

WENT TO THE FAIR

AUGUST DUNSTADT HAS NOT BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE

THE OTHER THREE YEARS SINCE HE IS STILL UNREWARDED.

He had \$100 When He Reached Chicago and Dropped Out of Sight Very Mysteriously—May Be Dead, May Be in a Lunatic Asylum.

URING the world's fair at Chicago in 1893, August Denstadt, only son of Mrs. Fredericka Denstadt, of Detroit, mysteriously disappeared, and his relatives have not been able to obtain any authentic trace of him since.

Mrs. Denstadt has applied to the police, and in other ways sought to get information regarding her son's whereabouts, but so far her search has been unavailing. Sometimes circumstances have seemed to indicate that he had gone to some far away land to get away from a woman he did not like. At other times it has been suggested to the anxious mother that her son met with foul play, for he had \$100 on his person when he left home for the world's fair, August 9, 1893. And again there have come rumors that the young man became insane and was placed in an asylum. But during the three years that have elapsed since August Denstadt left home no tangible clue as to what became of him has been obtained by his mother or others.

Mrs. Denstadt recently learned through some of her relatives that a farmer friend of theirs saw a man in Chicago during the world's fair who bore a striking resemblance at least to Mrs. Denstadt's son. This farmer claims that the young man was in a street car in charge of two uniformed men. He was importuning the other passengers to interfere in his behalf and prevent the officers from taking him to an insane asylum. Mrs. Denstadt has requested her relative to write to this farmer and, if possible, obtain more definite information upon the subject that fills her thoughts by day and keeps her awake through the first hours of the night. The supposition that young Denstadt is in an insane asylum is strengthened by the fact that when he was 17 years old his mother had him confined for a brief time because of a temporary mental disturbance. In an interview with a reporter a few days ago Mrs. Denstadt gave the following story of the mysterious case:

"My only son, August, left home for the world's fair August 9, 1893. He went with a tailor by the name of Karapok, who has a shop on Butternut street, near Seventh street. August had \$100 on his person. Before leaving he told me he would write to Karapok, who was to return to Detroit in a week, and that I should go to the tailor for intelligence of his doings away from home. In three days, however, Karapok returned and told me that my son had gone to California. He said that he had left August with a woman named Bernhardt, who had tried to get my consent to marry my boy a few months before. This woman came back to Detroit about the same time, but I did not talk with her."

During 1893 Karapok said he received three letters from my son, from San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal., but he would not allow me to read the letters and only informed me that my son was well. August wrote in Latin. He could not write German, and that was the reason he wrote to the tailor instead of to me direct. Further than this I have not heard directly or indirectly from my boy. I laid the matter before the police at the time. They telegraphed to San Francisco and Los Angeles, but could obtain no trace of



AUGUST DUNSTADT.

my boy. Three months ago I got Detective Green to work on the case. He saw Karapok, the tailor, but the latter said August was in good health and spirits when he left him in Chicago in the month of August, 1893. The other day I again visited Detective Green, but he had learned nothing new about August, only he stated that he believed that August would turn up all right soon. Karapok claims that my son told him in 1893 that he was going to remain away from Detroit on account of the Bernhardt woman."

August Denstadt was 28 years old when he left Detroit, and he had, for several years, been engaged in the tailoring business.

The average yield of wheat per acre in the United States and Victoria is about the same, that of the former being 12.4 bushels, and that of the latter 12.5.

SHE WAS HYPNOTIZED.

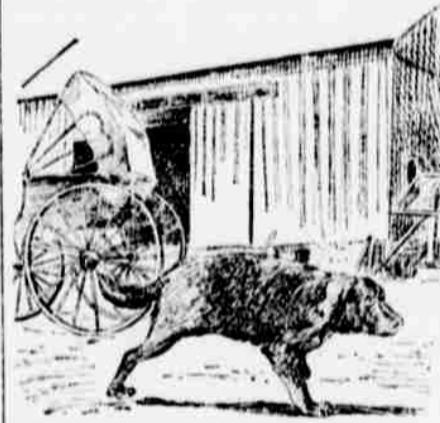
Forced to Leave Home and Family by a Man Whom She Feared and Hated.

A strange story has come to light in connection with the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Elizabeth Moody, of Revere, Mass. Hypnotism, it is alleged, is the cause of her leaving her home and her family and detectives are on the trail of Thomas J. Hartly, an Englishman with intense black eyes and a suave and polished manner. There are several circumstances leading up to this opinion, the most important of which is that the missing woman heartily disliked the man and did not want him near her, yet he persisted in his attentions while he boarded at her husband's house, and finally became so obnoxious that he was ordered away. If Mrs. Moody cared for Mr. Hartly it might be assumed that she had eloped with him, but the fact is that she did not, and on numerous occasions repulsed even the slightest attempts to gain her good wishes, and as well made numerous declarations of her dislike. The detectives believe that at the first opportunity Mrs. Moody will break from the restraint and notify her husband of her whereabouts. In the meantime the search for her is being strenuously conducted. Hartly is a slight-built man, about five feet eight inches in height, with black hair, eyes and mustache. His eyes are peculiarly brilliant and intense, and formed a marked feature of his countenance. He was a firm believer in mesmerism, and could control a person if he saw fit to do so.

A DOG WITH ONLY TWO LEGS.

Balances Himself Like a Bicyclist as He Runs About the Farm.

Below is a picture of a two-legged dog, owned by L. Henning of Huntley, Ill. About three months ago the dog had the misfortune to have both his



A TWO-LEGGED DOG.

right legs cut off by a mower. The stumps rapidly healed and now he is able to run on his left legs, balancing himself like a bicyclist, as will be seen from the picture taken by a special correspondent as the dog was running to greet his master.

A Hasty Marriage.

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure" is an old adage, and that it possesses some truth is demonstrated in the case of two young south siders. One of them, it is certain, is in a penitent mood. The story is as follows:

A certain young man, or boy, as he is but 18 years of age, and a girl of 17, had for some time kept company with each other, and made up their minds to get married. All arrangements were made and everything seemed rosy and bright till it was found that a very essential thing had been overlooked—the parents of the young lady had not given their consent. The young man at once set about to remedy this, and imagine his dismay when he was informed that he could not have the girl of his choice for a wife. After considering the matter he proposed to the girl that they elope. This she refused to do; she was sure, however, that if the young man would but wait for a few months her parents' consent could be gained. This he refused to do, and in a "huff" he went away and proposed to another young woman. She at once accepted him and the wedding was solemnized. Immediately after the ceremony the young man concluded that he had done a foolish thing, and he has already instituted a suit for divorce, as the parents of the first girl have said that if he can secure his freedom he can have their daughter.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

INCREASE OF Deaths from Cancer.

In 1840 cancer was held responsible for the deaths of 177 per million living, and in 1894 of 713 per million living. Thus the proportionate cancer mortality is now more than four times greater than it was half a century ago, and in this respect it stands absolutely alone. Moreover, the same tendency is observable in all civilized lands, so that, unless checked, cancer may be expected to become one of the commonest diseases of modern communities."

Wouldn't Let Boggs Be.

George W. Boggs, ex-treasurer of Tacoma, convicted of embezzling \$100,000 of the city's funds, and out on bail pending an appeal to the Supreme Court, found employment a few days ago as an attendant behind a free lunch counter at Spokane. But so many people flocked to view the spectacle of one formerly filling an exalted position now engrossed in such menial work, that he couldn't stand it, and resigned.

Curious Wedding Ring.

Mrs. Martin Luther's wedding ring was a most curious and elaborate affair, says a writer in the Cincinnati Enquirer. Some Cincinnati ladies, who recently saw it in their summer travels, state that the wonderful little ring contains representations of all the articles used at the crucifixion. The ladder, the cross, rope, nails, the hammer spear and even the thorns are shown on its surface.

THE NEW SUBMARINE WONDER

FOR OUR NAVY.

If the marvelous little submarine torpedo boat which the United States government has nearly finished at Baltimore does all the astonishing things the navy experts promise, she will be in large measure a real fulfillment of the dreams of Jules Verne in his masterpiece of fiction—"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

This is the only new war vessel ever built by our government upon which the longing eyes of ambitious naval officers were not turned. It is the first time the navy department has not been pestered by requests for assignments to duty on a new ship. And the reason is that the new boat is looked upon as a very promising submarine coffin for the first crew that ventures out in her.

Much of the warfare of the next century must be conducted by submarine fighting machines, and this extraordinary craft will, it is believed, solve the whole problem of under water war, to which inventors and naval experts

target that to hit it would be extremely difficult. At any time it can sink entirely out of sight at a moment's notice.

The chimney and air tube are withdrawn into the interior in a dozen seconds, the opening is hermetically closed and the craft dives. It descends by taking water into compartments intended for that purpose, thus changing its specific gravity, and also by inclining horizontal rudders so as to cause the nose of the steel fish to turn downward. The depth attained is regulated automatically, the limit of safety being about 66 feet. At a much lower level the pressure of water would crush the boat.

This submarine marvel has a double steel shell, and the space between the two coats is occupied by water ballast, coal bunkers and compressed air tanks. The interior of the craft is almost wholly filled with machinery. There is no space for officers or crew to sleep or eat. Food must be brought along in cooked

When the craft has been wholly submerged these engines are stopped, but there is enough steam at high pressure left in the boilers to propel the vessel for a considerable time longer. When it is on the point of exhaustion the propellers are connected with the electric motors, which will run the boat for sixteen hours.

Makes Its Own Electricity.

The vessel makes its own electricity by means of its steam engines and stores it in its accumulators. This point gives to the Holland boat an immense advantage over most of the foreign submarine vessels, which depend wholly on electricity for motive power, and are obliged to go to the shore at short intervals for the purpose of refilling their storage batteries.

When the boat dives valves are opened from the tanks, which contain air condensed under a pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. By this means the atmosphere inside of the



have for years given such an incredible amount of study. This experiment, if successful, may render the great navies of the world powerless.

The new boat is the object of rapt attention from the naval nations of the world, who have learned in these later years to look to America for instruction in the science of naval building. There is much speculation and uncertainty, however, even among our own naval authorities as to whether the new craft will, upon practical trial, do all that her inventor, J. P. Holland, claims for her. Experiments with submarine war vessels heretofore have been so disastrous, and the manipulation of this strange craft is so different from anything hitherto taught in naval institutions, that the question of managing her is causing the navy department a world of trouble.

The Wonder of the World.

The craft is a wonder. It is nothing more nor less than a huge steel fish, with lungs capable of holding enormous quantities of fresh air, and possess-

and compact shape, to be consumed in such fashion as may be. Life on this ship, if ship she is, will not be a thing of joy. Much of the interior space is taken up by electric batteries and accumulators. Electric apparatus requires a good deal of room, but it makes no smoke and needs neither fuel nor air. There are also steam engines run by petroleum, and tubular boilers consisting of a labyrinth of pipes. The steam engines generate the electricity that is stored in the accumulators.

Traveling on the Water's Surface.

Suppose that the boat is traveling on the surface of the water, at a sixteen knot gait, when the pilot, looking out through a glass window in the turret, sees a hostile warship coming. The warship is of such vastly greater size that he apes it long before the enemy's lookout can possibly see the diving craft.

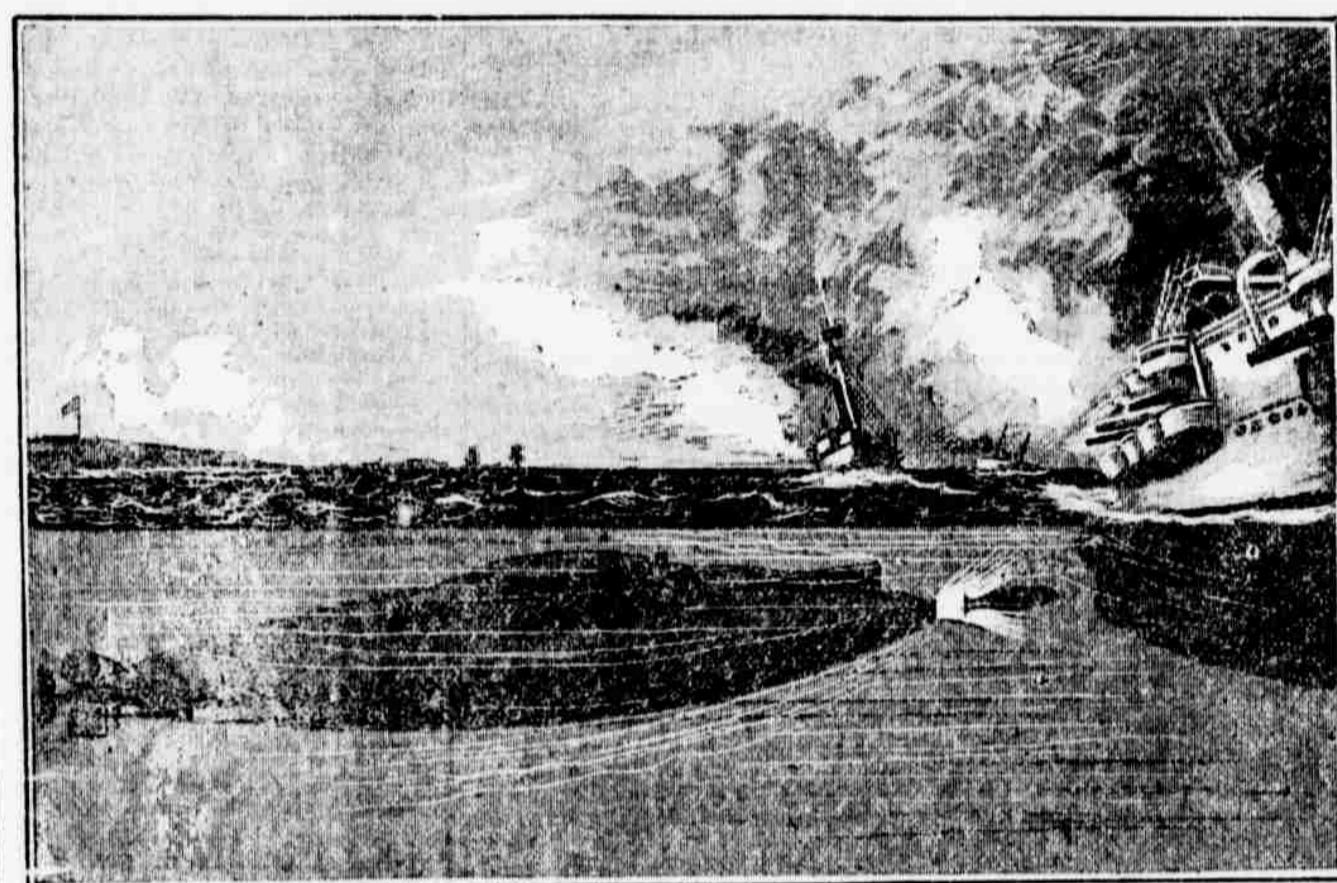
Its Organ of Vision.

The most wonderful thing about this boat, however, is the organ of vision for seeing while submerged. It has a single huge eye, by means of which it is able to survey the ocean's sur-

face, though it is kept good for half a dozen hours. In case it gets close and bad, the foul air may be pumped out. It is not necessary for the craft to come to the surface even when the air stored in her reservoirs has been exhausted. In such a case a two-inch hosepipe is unwound from the reel, its free end being attached to a float, which, when released, rises to the surface of the water, carrying with it the hose. Through this fresh air is pumped into the vessel, and the storage tanks are refilled under pressure. Thus it will be seen that the boat is able to stay under water almost indefinitely, not being obliged to come to the surface to take breath. Three days' provisions are carried for the persons on board, four officers and eight machine-guns.

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THE NEW TORPEDO BOAT.

ing a single great eye for surveying the surface of the ocean on all sides while the vessel itself is submerged and invisible.

It has fins for diving and steering, and its vitality is furnished by steam and electricity.

The boat is practically the Nautilus of Jules Verne reduced from dream to reality. It is cigar shaped, pointed at both ends; 80 feet long, 11 feet in diameter, and with a displacement of 11 tons when floating. Submerged it displaces 138 tons. Under ordinary circumstances it runs on the surface like an ordinary torpedo boat, with a speed of sixteen knots an hour. At will it can be lowered just enough to be under water, save for a turret of Harveyized nickel-steel, which is surrounded by a chimney. The armour of the turret is eight inches thick, and proof against rapid fire guns. The chimney contains a tube by means of which the air inside of the boat is kept fresh.

Entirely Safe from Attack.

In this half submerged condition the boat is comparatively safe from any sort of attack. It offers so small a

face, though itself sunk some fathoms deep, and invisible. The vessel is still able to continue his inspection of the warship through the window aforesaid. If the vessel comes near, and he thinks he is in danger from the big rifled guns, he touches another button on the switchboard, and in one minute by the watch the submarine craft is safe from all danger or pursuit, eighteen feet below the waves.

The instant the order is given a bit of mechanism is set in operation by which the chimney and air tube are telescopically withdrawn. Water flows into the empty compartments, and the horizontal rudders are inclined for diving. An indicator registers the depth, which is so regulated by an automatic device that the craft cannot descend below the safety limit. The steering is done by compass when under water. The interior of the submarine vessel is lighted by electricity, with incandescent lamps.

So long as the boat travels on the surface it is run by its triple expansion steam engines, which, small but powerful, actuate

charged from the tube it runs itself, being driven by a screw, with compressed air for motive power. It may be shot with accuracy at a mark 200 yards away and it will run 1,000 yards or more, exploding on impact.

Can Destroy Strongest Battleships.

Let one of these fearful projectiles strike the strongest battleship, and the proud vessel of steel and iron, a floating mass of machinery that has cost \$1,000,000 to construct, is transformed in a moment into an iron coffin, carrying officers and crew to the bottom. Having delivered the fatal blow, the submarine boat glides away, to come up presently near the surface, and with the aid of her camera lucida to look around upon the scene of the destruction she has caused—herself at the same time invisible and safe from pursuit. Such a craft as the Holland boat would never try to attach a torpedo to the bottom of a ship. She picks out a vessel for attack and makes for her, occasionally coming near the surface just long enough to permit her commander to make sure of his course.

The Holland boat is able to keep at sea in bad weather. Its radius of action, traveling on the surface, is 1,000 miles; submerged, it can go sixty miles. Its speed under water is eight knots and it can be perfectly controlled. Special devices provide against every conceivable accident. In case it is desired to check the downward movement of the boat quickly, a touch on a button connects a compartment of water at the bow with a tank of compressed air. The expanding air drives the water out of the compartment, thus lightening the boat. If the submarine vessel gets stuck in the mud at the bottom, or for some other reason is not able to rise, officers and crew will put on diving suits and escape through a hatchway.

The boat is to cost \$150,000. If it proves a success, two others are to be built. This one, Mr. Holland says, is not as big as it ought to be, but its size was limited by the appropriation. As soon as it is finished, it will be taken for a trial trip down the Chesapeake.

NICKNAMES OF PRESIDENTS

All of Them Were Known by Pseudonyms Indicative of Character

Washington was "Father of His Country," "American Fabius," the "Cincinnatus of the West," "The Atlas of America," "Lovely Georgius," "Flower of the Forest," "Deliverer of America," "Stepfather of His Country" and "Savior of His Country." Adams was the "Colossus of Independence," Jefferson was the "Sage of Monticello" and "Long Tom," Madison was "The Father of the Constitution," Monroe was the "Last Cocked Hat" and John Quincy Adams the "Old Man Eloquent."

Jackson was, of course, "Old Hickory," "Big Knife and Sharp Knife," the "Hero of New Orleans," "Gen'l'l" and "Old Hero." Van Buren was the "Little Magician," the "Wizard of Kinderhook," "Follower in the Footsteps," "Whisky Van," "King Martin the First," "Sweet Little Fellow," "Political Grimaldi" and "Weasel." W. H. Harrison was "Tippecanoe," "Old Tip" and the "Washington of the West." Tyler was "Young Hickory" and "Accidental President." Polk also was "Young Hickory," the sobriquet being used to resurrect the Jacksonian element. Taylor was "Old Rough and Ready," "Old Buena Vista" and "Old Zach." Fillmore was the "American Louis Philippe." Pierce was "Purse," Buchanan was "Old Public Functionary," and "Bachelor President" and "Old Buck." We have now reached Lincoln, the "Rail Splitter," "Honest Old Abe," "Uncle Abe," "Massa Lincoln," "Father Abraham" and the "Sectional President," the last name being given by the southerners who maintained that he represented the north and not the whole people. Then comes Johnson—"Sir Veto." Grant was "Unconditional Surrender," "Old Three Stars," "Hero of Appomattox" and the "American Caesar." Hayes was the "President de Facto," a name given him by the defeated democrats. Garfield was the "Martyr President." Arthur was "Our Che" and the "First Gentleman in the Land." Cleveland is the "Man of Destiny," "Grover," and "Stuffed Prophet." Harrison is "Backbone Ben" and "Grandfather's Hat."

Louis Agassiz.

The early years of Agassiz read like a fairy tale of incredible achievement. His bent toward natural science showed itself almost in infancy and grew with his growth. At fourteen we find him sighing for a list of unattainable books—D'Anville, Ritter, and Italian dictionary, a Strabo in Greek, Mannaert and Thiersch; and also the works of Malte-Brun and Seydel. Failing to get these he copied whole volumes with the assistance of his brother, among others Lamarck's *Annales sans Vertebres*. His parents, who had destined him to a commercial career, were with difficulty induced to consent to his studying medicine. At twenty-three he was not only a doctor of medicine, but of philosophy as well, and the author of a work on Brazilian fishes, which won for him a name among the scientists of Europe and the personal intimacy of Cuvier and Humboldt. At twenty-five he began his career as lecturer and instructor, and at once demonstrated that extraordinary ability as a teacher and that gift of inspiring enthusiasm in his subject which were such marked characteristics of his later years. In 1848 he made his first visit to America, and two years later accepted that professorship at Harvard which determined the work of his remaining life.

Tip-toe walking symbolizes surprise, curiosity, discretion or mystery.