

New Ocean Greyhound.

In Some Respects the Deutschland is Expected to Break the Records.

This summer a new ocean flyer will be put into service across the Atlantic. The Deutschland of the Hamburg-American line is designed as a

smaller ones have a partiality for rounders. They had last season four "first-class" matches of football, two of which they won and two they lost. In the first her majesty's ship Fox scored four goals to their one; in the second, the same ship scored one goal to their nil; in the third, against a combined team of Europeans from town, they scored four goals to nil. They would like very much to have thin jerseys, with a badge of the college, to present to boys who win their "colors" by playing in three "first-

shows in striking contrast with that under ordinary circumstances. After a wet snow in a manufacturing city the air was almost as pure as in the country, the soft particles having literally scraped out of the air the soot that was there held in suspension. Some of these days when we have grown more scientific than at present, we may be able to make artificial snow storms to cleanse the atmosphere. This certainly would be a great triumph, and one which the dwellers in smoke-laden cities would value very highly.

A Royal Duke at Church.

The most original character we meet in the "Memoir of the Princess Mary" is her father, Duke Adolphus of Cambridge. He was a strong churchman, but "his religion sometimes took rather an unconventional form." On one

QUEER CASE OF BRAEM

HOW BELMONT DROVE HISTRADUCER OUT OF AMERICA.

Girl in the Mystery — Trinity Church Trustee Who Wrote Slanders About Belmont — Finally Detected, He Was Forced to Resign From Clubs.

Henri M. Braem, who died in Vienna a few days ago, is remembered by New Yorkers as the man whom the late August Belmont drove into exile sixteen years ago. Braem was a clubman of great wealth and high social position. He was a trustee of Trinity church, Danish consul general, and a power in Wall street. August Belmont was a banker, head of the Belmont house, and father of the three Belmont boys, well known today for their connection with Democratic politics, their wealth, and the more or less talked-about marriages they have made with Sloane and Vanderbilt divorcees.

After four years of unparalleled detective work, Belmont discovered that Henri Braem was the author of anonymous letters, with which the Belmont family were persecuted for a long time. He gave Braem the alternative of going to the penitentiary or of resigning from his church, club, and offices, and submitting to social ostracism. Braem chose the latter, and for a time endeavored to live with his family on a splendid estate at Lenox. But the scorn of men who had known and trusted him drove Braem at last to give up the struggle for reinstatement in business and society. He left New York for Europe, and died the other day of pneumonia, at Vienna, at the age of 74.

August Belmont, Sr., has been dead several years. The story of the quarrel between the two rich men is one

to work, backed by all the resources that money could command. Finally a handwriting expert suggested that the chirography was probably the smooth, round hand of a woman copyist. Several hundred women copyists wrote at dictation, but none of them in the hand of the anonymous author. About that time the typewriter came into common use, and the letters arrived in typewritten form, and this added a new and more difficult complication to the case. Assuming that the assassin of character hired a public stenographer to write the letters for him, a sweeping search was made of the office buildings and hotels of New York city. Some of the letters were mailed in Boston, so Boston was included in the hunt.

This was the beginning of success. When the question, "Did you ever write this letter at dictation?" was propounded to a stenographer in a leading Boston hotel she balanced her penneze for a while over the copy and then said, decidedly:

"Yes, I did."

"When, where—who dictated it?"

There the typewriter girl's information failed. She could only remember that she had written the letter for a dark, slender stranger, who wore a mustache. She described him as a very handsome man, well dressed, and she surmised that he might be a broker. He had let fall some remark about stocks. Mr. Belmont thought the situation over.

"Tell that girl if she will come here and play the detective in Wall street she can earn a handsome salary," he said.

But the girl had relatives in Boston, she was of a good family, she had never heard of August Belmont, she didn't care about the detective business, and, in short, she decided that she wouldn't come. A check big enough to make her an independent woman for life was dangled before her

goes that Mr. Belmont got Braem in a Wall street office one afternoon and dictated terms. Braem resigned his membership in the clubs, his place in Trinity church, closed up his business affairs, and retired to his estate at Lenox. Within a few weeks the story came out, and neither money nor influence could buy Braem back a position in society or in business. He sacrificed his Lenox property for a fraction of its value and went to live in first one European capital and then another. His death has revived the old story and the old riddle.

WHEN MEN ARE SHOT.

Soldiers Have Widely Different Ways of Receiving an Injury.

If you take a dozen soldiers as like each other as peas so far as height, weight, strength, age, courage and general appearance, and wound them all in precisely the same way, you will find that scarcely any of them are affected alike. One man on receiving a bullet in his leg will go on fighting as if nothing had happened. He does not know, in fact, that he now contains a bullet. But perhaps in two or three minutes he will grow faint and fall. Another man, without feeling the slightest pain, will tremble all over, totter and fall at once, even though the wound is really very slight. A third will cry out in a way to frighten his comrades and will forget everything in his agony. A fourth will grow stupid and look like an idiot. Some soldiers wounded in the slightest manner will have to be carried off the field. Others, although perhaps fatally injured, can easily walk to the ambulance. Many die quickly from the shock to the nervous system. A very curious case is recorded in the surgical history of our civil war, in which three officers were hit at just the same time. One had his leg from the knee down carried away, but he rode ten miles to the hospital. Another lost his little finger and he became a raving lunatic, while a third was shot through the body and, though he did not shed a drop of blood externally, dropped dead from shock.

TRUE TO THE LAST.

Until Her Dying Day Phoebe Van Houten Trusted Her Faithless Lover.

In the little New York town of Monsey the other day Phoebe Van Houten, after vainly waiting fifty years for the man she loved, died, trustful, hopeful, as she had lived. When Phoebe Van Houten was 13 years old a fine young fellow came courting her. At times in after life she told those who were fortunate enough to gain her confidence of the love affair, and to them she proudly, fondly, showed a faded daguerreotype of a handsome youth, curly haired, broad-shouldered, straight-limbed. "Our wedding day was fixed," said Miss Phoebe, when she grew thus confidential; "my wedding gown was made—it's in the cedar box up stairs. A week before the day that was to make me happy my true lover disappeared. I waited for him; I never saw him, nor heard from him again. I know he must have met sudden death, else he would have returned to me. When my time comes I will rejoin him." Miss Van Houten was wealthy, and lived in a fine cottage at Monsey. She had few friends and was considered eccentric. When neighbors went in the other day they found that she was ill, and had been in bed for a week. It was too late for medical aid; the spinster died that night. Her many years of waiting were past.

Old-Time Marriage Tariff.

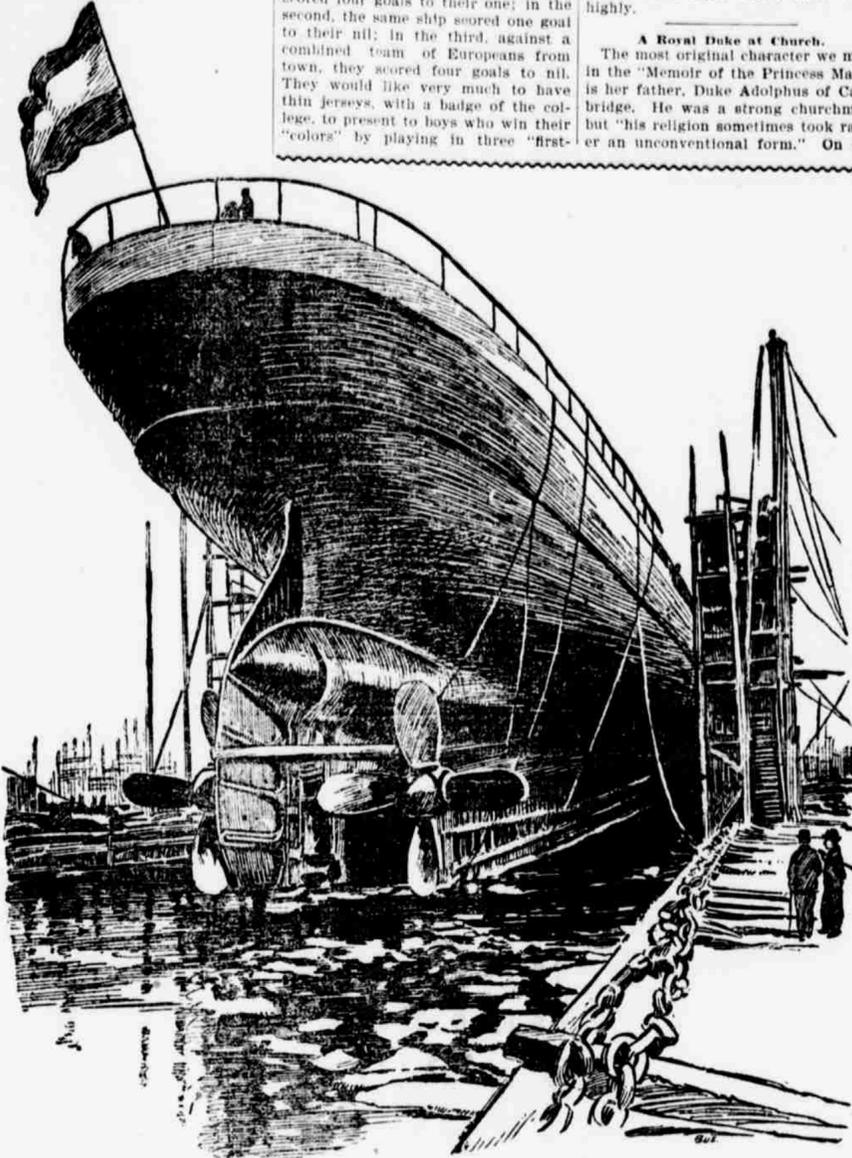
In olden times a tariff on matches was established in France, in which the various degrees of wealth necessary for a girl to enter the different ranks of French society were set down as follows: A young woman with a dowry of 2,000 to 10,000 francs a year was a match for a retail trader, a lawyer's clerk or a bailiff; a dowry of 12,000 entitled one to aspire to a dealer in silk, a draper, an innkeeper, a secretary to a great lord; one with 20,000 francs might look as high as an advocate or a government officer of considerable rank; one with from 30,000 to 100,000 francs might hope for a marquis, a president of parliament, a peer of France, a duke.

A Wife With No Nonsense.

Michael Collins, a well-known farmer living near Monmouth Junction, N. J., has at last secured a wife to his liking. Tired of living alone and finding no woman in the neighborhood who suited him (or whom he suited), he advertised for a wife "who must not be too young or too pretty, and who had no foolishness about her." There were several applicants and from the number Collins selected Joanna Hase. Joanna assured him that there was no nonsense about her and that she knew all about taking care of a man, as she had already had four husbands. The couple seem to be getting along quite satisfactorily.

Farmers Who Wage War on Hogs.

In the farming communities of the province of Ontario, Canada, a peculiar sect called Zionists is still flourishing, in spite of the efforts of the authorities to break it up. The cardinal doctrine of their creed is that hogs are possessed by devils, and should therefore be killed. It has been found necessary therefore to restrain otherwise reasonable farmers from destroying what in many cases was a chief means of their support. The Zionists farmers, in some instances, have joined together, driven all their hogs into one place and there killed them, in no instance allowing any of the meat to be used as food.



THE DEUTSCHLAND BEFORE THE LAUNCH.

competitor of the North German Lloyd's Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, but she is expected to beat the latter ship in all essential particulars. Her length over all is 684 feet, her beam 67 feet, molded depth 44 feet, displacement, loaded, 23,200 tons. Her draught is estimated at 30 feet, and her speed at 23 knots. She will be able to carry 1,057 passengers and a crew of 525 men. Her cost will be \$3,332,000, and, as in time of war, she will be at the service of the German government. Her rudder and steering gear are protected and under her water line. She has a double bottom extending the entire length, which is divided into 24 compartments. It is said that if two adjoining compartments should fill with water the ship would not sink.

It is a long way in the matter of speed, at least, between the magnificent big flyers of today and the Great Eastern, the monarch of her time, and in some respects of all time to date. The Great Eastern, built in 1858, was eight feet longer, 13½ feet deeper, and of 380 tons more displacement, than the Deutschland, but her speed was 8½ knots slower. The Oceanic, built last year, and which is 12 feet longer than the Great Eastern and 20 feet longer than the Deutschland, has a speed three knots less than the estimated speed of the Deutschland. While in length, breadth, depth and displacement the old conditions have scarcely been surpassed, a steady increase has been made in draught and speed. The draught of the Great Eastern was 25½ feet; that of the Oceanic is 32½ feet and the estimated draught of the Deutschland is 30 feet.

Sports Among the Africans.

London Correspondent Birmingham Post: Long ago it was noted that wherever Englishmen went they took their national pastimes with them; and on a recent "off day" at Mafeking, when the Boers had for a few hours ceased bombarding, a cricket match was organized by the beleaguered garrison. There are other parts of the dark continent in which civilization is accompanied and stimulated by athletics, and an interesting testimony is to be had upon that head from St. Andrews' college, Klungani, which owes existence to the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. Of all the games played there by the boys, some of whom are freed slaves, football has the first place in popularity, though a few boys have shown a desire to learn a little more about cricket, and the

class" matches, and it will be no wonder if English friends provide these, as well as the footballs, which are wanted for twenty villages in Nyasa, and the tennis balls for boys at Magila.

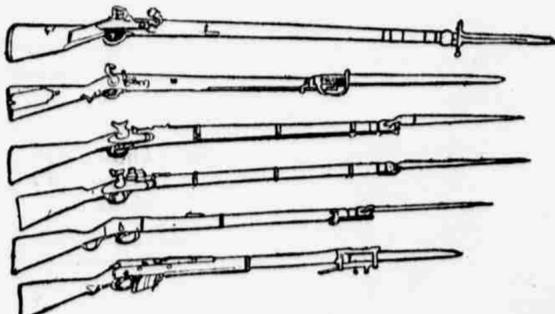
Snow as a Fertilizer.

Farmers have long understood and appreciated the fact that snow is a great fertilizer, but just why this is so they have probably been unable to say. Science has demonstrated that snow in falling serves a double purpose. The soft, damp flakes cleanse the atmosphere of a very large amount of impurities, carrying them to the earth. The amount of solid matter carried down in an ordinary snowstorm and the cleanliness of the atmosphere afterwards are best appreciated by chemical analysis of the snow melted into water and examined. Small particles of soot, free ammonia and solid matter are all taken from the atmosphere and precipitated upon the earth. The air in cities after a snowstorm

occasion, after the officiating clergyman had repeated the usual exhortation "Let us pray," the duke was heard to reply "By all means." During a very dry summer the vicar read the prayer for rain; at the close the duke joined fervently in the "Amen," adding in exactly the same tone of voice: "But we shan't get it until the wind changes!" On Sunday, when the words "Behold, the half of my goods I give to the poor," were read, he astonished his fellow worshippers by rejoicing: "No, no; I can't do that; a half is too much for any man, but I have no objection to a tenth." Again, on hearing the text, "For we brought nothing into the world, neither may we carry anything out," he ejaculated: "True, true—too many calls upon us for that."—London Daily News.

About one-half of the railroads in Japan are owned and run by the government. The profits last year amounted to \$2,700,000.

EVOLUTION OF ARMY RIFLE.



The evolution of the English army rifle is an interesting study. The picture herewith shown gives a very good idea of the changes that have taken place in the modern fighting rifle. Beginning at the top is the old-fashioned matchlock of the time of King William III., and next below it is the flintlock of former times as his "brown Bess." Then comes the Enfield rifle, with a Snider breechloader and a Martini-Henry next. The last is the Lee-Enfield, with its short, triangle shaped bayonet, the weapon used by the Brit-

ish soldier of today. These guns are made at the English ordnance factory at Enfield Lock, which was also the birthplace of the Lee-Enfield magazine rifle. The recent reintroduction of the triangular bayonet into the English service arose from a peculiar cause. It was based on an incident which occurred at the battle of Atbara. An English soldier had vigorously bayoneted a dervish, but, to his disgust, found that he could not withdraw his weapon, its shape rendering it peculiarly liable to be retained. So the old bayonet was abolished and the triangular bayonet reintroduced.



HENRI BRAEM.

of the dramatic incidents of real life which rival the inventions of romance. One point in the strange web of history has never been made plain, and probably will never be, now that the principals are dead. It is not known why Henri Braem ever wrote the incriminating letters to August Belmont. Vaguely, a woman has always figured in the background, as a woman does in so much of the Belmont history. Braem was madly in love with a woman, and this woman was the pivot on which the sensational episode turned. Belmont never chose to explain, and Braem for reasons of his own kept a close tongue.

August Belmont and Henri Braem had been close friends. Why Braem should turn upon his former intimate with such unexampled and cowardly fury must always remain more or less of a mystery with shrewd guesses by old-timers who knew both families well. In 1880 anonymous letters began to reach different members of August Belmont's family at varying intervals. Sometimes the letters came every two or three weeks, sometimes at intervals of several months. They assailed the character of August Belmont in every way that malice and ingenuity could suggest. Belmont was a man of large social connection and extensive business interests, and these covert attacks became not only painful but dangerous. Neither the handwriting on the letters, the paper, or the place of mailing gave the slightest clue to the author. They were written in various hands, and the stationery was such as might be bought at a thousand stores in New York city. At the instance of Mr. Belmont the police exhausted the cunning of the department in an effort to trap the writer of the letters.

"I will spend \$100,000 to discover the author of these scurrilous letters," Belmont declared.

The banker took the case in his own hands, and private detectives were set

eyes. She reconsidered the matter, and reached New York on the first train. For weeks she strolled up and down the narrow street of millions or occupied a seat in the stock exchange balcony. Always she kept an eye out for a dark, slender, mustached stranger. She never saw him. He was not in the crowds that fought their screaming battles out in a pit carpeted with bits of white paper. There are a great many speculators in Wall street, and brokers populate the stock exchange.

"Hire a Wall street office for that stenographer," said Mr. Belmont at last. "But let no machines click there. Curtain the windows with lace, and let the girl watch the passers-by in the street, hidden behind this screen from morning till night."

A detective was posted opposite, with instructions to watch the window as the girl watched the street. The girl from Boston became as great a mystery to the brokers as the anonymous letters were to the Belmonts. Day after day she sat at the window, her eyes on the throng in Wall street. Nothing escaped her.

Finally one day the curtain was drawn back hastily. A tall, dark man was passing, a man handsome enough and dressed well enough to command attention for that. The detective understood the signal and fell in behind the tall, slender, mustached man. He followed him to his office, that of the Westmoreland Coal company, where he was president, for the man was Henri M. Braem. The typewriter girl identified him fully, and he confessed to having written the letters. It seemed incredible that one of the foremost men of New York should have carried on a campaign so despicable and underhanded. But there was no doubt about the facts, and Belmont spared his antagonist only one humiliation—the penitentiary. This may have been prompted by a certain quality of mercy or by some selfish interest. The story