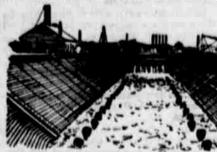
Public Interest in the Navy-Why Stone Dry Docks Give Place to Cement and Wood-Iry Docking the Cruiser Yantic. Successful Work in the New Dock.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—A hole in the ground that cost a half million of dol-lars, that can have water let into it and water pumped out of it-that is the new government dry dock in Norfolk navy yard. I was present at the opening of it a few days ago, and I was interested. A modern dry dock is one of the finest examples to be found in all mechanics of the simple, yet effective, manner in which man harnesses the mighty forces of nature and makes them do his bid-



Without great navies, the econo-

mists tell us, there could be no merchant marine, no peace among nations. Without dry docks there could be no navies. and hence we must look down upon this excavation as one of the chief civilizing agencies of the world. I don't know how old the dry dock idea is, but I suppose the Phoenicians and Macedonians, to say nothing of the Greeks and Romans, had some place to draw the water away from their ships, that the barnacles might be scraped off the bottoms of the

The Chinese have had dry docks for a thousand or two years, and the naval powers of Europe have spent untold millions in such appliances. But the United States, I am told, has taken a step which will revolutionize the dry dock business, just as it has in times past taken steps which have led to revolutions in the building of war ships. It is altogether appropriate that this new idea in the construction of dry docks should come at this day, which is the dawning of the new navy. And it is worth while mendream of enthusiasts, the despair of taxpayers, is sure to come. Wherever one goes he finds the national sentiment roused on this matter. It is not a fever or a fad, not a craze, not a desire to make playthings of new war ships, but a genuine national demand for the ships and the guns to back up our pretensions on the seas. Secretary Blaine once said to me: "There is no diplomacy without big guns and fleet ships to carry them."

Some such spirit as this must have pervaded the throng of important persons which gathered about the new dry dock of which I am writing. There were government officials, war and navy officers, congressmen and newspaper men. They same from the four corners of the repub-Everywhere, they declared, the popular sentiment is for a new and great navy. It is a sentiment that flames up on the prairies of Iowa and Illinois, Kansas and Dakota, as well as on the coasts. No man or toast was so much cheered over the wine that followed the water into the dock as this: "Here's to the new



HOW THE WATER RUSHES IN. While we are pressing forward, there fore, ship by ship and gun by gun, to a new navy that will make our words strong and our diplomates potential everywhere, this new dry dock becomes a thing of importance. It is a part of the navy, essential to the navy. It is unlike the dry docks of Europe and the elder docks in this country because it is built of timber. A few yards away is an old dock made of stone, started when John Quincy Adams was president of the United States, and completed under Andrew Jackson. It has done service from that day to this, but has cost several fortunes in repairs. The frost takes hold of it and fills it full of cracks and seams. But the new dock is built of cement and pine timber. The cement will last forever, the timber facing for a lifetime. Where decay sets in replenish-

ment may be easily effected. I have said the dry docking of a ves-sel is a pretty process, and I'll prove it. The Yantic, famous for her Arctic voyages, lies out in Elizabeth river with barnacles hanging to her copper bottom and in sad need of a scrape. She is in holiday attire. Signal flags make a fore and aft line of red, white and blue from her stem to her stern. The Union Jack and the rear admiral's flag float from her tops. Her brass guns glisten in the sun. The captain and his officers are resplendent in dress parade, a bit of gilt showing on the dark blue, white gloves gripping trumpets of gold, on the quar-ter deck. Fore, aft and midships are groups of jack tars, merry fellows who are not afraid to show their bronzed breasts through the lapels of the sailor jacket, nor their teeth when the whisjacket, nor their teeth when the whis-pered jest goes round out of officers' earshot. Even the gunners are at their posts, looking anything but bloodthirsty. Only the captain and the marines are solemn. The latter, drawn up proudly in line, carbines and ship swords in place, helmets on heir heads and the strings thereof und. their high held

striking contrast to the active and unre-strained tars who bob about them. The deck of the Yantic is full of peo-

ple. One says you couldn't fire a gun shot across her broadside without carrying a dozen men overboard. Another

inquires if all those people sail in the ship when she goes out to sea.

"Certainly," says jolly Admiral Jouett.
"She is crowded, that's true; but, you see, we have more sailors than ships, more gunners than guns, more marines than marine. We have the men and the money, too, but, by jingo, we haven't the craft to put them in.

So, as Mr. Blaine says, everything comes back to the question of a new navy. We have the diplomates, and the national pride, and the maritime and commercial ambition, and the sailor lads and all that, but we haven't the ships and the guns.

The Yantic is waiting to get in the dry dock. The invited guests are gathered about a great hole in the ground. It is nearly thirty-three feet deep and more than five hundred feet long. Now it is perfectly dry, and men and women walk down to the bottom, the timbers of which it is constructed forming everywhere a flight of stairs with eight inch risers and ten inch treads. Everybody says it is a big thing, that you could put a row of three story city houses a block long in it, that a game of baseball could be played on its floor, that it would be a beautiful place for a circus or a bull fight or a Sullivan-Kilrain mill.

Suddenly everybody makes a dash for the top. Old men and young hastily climb the stairs. The roar of water is heard and a glance shows six stalwart streams, each as thick as a man's body, pouring in through the iron caisson. Quickly the floor is covered with surging, bubbling water. Step by step the visitors retreat toward the top, the water following. Soon the two rows of

bilge blocks in the bottom are submerged. The iron caisson, somebody points out, is simply a big gate at the mouth of the dock. On one side of the gate is the river, on the other the basin, or dock. A man has opened the sluice gates, and the river is pouring through them When the huge basin is nearly full, for of course the water continues rushing in long after the six streams have been submerged



the crowd finds itself gathered about the banks of a lake. Then pumps are put at work, and the water is pumped out of the reservoirs in the caisson. This big gate rests against the sill and abutments of the dock, which are padded with rubber. The pressure of the weight of water from the outside forces the caisson against the rubber and gives air tight joints. As the water is pumped out of speak. The inthe reservoirs the caisson rises. Now the dock is full of water, and the caisson is floating. A rope is thrown out, a dozen lusty men grasp it, the gate is pulled one side, and there are the dock and the river meeting on the same level.

All eyes are turned upon the Yantic. Her whistle blows and her screws begin turning. The captain leaves the quarter deck and climbs upon the bridge, where he stands on tiptoe. He waves his hand and shouts:

"Out with that fore sta'bo'd line there?" An officer twenty feet away salutes with his white gloved hand and sings

"Out with that fore sta'bo'd line!"

A boatswain bold touches his cap and ponds:

"Out with that sta'bo'd line now!" And the tars shout, "Aye, aye, sir!" and lay to. The starboard line is thrown out, made fast, the capstan is manned

and the tars cry "heave oh!" The Yantic approaches the dock slow-, carefully.

More lines are thrown out, fore and aft, sta'bo'd and la'bo'd. There are innumerable commands to tighten up and slack up, countless salutes and passing along of commands, choruses of "Aye, aye, sir!" And at last the Yantic has reached the very center of the lake that is enclosed by the walls of pine and cement.

Through all this maneuvering the ma rines move not a muscle.

The big caisson is floated back into place, thus closing the gate and separat-ing dock from river. Water is let in its recervoirs and it settles down into the mud, its face pressing hard against the rubber surface of the abutments. Now the big pumps are started. It is no small task before them, taking out the water that the six streams poured in for a solid



THE VANTIC DRY DOCKED. But the pumps are equal to the smergency. There are two of them, of the centrifugal pattern, each forty-two inch-s in diameter. They throw 80,000 gallons a minute back into the river, a

before. As the Yantic settles down and down all stiff and ungainly, form a the workmen rush about putting up the

stream equal to four of the half dozen which we saw pouring in a little while

props which are to hold the hull upright and tightening and slackening the lines which hold her precisely over the bilge blocks on which she is to rest when the water is all taken away.

As the pumps go on throwing out their giant stream an old man, nearly fourscore, by name Simpson, views the scene with evident pride. He is the founder of the firm of J. E. Simpson & Co., of New York, who have built a dozen big docks for the government. His partners are his three sons.

"This dock," he says, "is one of the largest in the world. It is 530 feet long and 130 feet wide. Five thousand piles were driven to make the floor, and we have used 4,000,000 feet of pine timber in the construction, besides 150,000 iron bolts and 4,000 cubic yards of concrete. To dig the hole required the excavation of 70,000 cubic yards of earth."

In a little more than an hour from the starting of the pumps the Yantic rests on the blocks, and we go down under her and watch the workmen scraping off the barnacles and putting new rivets in the copper bottom

WALTER WELLMAN.

MRS. LATHROP, PREACHER.

A Woman Whose Eloquent Voice Is Lifted Up for Christianity. (Special Correspondence.)

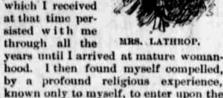
CHICAGO, Oct. 3.-Unlike the proverbial prophet who is "not without honor save in his own country," Mrs. Lathrop is chiefly honored in her own state and town. She was born in 1838, at Concord, Jackson county, Mich. Her childhood was spent in the grind of a scanty living, amid the hardships of pioneer life. In those days there were no rail-roads west of Detroit, and farm life in Jackson county was a hand to hand confliet with all that goes to make up an entirely undeveloped country.

Her mother, who was of Scotch-Irish extraction and a woman of splendid strength of character, was left a widow while Mrs. Lathrop was yet a little child. This fact made the daughter's girlhood and early womanhood especially laborious. But the severe friction of this time did not leave its impress in a coarse, angular life. As have the inspired through all the ages Mrs. Lathrop, then Mary Torrence, listened to the voices audible only to the inner sense and was inspired and refined by them, while her frugal busy life gave her a healthy, robust

The only school she attended was the ordinary country public school. How-ever, she was fortunate in having had teachers who gave her advice which enabled her to go forward with her education without their aid, and she became, by her own unaided efforts, an excellent

In speaking of what led her to become a preacher, Mrs. Lathrop says: "When was converted, at the age of 10 years,

I felt that I was divinely called to preach, although I had been brought up very strictly in the Presbyterian church, where women never which I received at that time persisted with me



hood. I then found myself compelled, by a profound religious experience, known only to myself, to enter upon the duties of the ministry. It was made possible for me to do so in a way that then seemed and now appears to me divine. Nothing less than such a call, in such a way, would have led me to preach, for environment, education and personal timidity were all against me." Mrs. Lathrop's sermons, while not

models of diction and rhetorical style, are practical, powerful, persuasive and so touched with pathos, earnestness and occasional glints of humor as to be

Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist church, after listening to her, said: "God certainly has called and anointed our sister to preach his gospel." It is Carlyle who says: "Let him who would move and convince others be first moved and convinced himself." It is undoubtedly due to the fact that her own nature is deeply stirred that Mrs. Lathrop is able to hold the attention of vast audiences, to move them profoundly and with en-during effect. Dealing with every day interests, and not far fetched exegesis she declares a life rather than a belief. Divining the heart's needs she reveals compassion, sympathy and forgiveness.

In 1865, while teaching in the public schools of Detroit, she met and married Dr. C. C. Lathrop, who was a surgeon in the Ninth Michigan cavalry. Until this and to a woman. How true this may be, I time she had been a member of the Presknow not. Richard Wagner certainly had byterian church, but after her marriage she joined the Methodist church with her husband. Mrs. Lathrop has from year to year held a local preacher's license from the conference of the Metho-

dist church, but has never been ordained. Although she has given her first and best efforts to her pulpit work, she has accomplished a great deal in other lines. When she was 14 years old she began to contribute to the press, and has written more or less ever since. Much of her work has been widely copied, particularly a poem, "The Dead March." which is a favorite with elecutionists.

Mrs. Lathrop was largely instrumental in establishing a state institution in Michigan for the reform of fallen women. The pitiful needs of this class appealed strongly to her ardent and tender nature, and in 1878 she began to agitate the subject of making some especial provision for them. She gave herself no rest until the legislature of Michigan had appropriated \$30,000 for the purpose of establishing an institution at Adrian.

Mrs. Lathrop's husband is in sympathy with her in all her work. She is the mistress of a charming household, which mistress of a charming household, which consists of two adopted nieces and her mother, who is now well on in the nineties. She is at present president of the Michigan state organization of the Women's Christian Temperance union and is devoting herself to temperance and evangelical work. ODDS AND ENDS.

The catch of the Alaska Fur company for the last year amounted to 1,000,000 seal skins. A plain gold ring was found by a Washington, N. C., man imbedded in a large block of

An English lady has left \$50,000 to be devoted to the photographing of stars, planets and nebules.

Legal proceedings that were begun in 1490 in Poland to decide the ownership of forty acres of land have just been concluded, it is chronicled.

It is said that sixty-three millionaires reside in the territory between Dotels' Ferry and Tarrytown, N. Y., a distance of only six

It is estimated that the amount of gold and silver coin at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean is about \$50,000,000, and it is further estimated that most of it will stay right The prisoners in the Texas penitentiary

raise sugar cane and refine its juice. After paying all the costs of food, fuel, shelter and clothing, \$65,000 have been turned into the state for this work. The largest bar of gold ever cast in the

world as turned out at the United States assay office in Helena, M. T. It weighed 500 pounds, and is worth a little over \$100,000. The first Mohammedan mosque in England

has just been built in the parish of Woking close by the Oriental institute. It is a hand some structure, surmounted by an elegant

The head measurements of 107 students at Cambridge university show a small diminution in the head capacity as the individual grows one year older, but this is so small compared with the probable error that the observations are quite consistent with the hypothesis that the head remains quite sta-

The tan shoe may have a permanent future after all. One of the results of the recent maneuvers of the British fleet has been the suggestion that the marines should wear tan or brown shoes henceforth instead of black ones and brown gloves instead of

As a general result of numerous experiments candle power, as determined by means of the Bunsen photometer, affords no correct measurement either of light giving energy or of the luminosity of the source of light, the direction of the error always being such as to favor sources of a low degree of incandes cence when compared with those of higher temperature.

A few days ago T. H. Adams, of Clarksville, Ga., cut a perfectly sound, fresh look-ing muskmelon he had just received from Banks county, and upon examination it was found that a number of the seeds had sprouted and had roots nearly an inch long. The melon was perfectly sound and the flesh firm and nice. This is certainly a strange freak of nature.

During the London season there is a great demand for plover's eggs in the city markets. They are the eggs of the lapwing, a bird which lays about four eggs of an olive cast spotted with black. These eggs come chiefly from Holland, the home produce being now very small, and they are received during the spring and summer, from March to June.

Malieton and the other exiled chiefs have arrived in Samoa in the German gunboat Wolf. The natives hoisted Malieton's old standard, and the crowd cheered him on landing. Herr Stubel, the German consul, informed Malieton that he was at liberty to do as he pleased. Mataafa cordially wel-comed Malietoa back to Samoa. The Samoan crops are abundant, and the fears of a famine

Experiments are being made at the farm connected with the New Jersey state experiment station, in New Brunswick, with different breeds of cows, to ascertain the cost and value of the products of the different breeds. Those being tested are the Ayrshires, Guern seys, Holstein-Friesians, Jerseys and shorthorns. The experiments, which include feeding, milking, weighing, measuring, etc., will cover a period of from two to four

The O'Sullivans are coming. There are twenty-soven of them in the family-father, mother and twenty-five sons and daughters. Nora O'Sullivan, the youngest member of the family, a flaxen haired miss of 15 years, was at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary at Castle Garden the other day. She informed Rev. Father Callahan that she had left her father, mother, thirteen sisters and eleven brothers in County Kerry, Ireland. Nora said further that two of her brothers were twins and three of the sisters triplets. She hopes to see the whole family in the United States early next spring. She is the advance agent, as it were, of the great attraction.— Chicago Herald.

King Ludwig and Wagner. I was once walking with a friend, a native of Munich, through one of the leading thor-oughfares of that beautiful city, when he suddenly stopped, and pointed to a house which, although not a large one, was of very comfortable proportions and was surrounded by a garden, and had every appearance of elegance. "In that house," said he, "lived the one man who was responsible for the ec-centricities of our poor demented and now decessed king. It was the home of Richard Wagner." I have recently read a story which is now going the rounds, told by a person who claims to have been in the body guard of the unfortunate King Ludwig, of Bavaria, which says that the late king was not insane, and that the cause of all the trouble of the muchto-be-pitied monarch was due to Bismarck an unbounded influence over the Bavarian king, and if many of the strongest adherents of Ludwig are to be believed, it was Wagner who prevailed upon him to withdraw from the world and its realism and live an ideal the world and its realism and live an ideal life, surrounded by the luxuries of art and music, amid the mountains of his native Bavaria. Had it not been for the king, such works as the "Ring des Nibelungen" and "Parsifal" would probably never have been produced with such grandeur, and the gorgeous castle at Herrenchiemsee would not now exist as the most wonderful of modern artistic works.—Washington Press.

A Leaf for a Crudle.

Visitors to Fairmount park during the past week have been much interested in the splendid specimen of Brazilian water lily, known as the Victoria Regia, flourishing in the parterre above Horticultural hall. The leaves of the plant are fully a yard in diameter and shaped like green circular tea trays, with an inch high border about their circumference. They rest lightly on the surface of the water, but are of so strong a fiber that a dog or a small child could readily stand upon them without sinking. These leaves are often use by South American mothers as resting placfor their babes, serving as a cross between boat and a cradle. The flower is an immens white illy of wonderful purity and delicacy The first blossom that has appeared since the plant was brought from South America last spring appeared one day last week, but disappeared beneath the water on Friday. Another bud is expected to burst within a few days.—Philadelphia Record. For Late Styles and Immense Satisfaction, GO TO THE

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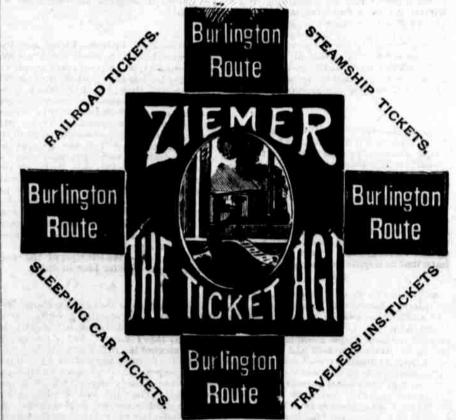
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