms fell limp, he gathered her closer. He did not know that she was dead. But he was growing uncomfortable. The spell of presence was unable to longer hold him above the hunger craving. "Mina, Mina, wake up; I guess it's like you said, 'they ain't no bread in the world.'

It was winter at the mines. This time was a lockout, not a strike. Bob's father had "talked up" to the boss and had been ordered away from the dump, There was no fire in Bob's shanty The snow sifted through the roof onto the bedclothes which were piled over The ice had filmed over the water hlm. in the tincup on the chair beside his

Bob had thrown bimself flat on the ground and alternately howled in rebellious rage or meaned in comfortlesq despair when they put little Mina ir the ground away from him.

After the strike of that awful summer had ended and the "bread growed," Bob had had enough to eat every day, but he grew gradually weaker and thinner, too weak even to for Mina. He was dying of heartbreak. dying for heart-need of the little handclasp.

He often said in his half delirium after he could no longer sit up: "Mina. Mina, clap yer little hands tighter round my neck; don't, don't yer let 'em

The third mornig after Bob's father had been forbidden to carry more coal away from the dump Bob called out from his cot: "Mam, can't ye give me another kiver-I shiver so?" Then he sat up straight and strong from under the heap of covers, a glorified look on his face, and said; "Mina, Mina, be that you? When ye died ye said they wasn't no bread in the world; now, Mina, they ain't no coal in the whole world; gimm yer hand, Mina, tight holt-I'm comin'

with ye."
And his little dead face looked perfeetly satisfied.

Mrs. Wilgus-I learn that your daughter has decided to enter a convent and devote herself to the Lord. Mrs. Rilgus-She did intend to, but her former lover, Mr. Saphead, suddenly returned last night, and she has decided to enter his home and devote herself to him.

Uncle-What in creation are you umping about that way for?"
Niece (from Boston)—I'm a self-constituted board of health engaged in tamping out direase. Unel--Eh?

Niece-My feet's asleep,

A SPANISH HEROINE.

Since this war began one figure stands out among the Spanish people that commands universal admiration for superb courage and devotion, and

she is a woman. And none is more enthusiastic or genuine in their praise than her for-men, the men of Sampson's squadron, who gave Senorita Pauline Macias the opportunity to display that bravery which shall give her lasting fame. The bombardment of San Juan will be remembered in the years to come

because of her brave deed. The skill of the American gunners and the ad-mirable seamanship which enabled the ships to reduce the forts will be merely incidental. The real story will be about the daughter of the governor general who commanded Porto Rico. In this beautiful young woman, with her broad, clear brow and steadfast eyes, burn the sacred fires of martyr-dom and patriotism. In all Spain,

among all of Spanish blood, none can

furnish a parallel to Pauline Macias' heroism When the bombardment of San Juan by the American fleet began Senorita Maclas was in the governor's palace. Other women in the city fled out of harm's way. The governor general's daughter felt that her place was with

She made her way to the batteries and from there to the forts. She watched the deadly execution of the bacon in the shanty the children had American gunners; she heard the shrick their full measure of need ladled out to of shell; saw the angry blast of red them, even if their mothers left their and the clouds of dust and mangled bodies; she saw the protecting walls beaten down by the great projectiles as the sea beats down the sand. Her heart was heavy within her, but she knew no fear. Her lofty love of her land smothered it.

Thicker and faster came the shells, ploughing into sand, crumbling stone walls, turning over great guns like dominoes, dealing death and destruc-The frenzied Spanish soldiers shot swiftly and wildly, but their projectiles only tore the air or whipped the angry sea. No harm came to those gray monsters hidden in a pall

The Spanish gunners saw their comrades torn to bits. The faces of the the dying. Then great fear came upon them and they turned and fied in panic, rushing hither and thither, anywhere to escape that hell of exploding shells But there was no fear in Pauline Ma-

clas; only a frightful rage and a sublime spirit of patriotism. She snatched a sword from the hand of an officer. She raised her voice so that it could be heard above the din of battle. She lashed the soldiers for running away, and called them to return to their guns. Her face glowed as one inspired. She ran to the center of the battery. waved her sword above her head and cried to them in the name of their country to rally about her and fight until

no life was left to fire a gun. No man with blood in his veins could The solwithstand such an appeal. diers ran back as swiftly as they ran They turned to their guns and fought, with more coolness and greater desperation than they had shown, And Pauline Macias stayed among them, like a battle fury. Her audacity, her courage were like a charm that protected her from injury. She came to

no harm. Only when the guns were disabled was she led away, and the men cheered as they should have done. And had the men on the ships known of her daring and courage they would have cheered her more heartily than did her own people.

History shall call Pauline Macias the Joan d'Arc of Porto Rico.

Those Morro Castles.

Readers of war news must be struck by the number of "Morro castles" with which our forces have to deal. Havapa's fort of that name is the best known building in Cuba. When Admiral Sampson went down to Porto Rico to shake up the Spaniards there the principal fortification he had to deal with was another Morro castle. And now comes word of an attack by American warships on a third Morro castle at San-Jiago de Cuoa, the most important port in the southeastern part of the island. Some readers have probably wondered how it happened that no such castles were encountered at Matanzas, Cardenas and Cienfuegos.

The explanation of this recurrence of name "Morro castle" is found in the fact that the word "Morro" means promontory. Many of the barbors of Cuba are remarkable land locked bays, opening to the sea through narrow channels, usually long and deep. They are shaped somewhat like a man's hand with the fingers more or less spread and the wrist reduced in size. At Havana, Santiago and some other ports, one side of the channel connecting the inner bay with the sea ends in a bold. rocky headland. The opposite point is lower and less conspicuous. Where the higher and steeper angle of the shore, between the channel of the harbor entrance on one side and the open sea on the other is crowned by an elaborate fort, formidable in the times when it was erected,"this fortification is usually and naturally called "Morro castle," or

the Castle of the Promontory. At Clenfuegos there is no such fort, although the harbor is one of the typical bays of the Cuban coast, with nar-row entrance. One reason is that the city is comparatively new, and it become a place of importance since the era when Spain fortified her American possessions with the massive and picturesque stone castles which modern artillery has rendered nearly useless. Besides, the shores are much lower there than at Santiago, or even Havana. San Juan, the chief city of Porto Rico, has plenty of room for a 'Castle of the Promontory," and it was natural that there should be a "Morro castle" to fight at that port. Matanzas and Cardenas are on rather low parts of the coast, and the latter is a small place. So they have no "Morro

This explanation is sufficient to show why the name made familiar by Havana's picturesque old fort is appearing ontinually in the dispatches, and why it is necessary to discriminate between the various "Morro castles" which figure in the news of the day.

"Is it soda water ye're drinkin'?" exclaimed Mr. Rafferty. "It is," replied Mr. Dolan. "What flavor wer ye tak-Mr. Dolan. "Oi had a mixture: strawberry, vanilla and crushed vi'lets." "Oi nivver heerd o' the loikes." "Nor did Oi. But 'twas the only red. white and blue drink he clerk could put up."-Washington

Corsets must not be worn by Russian roung ladies attending high schools, iniversities and music and art schools, according to a recent decree of the new minister of education. They are to be encouraged to wear the national costume.

"Is he a very strong silver man?" Strong silver man? Say, he wants to revise the golden rule."-Brooklyn Life. is pushed open.

COST OF CABLE MESSAGES.

The many cable lin s and the resultant competition have brought the cost of communication between New York and London down to a fairly low figure, 25 cents per wrd, but when one tries to reach more remote parts of the world, where the line is controlled by a single government, or company, or where there is little business to support it, the cost of sending messages mounts to alarming figures. ten words from New York to Manila, for instance, cots \$23.50, or \$2.10 per word beyond London. This is the commercial rate. Newspaper dispatches go for about half this sum, but, even so, the cost of bringing a column of news from the Philippines mounts up to nearly four figures. Even from point so near as Curacao, which became for a short time the center of news interest, the commercial rate by the cheapest route is \$1.98. These two samples will give a fair intimation of the immense sums being expended by the newspapers in gathering information about the war.

It may seem at first thought that \$2.35 is a large sum to pay for sending single word from New York to the Philippines, but when one reflects that such a message travels 20,000 miles, and that it must be received and transmitted over a score of different lines or branches, he is more likely to come to the conclusion that it is very cheap, all things considered. From New the cablegram goes first to Halifax, and from there by another loop to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, where it dives beneath the Atlantic to reap-pear on the coast of Ireland and be again forwarded to London, which is the great center of cable and telegraph communication for the whole world.

From London to the east there are two great routes. The first, via either the eastern or Indo-European company's lines, will take the message across the channel and overland to Marseilles, or by the all-water course around the Spanish peninsula, stopping at Lisbon; thence through the Mediterranean to Alexandria, across Egypt by land, down the Red sea to Aden, through the Arabian sea to Bombay, over India by land, across the Bay of Bengal to Singapore, along the coast of Hong Kong, and across the China sea to Manila.

The other route from London is even longer and covers a much greater part of the journey by land. It takes the message from London by the lines of the Great Northern company across Russia and Siberia to Vladivostock and thence along the China coast to Hong Kong.

In its long voyage, occupying from three to twenty-four hours, according to its urgency, the message has crossed or skirted & scor of countries, representing almost as many nationalities, and yet the sender may rest assured that it will be transmitted with promptness and secrecy and at a fixed and known charge. This assurance is provided by the bureau of international elegraphs, which has its headquarters at Berne, Switzerland. It was inaugur-ated thirty years ago for the purpose of "collecting, arranging and publishng information" on this subject, regufating accounts, and guaranteeing the interests of senders and receivers. brought order out of the chaos previpusly enveloping international com-munication by wire, and has made it ossible to cable to any part of the world as easily as one sends a telegraph message from his office to his

This question of cable cutting is one that has received considerable attention since the beginning of the between Spain and the United States. Has the United States, for instance, the right to sever a cable belonging to a French or British company when it is known that the cable is or may be used to give information to Spain? The authorities on international law are agreed in answering the question in the affirmative. Everything that can give direct assistance to any enemy is recognized as "centraband of war," and nay be selzed or destroyed. Railways, telegraph and cable lines come under this head as surely as provision or ammunition ships. The only disagreement among experts is as to whether the companies whose lines are so summarily dan aged can afterward collect damages. On this point authorities differ, but the concensus of opinion, supported by the cable companies themselves, is that they can do so,

Whatever the opinion of legal experts, there is no doubt as to the action of naval and military commandrs in dealing with a cable that is likely to be of service to an enemy. Dewey fid not wait for a legal opinion when he found that the Spanish governor of the Philippines was using his control of the Manila cable to send information to his home government. He cut the wire and shut the islands off from the world. The same thing has been done in the West Indies. All but one lines connecting Cuba with the oneside World were cut during the first weeks of the blockade. One of the pravest acts of the early part of the war was that of the Nashville's men, who went into the harbor of Cienfuegos under a hail of shot from the shore batteries and cut both the cables leading out out of that port. That the course of the United States in dealing with the cables leading to the enemy's ports would have been that of other nations under the same circumstances, is proved by the fact that the European navies have ships fitted with grappling hooks for the especial purpose of hauling up and destroying cables in time of war.

Power From Sea Waves. At Los Angeles, Cal., during the past

year a company has been making a series of experiments in which the force of the waves of the ocean was used to generate electric power for light and other purposes. A wharf made of metal was built, extending 350 feet out into the ocean, and at the end was placed the generating plant, which included three floats connected with hydraulic compressors, which in turn, are con nected with a storage pressure tank, The movement of the waves alternately raises and lowers the floats, pumping resh water from a reservoir into the storage pressure tank, where the water s subjected to sufficient pressure to drive it out with great force through a water wheel. The water motor operates the dynamo, and the water which has passed from the motor flows into reservoir to be used again. machinery is almost self-governing, as in case of storm or heavy sea the accumlated pressure in the storage tank exerts itself against the pump pistons and offsets the action of the floats. thorough test of the apparatus was made during the winter, when all kinds of weather was experienced, and the plant is now to be enlarged to a capacity of 200 horse power.

Blank gun cartridges can be used in a recently patented burklar alarm, which has a metal barrer to be attached to the door by a screw, with sliding yoke actuated by a V-shaped spring to strike the cartridge as soon as the door

GLOSSARY OF ARMY TERMS

Abatis-A nobstruction of felled trees

in front of a fort. Action-Synonym for battle. Adjutant-Regimental staff officer he assists the colonel in the details

of duty. Advanced Guard-A detachment sent to the front to veil the real position or movements of an army.

Aide-de-Camp-An officer acting as the official organ of a general-his substitute. Ammunition-Shot, shell, gunpowder,

cartridges, fuses, wads, grenades, Armistice-Written agreement ween hostiles for a cessation of active warfare for a certain period. Army Corps-The largest subdivision of an army

Army Regulations-Rules established by the president for the government of the national troops. Bastion-An irregular defense line forming an angle outside the main line

Battery-1, a company of artillery; 2, cannon in position for firing; 3, an earthwork for sheltering cannon in ac-Battle-General actions in which whole armies engage. Synonyms are in

of a fort.

this order according to importance: Action, engagement, affair, skirmish. Beat of Drum-A signal by drumbeat, by which soldiers are called inte line, ordered to march, to retreat, to retire, to rest, to arise, etc. Trumpets and bugles may be used for the same

burpose Blouse-A uniform sack coat, Bomb-Equivalent to bombshell. Bomb Proof-A structure of thickness nd strength to defy shells.

Brevet-An honorary commission and Bridge Head-A defense around a bridge; maybe earthworks for artillery

or artillery alone. Brigade-A group of battalions or egiments, nominally four. Brigadier General-An officer in rank

etween colonel and major general; usual command is a brigade. Cannoneer—An artilleryman erves the guns in action; gunner. Captain-Commander of a company:

rank between lieutenant and major. Carbine—A short barreled shooting aron carried by cavalrymen. Chevron-Rank mark worn on the

opper sleeves of non-commissioned offi-Color Guard-A detail consisting of a sergeant and seven corporals to carry and protect the colors of a regiment, The members are selected for bravery.

Volunteer regiments have two color vergeants, one each for the national and Commissariat-The subsistence decartment of an army. Contraband of War-Generaly artiles pertaining to warfare, as guns, ammunition and military and naval

tores of all kinds, and sometimes corn, bay and coal. Countersign-General watchword of Covered Way-An open corridor or passage masked from the enemy by an

embankment. Cutlass-Heavy short sword used in Debouching-Marching out from 8 confined space into open ground.

Division-Two or more brigades. Dress Parade-A daily parade of roops, with ceremony. Drumhead Court Martial-A court martial sudenly called to try offenses with demand an immediate example.

Embrasure—An opening in a parapet for a gun to fire through. Field Artillery-Cannon, both heavy and light, having the quality of mobility for use in the field as distinct from

Field Officer-An officer between captian and general-major. lieutenant Field Works-Defenses constructed2of earth or logs and earth for temporary

Flag of Truce-A white flag carried by an officer sent to communicate with the enemy. Army-Applied to cavalry Flying which is always in motion, either with

or without artillery trained to swift evolutions. Flying Colors-Flags unfurled and waving in the air.

Forced March-A very rapid march Garrison-A body of troops stationed to defend or control a town or to defend a fort or camp. Grand Guards-The main guards in front of an army or camp to meet at-

tack, distinct from camp guard. Grenade—A small shell thrown by hand and discharged by a time fuse. Guard Mounting-Ceremony of stallation and placing a camp guard. Guidon-A small flag or streamer carried by each company of mounted troops; really a company battle flag.

Honors of War-Privileges allowed to garrison on surerndering. Impedimenta-General term for mu nitions, equipments and supplies, corporal. Lance Corporal-Acting Ther are also lance sergeants.

Marching Order-Literally without heavy luggage, as knapsacks, Limber Chest-Artillery ammunition and tool chest. Long Roll-A drumbeat call "To arms! Masked battery-One hidden from

knowledge of the enemy until it opens Non-Combatant-Any person with an army not called upon to fight. Officer of the Guard-An officer detailed ally for service with the guard. Orderly-A soldier who communicates orders or carries messages for com-

manding officers. Pitched Battle-Battle where combatants have fixed positions. Provost Marshal-Keeper of military prisoners.

Redan-A simple fieldwork, shaped like a V. Shoulder Straps-Narrow straps with insignia of rank of officers.
Shrapnel—Thin-sided shells contain-

ing small balls, Slashing-Trees cut and left to lie as they fall for an obstruction to the movement of troops. Stand of Arms-A complete outfit for one soldier

Stand of Colors-A single flag or guidon. Troop-Unit of cavalry and corresponding to company in infantry.

Trooper-A private in cavalry Vedette-A sentinel detached in front of ap icket post.

Meanwhile the brewers shouldn't kick at that proposed tax. It's an honor for the beer schooner to help convoy the ship of state.-Philadelphia Times. "I thought you were going to war?"
So I was; but the heartless recruiting officer wouldn't allow me to take m blcycle along."-Philadelphia North

American.

Not Like Other Girls-"Uncle Julius, . what is a Bacchante?" "Well, according to art, a Bacchante is a young woman who can feel perfectly happy without owning a stitch of clothes."-Puck

"What sent that dog away hewling so?" asked the squirrel. "Oh." said the porcupine, "he was looking around for information and I kindly supplied him with a few points—that is all."—