## SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. form, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to swalt his return. Hardly has he gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Heip." Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton, And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the nursing work he was to taus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Glies Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious buy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Dudley geta his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He learns the note was forgery. He is provided with four guards, Brown, Barkhouse, Fitzhugh and Porter. He learns there is to be no trouble about money as all expenses will be paid, the hire of the guards being paid by one "Richmond." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Borton in company with Policeman Corson. Glies Dudley again visits the Knapp home.

CHAPTER XV.-Continued. "Oh, Mr. Wilton, you'll pardon my boldness, I'm sure," she said with an amiable flirt of the head, as I seated myself beside her and watched Luella melt away into the next room; "but I was afraid you had forgotten all about us poor women, and it's a dreadful thing to be in this great house when there isn't a man about, though of course there are the servants, but you can't count them as men, besides some of them being Chinamen. And we-I-that is, I really did want to see you, and we ought to have so much to talk over, for I've heard that your mother's first cousin was a Bowser, nd I do so want to see that dear, de lightful Chinatown that I've heard so much about, though they do say it's horrid and dirty, but you'll let us see that for ourselves, won't you, and did you ever go through Chinatown, Mr. Wilton?"

Mrs. Bowser pulled up her verbal coach-and-six so suddenly that I felt as though she must have been pitched off the box.

"Oh," said I carelessly, "I've seen the place often enough."

"How nice!" Then suddenly looking grave Mrs. Bowser spoke from behind her fan. "But I hope, Mr. Wilton, there's nothing there that a lady shouldn't see."

I hastened to assure her that it was possible to avoid everything that would bring a blush to the cheek of a matron of her years.

Mrs. Bowser at this rattled on without coming to any point. I was listening to the flow of her high-pitched voice without getting any idea from it. when my wandering attention was suddenly recalled by the words, "Mr. Knapp.

"What was that?" I asked in some confusion. "I didn't catch your mean-

Mr. Knapp wouldn't go with us, and with Mrs. Knapp. he got awfully cross when I pressed him, and said-oh, Mr. Wilton, he said to-morrow?" I said such a dreadful word-that he'd be everlastingly somethinged if he would i ever go into such a lot of dens of-oh, I can't repeat his dreadful language ing that there was more than I knew ting into the thick of it." but wasn't it strange, Mr. Wilton?" "Very," I said diplomatically; "but it isn't worth while to wait for him,

then." morrow, but he won't go.".

"Home to-morrow!" I exclaimed. "I thought he wasn't to come till Wednesday."

Mrs. Bowser looked a little uncom-

"I guess he's old enough to come and go when he likes," she said. But her flow of words seemed to desert leave. Luella was nowhere to be seen.

"Very true," I admitted. "I wonder what's bringing him back in such a hurry."

Mrs. Bowser's beady eyes turned on me in doubt, and for a moment she

was dumb. Then she followed this miracle by another, and spoke in a low tone of voice. "It's not for me to say anything against a man in his own house, but I

"What's the matter?" I asked. "A Bowser, you should make allowances for a man who has had to fight his way in the roughest business life in the world, and not expect too much of his polish."

"Oh, laws, he's polite enough, whispered Mrs. Bowser. "It isn't that -oh, I don't see how she ever married

I followed the glance that Mrs. Rowser gave on interrupting herself with this declaration, and saw Mrs Knapp approaching us.

"Oh," she exclaimed cheerily, "is it settled? Have you made all the arrangements, Cousin Julia?"

"Well, I declare! I'd forgotten all about telling him," cried Mrs. Bowser in her shrillest tone. "I'd just taken it for a fact that he'd know when to come."

"That's a little too much to expect, ing gaily at Mrs. Bowser's manage. spectfully: ment. "I see that I shall have to arrange this thing myself. Will Monday night suit you. Henry?"

"As well as another," sau I politely. concealing my feelings as a victim of feminine diplomacy.

"You have told him who are going, haven't you?" said Mrs. Knapp, to Mrs. Bowser.

"Laws, no! I never thought but

that he knew." "Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Knapp. "What gift as a mindreader Mr. Wilton ought to have! Well, I suppose I'd better not trust to that Henry. There's to be Mrs. Bowser, of course, and Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and Mr. Horton, and—oh, yes—Luella."

My heart gave a jump, and the trip to Chinatown suddenly became an object of interest.

"I mama?" said an inquiring voice, and Luella herself stood by her mother. "Yes," said Mrs. Knapp. "It's the Chinatown expedition for Monday night."

Luella looked annoyed, and tapped er foot to the floor impatiently. "With Mr. Wilton," there was the slightest emphasis on the words, "to accompany the party, I shouldn't think it would be necessary for me to go." "It is either you or I." said Mrs.

"You will be needed to protect Mr. Horton," said I sarcastically. "Oh, what a task!" she said gaily.

"I shall be ready." And she turned away before I could put in another Dicky Nahl returned to me with force

"What's up, Dicky?"

again."

"I guess it's the devil," said Dicky. so gravely that I broke into a laugh. "He's right at home if he's come to this town," I said.

"I was just going up to look for you

"I'm glad you find it so funny," said Dicky in an injured tone. "You was scared enough last time." "Well, I've kept out of his claws this

he trying to do now?" "That's what I've been trying to find out all the evening. They're noisy enough, but they're too thick to let one get near where there's anything going on—that is, if he has a fancy for keeping a whole skin."

"Suppose we go down there now," suggested. "We might find out some-Dicky stopped short.

"Caesar's ghost!" he gasped: "what next? Wouldn't you like to touch off a few powder-kegs for amusement? Won't you fire a pistol into your mouth to show how easy you can stop the bullet?" "Why, you have been down there

and are all right," I argued. "Well, there nothing much to happen to me, but where would you be if they got hold of you? You're getting off your cabesa, old fellow," said Dicky anxiously.

"If I could see Mother Borton would fix it," I said confidently. "What! That she-devil?" Dicky. "She'd give you up to have your throat cut in a minute if she could get a four-bit piece for your

carcass. I guess she could get more

than that on you, too."

Mother Borton's warnings against



"MOTHER BORTON SULLENLY TOOK A CHAIR"

"I was saying I thought it strange word, and I walked down the room at this expression of esteem from the "And so Mr. Knapp is coming home

Mrs. Knapp gave me a quick look. "Yes," she said. There was some-

behind Mr. Knapp's sudden return. "I hope he is not ill," I said politely. "I think you will find him all right when you see him. But here-you "Oh, laws, no!-he'll be home to must meet Mr. and Mrs. Carter. They plants." are just from the East, and very charming people, and as you are to do them the honors on Monday evening,

you should know them." Mr. and Mrs. Carter had pleasant faces and few ideas, and as the conversational fire soon burned low l sonught Mrs. Knapp and took my

"You must be sure that you are well guarded," said Mrs. Knapp. "It quite gives me the terrors to think glanced at everyway as though I exof those murderous fellows. And pected an ambush. Porter and Barksince you told me of that last plot to call you down to Borton's, I have a presentiment that some special danger is ahead of you. Be cautious as well as brave."

I thanked her as she pressed my hand, and, with no Luella awaiting me don't like to talk of Doddridge Knapp." by the stair, I took my way down the stone steps, between the bronze lions, little rough in his speech? Oh, Mrs and joined Porter and Barkhouse on the sidewalk.

## CHAPTER XVI.

An Echo of Warning. "All quiet?" I asked of my guards, as we took our way down the street. "Dicky Nahl was along here," said Porter, "and he said Terrill and Meek-

lock out for surprises."

"Was that all?" buzzin' like a nest of hornets."

"Well," said I, "we had better go matter." There was silence for a time. My

guards walked beside me without speaking, but I felt the protest in their I'm afraid," said Mrs. Knapp, smil- manner. At last Barkhouse said re-"There's no use to do that, sir. You'd

better send some one that ain't so likely to be nabbed, or that won't matter much if he is. We'd be in a pretty fix if you was to be took." "Here comes Dicky now," said Por

ter, as a dark figure came swingin; lightly along. "Hullo!" cried Dicky, halting and young man, and I was filled with

doubts. "I came up to tell you to look out for yourself," continued Dicky. "I'm afraid they mean mischief, and here thing in her tone that set me to think- you come with a wild scheme for get

"Well, I'll think better of it." I said. "But see if you can find out what is going on. Come up and let me know if you get an inkling of their

"All right," said Dicky. "But just sleep on a hair-trigger to-night." "Good-night," I said, as I turned to

ward my room, and Dicky, with an answering word, took his way toward the Borton place. I had grown used to the silent ter

rors of my house. But as we stumbled up the stairway the apprehensions of Dicky Nahl came strong upon me, and I looked ahead to the murky halls, and

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



WANTED NO MORE SISTERS.

One Girl Had Had Enough of Censorious Remarks.

"I didn't think you'd get so angry sweetly apologized. "Never mind." sons. First because I had to wea sible sort of comment on my clothes, I declared I would never stand it from a sister I'd shake her."

She Knew It.

"My dear," said the head of the house, looking over his morning paper at his better half, "there is a crisis oming in China." "I know it!" she osen pieces whole out of our new linner set."

ETIQUETTE OF THE PUNCH.

Matter That Is Sometimes a Difficult Thing to Decide.

optional but approved sort.

little disposition to talk "What's that?" I exclaimed, stop-

ping to listen. "What was it?" asked Barkhouse. as we stopped on the upper landing

shading his eyes from the gaslight. house marched stolldly along, showing

and gazed into the obscurity. "I thought I heard a noise," said I "Who's there?" "It was a rat," said Porter. "T've BEAUTIFUL LACHILLEION THE FORTY-NINTH

heard 'em out here of nights." "Well, just light that other gas jet." said. "It will help to make things far, and it's no use to worry. What's pleasant in case of accidents."

The doors came out of the darkness as the second jet blazed up, but nothing else was to be seen. Suddenly there was a scramble, and

something sprang up before my door. Porter and I raised the revolvers that were ready in our hands, but Barkhouse spring past us, and in an instant had closed with the figure and held it in his arms.

There was a volley of curses, oaths mingled with sounds that reminded me of nothing so much as a spitting cat, and a familiar voice screamed in almost inarticulate rage:

"Let me gos damn, ye, or 171 knife

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Let her go, Barkhouse. It's Mother Borton." Mother Borton freed herself with a vicious shake, and called down the wrath of Heaven and hell on the stalwart guard.

"You're the black-hearted spawn of the sewer rats, to take a respectable woman like a bag of meal," cried Mother Borton indignantly, with a fresh string of oaths. "It's fire and brimstone you'll be tasting yet, and you'd 'a' been there before now, you miserable gutter-picker, if it wasn't for me. And this is the thanks I git from ye!"

"Come in," I said, unlocking the door and lighting up my room. "You can be as angry as you like in here, and it won't hurt anything."

Mother Borton stormed a bit, and then sullenly walked in and took a chair. Silence fell on her as she crossed the threshold, but she glowerered on us with fierce eyes.

"It's quite an agreeable surprise to see you," I ventured as cheerfully as I could, as she made no move to speak. My followers looked awkward and uncomfortable.

At the sound of my voice, Mother Borton's bent brows relaxed a little. "If you'd send these fellows out. reckon we could talk a bit better. she said sourly.

"Certainly. Just wait in the hall boys; and close the door." Porter and Barkhouse ambled out and Mother Borton gave her chair a hitch that brought us face to face.

"I reckon you don't think I come on a visit of perliteness?" she said sharply after a brief silence. I murmured something about being glad to entertain her at any time.

"Nonsense!" she sniffed. "I'm a vile old woman that the likes of you would never put eyes on twice if it wasn't for your business-none knows it better than me. I don't know why I should put myself out to help ye." Her tone had a touch of pathos under its hard-

"I know why." I said, a little touched. "It's because you like me."

She turned a softened eye on me. "You're right," she said almost tenderly, with a flash of womanly feeling on her seamed and evil face. "I've took a fancy to ye and no mistake, and I'd risk something to help ye." "I knew you would," I said heart-

"And that's what I come to do," she said with a sparkle of pleasure in her eye. "I've come to warn ye."

"New dangers?" I inquired cheer fully. My prudence suggested that I had better omit any mention of the

warning from Dicky Nal L "The same ones," said Mother Borton shortly, "only more of 'em." "What is the latest plot?" I asked gravely, as I fancied that my light

manner grated on my strange guest. "I don't know," she said slowly. "But you know something."

argued. "Maybe you know what I know better than I knows it myself," growled

Mother Borton with a significant I resigned myself to await her hu-

"Not at all," said I carelessly. "I only know that you've come to tell me restored in 1842; but even after this something, and that you'll tell it in your-own good time."

"It's fine to see that you've learned not to drive a woman," she returned with grim irony. "It's something to

know at your age." I smiled sympathetically upon her.

and she continued: "I might as well tell ye the whole of it, though I reckon my throat's as like to be slit over it as not."

"I'll never breathe a word of it." I replied fervently.

beautiful scenery, and wealth of his-

To punch or not to punch is one of because I said I thought you ought to the most difficult questions in life. wear gray suede shoes with your gray | There is an etiquette of punching, but er and the other gang was holding a dress instead of white ones. I didn't it does not always help a man much powwow at Borton's, and we'd best mean to offend you," her friend very when the contingency arises and he is forced to decide on the spur of the she returned softly. "It was all right, moment whether he will or not. When "Well, he said he guessed there was but it made me angry for two reather is given or certain opproblous the white shoes because I didn't have quette calls for a punch. This is supany others that were presentable, and, posed to be the irreducible minimum down to Borton's and look into this secondly, because when I left my of punching, without the use of which family of sisters, who made every pos- | no man can go through life holding his head erect. Beyond this irreducible minimum a man may suit his taste, anybody else. I said to myself that his disposition and his temper in the whenever a friend got so friendly that use of his fist, within certain limits, she thought she could treat me like without violating the proprieties or incurring disapproval as a bully. There are many opitional punches, so to speak, on which the world looks with approval besides these two compulsory punches. The punch chivalrous, for instance, the weapon of modern noaned. "Susan has left only half a knight errantry, in defense of the distressed maids and matrons is of the



A two hours' walk from the capital of Corfu, in a southerly direction, through a very dingy suburb called San Rocco, and past the little village of Gasturi, brings the dust-covered tourist within sight of one of the most glorious architectural creations in existence. Thickly surrounded by clumps of grayish-green olive-trees and verdant orchards, the Achilleion, the fairy castle of that restless, unfortunate empress who was to die under a murderer's steel, emerges like a white phantom of the past. The beauty of its outward form-a clever imitation of the Pompeian style—is only matched by its lavish and highly artificial innner decoration, on which Empress Elizabeth is said to have spent \$1,250,000, and by the magnificent views it commands. The Achilleion was recently inhabited by the German emperor, his consort, daugh-

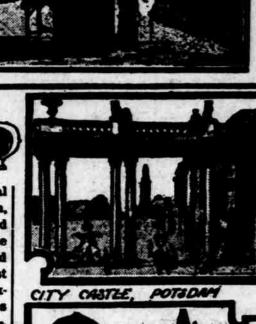
liches Schloss," an imperial castle; merly built as strongholds, perched 1901. upon peaks, or squatted in the middle of marshes, in order to make them im-

Among his various Berlin and Petsdam orphans' asylum near by. palaces the Royal Castle on the Spree is one of the largest city-residence buildings, of a compact mass, in the whole of Germany.

Quite remarkable for beautiful surroundings is Bruhl castle, near Cologne, which has not been inhabited for over 100 years. It is a handsome building, erected in 1728, with a very fine paintings by Carlioni. Marshal Davoust resided in it several years, and it was afterwards assigned to the years it was abandoned to decay, then the beautiful palace looked barren and deserted. Like Bruhl, many royal residences are being ignored and neglected by their owners.

One of the favorite resorts of Emperor William and his family seems to be his domain of Cadinen, near Elbing, situated in a most charming forest landscape. It has become widely known through the emperor's successful experiment as a manufacturer and exporter; the handsome majolicas produced at Cadinen and publicly sold all over the world are highly valued by connoisseurs. William II. is also the owner of a steam brick factory and alcohol distillery at the same place, and he attends to the details of his business with the circumspection of a trained merchant.

cellent wine, healthful mineral waters, in 1575.



2 Carlet 1 KÖNIGSBERG CASTLE . .

torical reminiscences, is fairly studded with castles and burghs of the most ancient types. The most interesting of the historical memories of this reter, and a full staff of courtiers; and gion are the traces of the ancient the affiliations thereby created with Roman palisaded most, or fortified conceptions of Prussian soberness, cor- boundary of the empire, which rectness, common sense, and other un- stretched from the Rhine below Cobromantic Brandenburgian attributes, lenz along the summit of the Taunus reatly take away from that castle's to the Maine, and was carried on bewitching poetry. A thousand pities! the Danube. On the southern side this The Achilleion, then, is the forty- fortified line was backed by several ninth addition to the residences of the castles, one of which, the Saalburg. German emperor. In ordinary German survives in part, and, after being reparlance, every one of these 49 struc- stored to its original appearance, was tures, or estates, is called a "Kaiser- in 1901 converted into a national museum, one of the most instructive but the truth is that only a few of historical memorials of ancient Roman them (amongst them the well-known life to be found north of the Alps. Imand much-depicted residences in Ber- mediately north of the Taunus resort lin and Potsdam) are real castles in an of Cronberg is Schloss Friedrichshof. architectural sense of the word, and built for Empress Frederick in 1889still fewer in a historic sense. For 1897, the place where she died in

Some of the royal estates have been turned into public institutions, as, for pregnable and to render all approach instance, Oranienburg, which has bedifficult, the castles gradually gave come a seminary for female teachers, way to ambitious modern residences. and Nieder-Schoenhausen, which was The German emperor's residences given over to the public as a park and are mostly plain country seats or mere resort for recreation. Both are in the shooting-boxes, so that the startling vicinity of Berlin. Oranienburg was total, 49, loses much of its sensational founded in 1651 by the wife of the character when properly scrutinized. Great Elector, who also established an

But all the emperor's landed possessions outside of the capital, be they proud castles or modest villas, shrink back into the second rank, as far as historical importance is concerned, when compared with one small, insignificant-if not shabby-looking cottage situated at half an hour's distance, by rail, from Berlin. It was marble staircase and excellent fresco the favorite summer resort of Frederick William I., the second king of Prussia (1713-1740), who spent a few months every year at this unattracfourth cohort of the French Legion of tive place, together with his family, Honor. Napoleon I. dwelt there for a including his eldest son Frederick, day in September, 1804. For many whom history afterwards was to adorn with the glorious cognomen The Great. The famous Grunewald, a cultivated

forest in the immediate neighborhood of Berlin, contains a much-used shooting lodge, or "Jagdschloss," which was founded some 400 years ago by Elector Joachim II., and stands to-day nearly in the same shape as in 1550. Popular superstition, which clings to several Hohenzollern castles—the "White" Lady" of the Berlin palace enjoys international reputation—has also caught hold of this innocent sporting abode. Joachim had a mistress, Anna Sydow, the wife of a bell-founder, of fascinating beauty, popularly called "the fair foundress." The relations between gin firing." the elector and the scheming, rapacious woman became so scandalous that Joachim's son, Johann George, immediately after the former's death, had Anna brought to Spandau and The Taunus district, between the locked up in the fortress, where she Rhine and Maine, famous for its ex- died, after four years' imprisonment, C. A. BRATTER.

## BE A MASCOT.

Small Boy Sent on a Three Weeks' all the way to St. Louis with his bare Tramp by Illinois Humorist.

When 11-year-old William Sanders arrived in St. Louis the other evening the soles were worn from his shoes and his feet were bloody. He had

Some mendacious person had told William that the Browns would pay the right kind of a boy \$1,000 to be their mascot, and he came over to apply for the job. It remained for the man in charge of the house of detention to disillusionize him. But the point is, William got here. In our opinion, William has enough grit and pertinacity to get there at anything he undertakes.

He has several things to learn, but ment, he will select the road he wants | 22 square miles. to travel, and then travel it to the end. He will make up his mind what he wants to be, and then be it. The qualities that brought William | most.—Danish Proverb.

feet on the ground and bloody are the qualities that carry men furthest on the road to success- a single purpose with everlasting pluck being behind it. These will not, it is true, been on the road three weeks and he carry a man to the pot of gold at had come all the way from Rockport, the end of the rainbow; but only a very little judgment is required to select one of the many roads to substantial success. The main thing is to stay with it.-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Manhattan Island.

Manhattan island is bounded on the north by the Harlem ship canal (before its construction by Spuyten Duyvil creek); on the east by the Harlem and the East rivers; on the south by New York upper bay, and on the one of these days, with a little judg- west by the Hudson river. Its area is

> Keep a Brave Heart. He bears misery best who hides it

## Much-Palaced

HOW ISINCH GUNS OF BATTLE-SHIPS ARE HANDLED.

Every Member of Crow Has Certain Duties to Perform When In Action - Firing Done with Aid of Range-Finder.

Washington.-If a visitor were to so aboard one of our modern warships one of the first things he would ask to see, probably, would be the big

Should the visitor request, an ever willing bluejacket would gratify the rigitor's wish.

But the visitor is not conscious that he is an object of much amusement to the man-o'-war's men. There are things to be seen that the average civilian never dreams of, and his amased glances when these are pointed out to him cause the lips of the

gunner to run up a smile. Suppose you wish to see one of big guns. You ask the nearest gunner. He doffs his cap and sake you politely to excuse him for a moment while he obtains permission to show you late the turret where the big gun is mounted. This permission he gets from the officer of the deck.

He returns quickly and asks you to follow him. The only entrance to this turret from the main deck is through a manhole. If you are portly, the chances are that you'll not see the gun after all, for these steel manholes weren't designed for fat persons.

But taking it for granted that you are thin, you finally find yourself inside the armored walls. You turn about expectantly and are face to face with the death-dealing implements. There they stand, silent and grim twin engines of destruction, peaceful

enough in repose, but terrible when manned by their human masters. . The members of a gun's crew are numbered and each man must not only know his own duty, but also that of the others, as they may be called on at any moment for a change of po-

For instance, No. 1, operating the breech plug of the gun, is command ed by the officer in charge, "No. 1 and No. 5 change." No. 1 must know No. 5's duties, and

This is done so that if while in ac-

No. 5 those of No. 1.



Breech Plug of 13-Inch Gun,

ed, another of the crew will be able to take his place. After the crew are all at their sta-

tions and mustered, the magazines and shell-rooms are opened. The order: "Stand by," is given, this being a preparatory command for going into action. The next order comes

like the crack of a rifle: "Load!" The instant this command leaves the lips of the turret officer, the interior of the handling-room resembles the climax of a football game, and to a novice perhaps would appear like confusion. But it is far from it. Every man has a certain thing to do, and he

does it. Before you can realize it, 500 pounds of nowder and a ton of steel have shot upward to the guns, ready to receive it. The trays containing the shells and powder come up to the breech of the gun. An electric rammer drives the projectile home, recoils, and in the same manner forces

the powder in. The powder charge for a 13-inch gun is incased in four linen bags, the last bag that goes into the gun containing the ignition charge, which is in its base.

The main charge, however, consists of brown prismatic powder, which has the appearance of stick candy, as it has small holes running through it, and about an inch in length. The black, or common powder, is used for an ignition charge, because it ignites quicker than any other.

If firing begins at 5,000 yards, the officer at the range-finder calls out: "Five thousand yards is the range, Be-

If it were possible for a visitor to be inside the turret when one or both guns are fired he would be more surprised than ever, for the concussion is something fearful. The men use cotton in their ears to protect the drum from injury.

A most beautiful sight is the clear and distinct flight of a 13-inch shell. As the gun is elevated more or less, the shell describes nearly a half circle, finally plunging through the target and throwing a volume of water upward a hundred feet. At last, by bursting into small pieces it dis-

appears. It is claimed by experts that 8-inch. 10-inch and 12-inch guns are more effective, but the 13-inch are still mounted. The Indiana carried 13-inch guns and used them with good effect at Santiago. The Illinois, one of our comparatively new ships, also is fitted with a 13-inch main battery.

Necessary. Your daughter always has an anewer ready," said the visitor.

"Yes," replied the mother. "She has

has to have. You know she's a waitress in a summer resort botel."-Detroit Free Press. A Literary Paradox.

"That fake correspondent is a hu-

man contradiction in terms when he composes his dispatches." "How so?" "Because he always does

when he does write."