NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1891.---TWENTY PAGES

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And have naturally found a few shopworn goods and some broken lots, which we have reduced from 33 to 50 per cent., to close out quickly.

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BLEACHED DAMASK, 2 yds wide, 49c, per yd. Three assorted lots COLORED BORDER LINEN

One lot 500 dozen & NAPKINS, 82.59 per dozen, of French manufacture, and POSITIVELY

82.49, \$2.69, and \$3.11.

Extra size very heavy 4 NAPKINS, 99c. Full-blesched FINE WHITE TABLECLOTHS, fringed, 97c

One lot hemstitched PILLOW CASES, all linen,

1,000 dozen 5 NAPKINS, 69c.; worth 85c. HUCK TOWELS, 10c., 12c., 14c., 17c., and 19c.

SILVERWARE.

500 patent BAKING DISHES. WARRANTED QUADRUPLE PLATE, on white metal, with fire-proof lining; former price, \$2.97

1,000 dozen TEASPOONS, WAR-RANTED STANDARD PLATE;

QUALITY AS ABOVE; list

500 dozen TABLE FORKS, SAME \$2.98 AS ABOVE; list price, \$9.25. PER DOZ.

price, \$9.25.

1,000 ANTIQUE MANTEL CLOCKS, cherry and black wal-

nut; run 8 days; worth \$5.50. EACH.

CLOAK DEP'T

Ladies' Imported BRAIDED CLOTH WRAPS, \$9.99: reduced from \$19.99. Ladies' CLOTH JACKETS. \$4.99; reduced from \$9.99. 300 Ladies' JERSEY WAISTS. \$2.99; reduced from \$5.99.

1.99; reduced from 4.99.

FROM OUR OWN WORKROOMS: WHICH MEANS CONSCIENTIOUS WORKMAN-SHIP, FOR WEAR, NOT TO MEET A

Mother Hubbard GOWNS, with insertion, 47c. Mother Hubbard GOWNS, with insertion and embroidered edge. 61c. Mother Hubbard GOWNS, insertion and em-

broidered ruffle, **59c.** DRAWERS, tucks and embroidered ruffle, 29c. CHEMISE, embroidered insertion and edge, 42c.

broidery, 24c. and 32c. NURSES' APRONS, extra wide and deep hem of cambric, 39c. WAITRESSES' APRONS, with tucks, 21c. WAITRESSES' APRONS, wide hem. 18c.

WAITRESSES' APRONS, with tucks and wide LADIES' FLANNEL SKIRTS, hemstitched with silk, \$1.19.

LADIES' FLANNEL SKIRTS, embroidered with silk, \$1.39. INFANTS' Flannel Wrappers, 79c. INFANTS' Flannel Bands, 14c.

INFANTS' Flannel Barreaux, 39c. INFANTS' LONG FLANNEL SKIRTS, embroidred with silk, 99c. and \$1.18. INFANTS' NIGHT SLIPS, embroidered edge,

INFANTS' NIGHT SLIPS, insertion and edge,

ALL OF THE ABOVE PRICES ARE SUCH AS IN WHAT IS USUALLY CONSIDERED

WACY & CO.

The election at the Union League will be held next Thursday evening. The ticket selected by the Nominating Committee is announced as being a compromise one, arranged to satisfy the demands of the members who desire to make the social life in the club of more importance than the political features. As a matter of fact, the new ticket is almost identical with that or last year, and the changes are very slight and unimportant. The entire ticket will in all probability be elected, as no opposition has yet been Reveloped. It is as follows: For President-Chauncey M. Depew; for Vice Presidents-Le Grand B. Cannon, Charles S. Smith, Levi P. Morton, Alfred Van Santvoord, Joel B. Erhardt, Thomas H. Hubbard, Cornelius N. Bliss, Thomas C. Acton, Jesse Seligman, J. Pierpont Morgan, and Woodbury Langdon; for Secretary-J. Seaver Page; for Treasurer-George Montague; for Members of the Executive Committee-Brayton Ives. J. Adriance Bush, George H. Sargent, Charles H. Isham, and Frank C. Randell; for Committee pn Admissions-M. C. D. Borden, Joseph Bushnell, Horace Bushnell, G. C. W. Lowrey; for Committee on Art-Thomas B. Clarke, A. E. M. Purdy, H. W. Watrous, W. G. Nichols, R. W. Van Buskirk, and S. H. Wales; for Committee on Library—G. M. Thompson, D. S. Everson, G. R. Gibson, P. De P. Richette, E. H. Abbot, and W. C. Gibson; for Committee on Political Reform-E. B. Hinsdale and twelve others.

It has been decided not to increase the dues of the resident members of the Manhattan Club. The cost of conducting the expensive Stewart mansion as a clubhouse is much greater than that of running the old clubhouse, but there has been a marked increase in membership, and the limit of 1,000 having been reached, the Trustees have decided to advance the limit. The policy of the club in requiring no dues to be paid by non-resident members will, however, be abandoned. For years the Manhattan has been boandoned. For years the Manhattan has been the only New-York club to admit non-residents free. They will in future be required to pay for the privileges of the clubhouse. A charge of not less than \$25 per year will be made. As there are over four hundred non-resident members this will add \$10,000 to the annual revenues. This amount, with the increased income from the café and restaurant, and from dues of additional resident members, will increase the income of the club so that it will be in excess of the expenses.

Club men are wonderfully anxious to meet Stanley. Whenever he is announced as the guest of a club there is a crush, and if the affair is a dinner the number of seats is never sufficient to supply the demand. When Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were at the Aldine Club the rooms were packed with people. The Stanley dinner at the Fellow-craft is said to have been one of the most successful ever given by this club, which is famous for its dinners. The coming banquet of the New-York Press Club to Stanley will be no exception to the rule. Delmonico's large hall, in which it will be given, will not hold half of the members and friends who desire to attend. Each member is restricted to one guest, and, although the rule is strictly adhered to, there will be many

Ever since the Manhattan Club moved into the Stewart mansion and thus became the possessor of the most magnificent clubhouse in the country, the club has branched out and adopted pew ideas. The very latest act of the club is the pew ideas. The very latest act of the club is the hecision to adopt the English method in reference to extending the facilities of the club to flistinguished strangers who are temporarily in town. They propose electing a visiting stranger to membership for one, two, or three months, requiring a regular club ballot and suspending the initiation fee. The temporary member will be accorded all the facilities of a regular member and will not describe time.

and will pay dues for the time he is a member. The dinner which the Republican Club is arranging for Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12, promises to be a notable affair. Covers will be laid for several hundred. The Hon. Hannibal Ham-lin will be the guest of honor, and Gen. Sherman, Benjamin F. Butler, and many others who acted

In will be the guest of honor, and Gen. Sherman, Benjamin F. Butler, and many others who acted under the Lincoln Administration will be present.

The bowling-club fever has at last invaded the sacred precincts of the Four Hundred. The Knickerbocker Bowling Club has been formed.

The the foundation, the income from which shall not exceed \$25,000, is to be exempt from taxation. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Grand Station. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Grand Station. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Grand Station. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Grand Station. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Grand Station. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Grand Station. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Grand Station. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Grand Station. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Grand Station. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Grand Station. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Grand Station. The Board of Directors is composed of the most preminent Masons in Connecticut, the list ficulting ex-Mayor John G. Root and Gr

The managers of the innovation are D. M. Cammann, Bayard Clarke, Banyer Clarkson, Herman Le R. Edgar, Shipley Jones, Walter Ruthpatronesses are Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. Francis Delatield, Mrs. Frederic J. de Peyster, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Mrs. Orme Wilson. The first meeting will be held in the Teunis Building 2012 West Fort the Little of Fabrica. Building, 212 West Forty-first Street, on Feb. 18. Next Saturday night the Democratic Club will give its formal opening at its new clubhouse, 617 Fifth Avenue. There will be an elaborate reception, to which leading Democrats

throughout the country have been invited. The house will be decorated for the occasion, and a

An art reception is being arranged for by the members of the Union League Club of Brooklyn. It will be held in a few weeks. The committee in charge is composed of Col. Henry T. Chap-man, Warren E. Hill, H. H. Benedict, Walter S. Carr, C. N. Hoagland, Carleton Wiggins, and Albert Sibley Albert Sibley.

Cheerful intelligence for the critics who have prophesied the downfall of the Lotos Club is conveyed in the announcement now made that thirteen new names were added to the membership roll at the meeting of the Trustees on Tuesday night. Three of the new members are During the coming week the Century Club will

bid farewell to its old quarters and move into its handsome new house. The last event at the old house will be a Twelfth Night celebration on Tuesday, and the first meeting in the new quarters will be held Jan. 10.

THE CONNECTICUT MASONS. HUGH STIRLING OF BRIDGEPORT WILL

BE GRAND MASTER FOR 1891. HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 3.-The one hundred and third annual communication of the Grand Masonic Lodge of Connecticut will be held at New-Haven Jan. 21 and 22. The annual address will be delivered by Grand Master •Clark Buckingham of that city. The total membership of the subordinate lodges in the State will exceed 16,000. It is expected that the year now closing will show larger accessions to the order than were reported for 1889. The complete returns have not yet been received from the lodges, but enough have come in to justify this expectation. The Grand Master for 1891 will be Hugh Stirling of Bridgeport, his position as Deputy Grand Master entitling him to the advancement. He is an influential business man

in Bridgeport and has been a member of the

Common Council in that city and also of the Board of Police Commissioners. Deputy Grand Master Stirling was born in England Jan. 16, 1848, but has spent most of his life in this country. The Grand Secretary, Joseph K. Wheeler of Hartford, has held the position since 1867, being the oldest officer in the Grand Lodge in years of service. The memorial history of the Grand Lodge, embracing the first century of the organization, will soon be completed by Mr. Wheeler. It will make the most interesting Masonic work that has been prepared in this State. The Ancient Asylum of the lodge in Lebanon, with which Jonathan Trumbull was associated, will be one of the features of the history. The emblems and paraphernalia of this lodge are still preserved. The Asylum of King Solomon's Lodge at Woodbury, which is one of the most interesting structures, Masonically considered, in the State, will also furnish an illustration for the memorial. The publication of the work was underthe Grand Lodge in years of service. The merial. The publication of the work was under-taken under the auspices of the Grand Lodge. The Masonic Charity Foundation of Connecti-The Masonic Charity Foundation of Connecticut, which has been fostered by the Grand Lodge for a number of years, will hold an annual meeting during the last day of the Grand Lodge session. Luke A. Lockwood of New-York is the President and E. B. Rowe of Boston the Vice President of the organization, which has been incorporated by the Legislature, the charter being granted at the last session. The property of the foundation, the income from which shall not exceed \$25,000. is to be exempt from taxa-

OBSTINATE DAVID BURNS

HE OWNED THE LAND UPON WHICH WASHINGTON IS BUILT.

THAT FEW PERSONS KNOW ANY-TRING ABOUT-HOUSES WHERE EAR-LY HOSPITALITIES WERE DISPENSED. The greater portion of the land upon which the city of Washington now stands was purchased from the famous David Burns. He owned, or rather his family owned, nearly the whole of what is now West Washington and his lands stretched to the southeast as far as the

Tiber Creek, which used to roll by Capitol Hill. Yet the 600 acres that Burns owned was considered such a small plantation for those days that it was known as the "Widow's Mite," and it only became valuable as Georgetown grew in prosperity, sharing a large and important shipping trade with its sister city across the riverthe good old town of Alexandria. One portion of what now is Georgetown was,

however, a part of Gen. Washington's vast estate, coming to him with Arlington, which he acquired by his marriage with the wealthy widow, Mrs. Custis. What has always been known as Observatory Hill, the knoll upon which the Naval Observatory stands, in a corner of Georgetown overlooking the Potomac and diagonally across from the Arlington mansion, is the place where Washington and Gon. Braddock encamped when they came over from Alexandria and started on their journey to Fort Duquesne in 1754. From this encampment Washington saw Capitol Hill and the ground upon which the city that was to be named after him was to be built, and he may be pardoned if he felt a certain pride in reflecting that a goodly portion of the vast stretch of territory around him might soon be his if the lovely widow should accept his hand. The observatory will soon be historical itself, as a new naval observatory is now in process of erection on a high hill near Tenally town, about a mile north of George-

When Washington opened negotiations for the ceding of the land for the new Federal city he met with a stubborn opposition from "that obstinate Mr. Burns," as he called him in one of his letters. The Burns family had come from Scotland several generations before and David Burns had the stubbornness and "closeness' which are characteristics of many Scotchmen. At the time of the negotiations he was a Justice of the Peace, and, tradition has it, was of sufficient importance to venture upon answering back. "I suppose, Mr. Washington," he is said to have exclaimed, testily, "I suppose you think people here are going to take every grist from you as pure grain; but what would you have been if you hadn't married the widow Custis?" The answer might have been that Washington would still have been a large landowner and a wealthy man, but it cannot be denied that his fortune was very materially increased by his marriage, however impertinent it may have been of David Burns to tell him so.

At the foot of Seventeenth Street, back of the War, State, and Navy Department Building, still stands the cottage of David Burns. It is a small brick dwelling, with two big chimneys, one on each end. It is whitewashed and is not in bad repair, having been originally built, as the custom was in those days, of an exceedingly wellmade, durable brick. It is only a story and a half nigh, and is of the most modest dimensions. The land around it to the west and south is a waste-dumping ground, full of mounds of rubbish and asnes, and to the east stretches away the smooth lawns of the Smithsonian Park

When, in 1802, a Congress of the United States met in Washington City for the first time, old Burns still lived in his cottage by the riverside, and with him lived his lovely daughter, Maria Burns. The turn of events had made the old man enormously rich, and his only child, his son having died in early youth, was thus the great heiress of early Washington. Among the members of Congress who came to the capital there was a dashing young Representative from New-York named John Peter Van Ness. He had been educated at Columbia College, had studied law, and had been elected to Congress in 1800 as a Democrat and a follower of Aaron Burr, then a most conspicuous and a most popular figure in American politics. Van Ness belonged to an aristocratic family of New-York, which occupied the Lindelwald estate, which subsequently passed into the hands of Martin Van Buren.

Maria Burns was then in her nineteenth year, and was the belle of Washington. The descriptions of her that have come down to us represent her as having had an uncommonly beautiful complexion and lovely, roguish eyes, and a portrait of her which is still in existence, taken a portrait of her which is still in existence, taken when she was older, depicts a sweet, matronly face of extremely beautiful proportions. Congress had not been sitting long in Washington before old Burns fought his last fight and was beaten, and went to join the great majority, where, let us hope, he found no new Federal cities to take his lands and make him rich in spite of his efforts to remain in peace and comparative poverty. But the sweet Maria was not left long alone in the world, for on the twentieth anniversary of her birth she became the wife of the dashing Congressman from New-York, John P. Van Ness.

The days of the humble whitewashed cottage were soon to end, for Van Ness was a fellow fond of elegant surroundings, and resolved to spend the large income that his marriage bad brought nim with a liberal hand. The services of the distinguished Latrobe, the architect of the White House, were called into requisition, and presently there rose in front of David Burna's cottage the noble mansion still standing and still designated as the Van Ness house. when she was older, depicts a sweet, matronly and still designated as the Van Ness house. Among a cluster of fine old trees, and grounds tastefully laid out with trim box-wood hedges, it would still be a fine dwelling house if it were kept up, but it has woefally run to seed. Damp and green mold and rank shrubbery and disagreeable suggestions of malaria are its chief characteristics now; yet, in its day, it was the great centre of wealth and fashion at the captally.

Soon after his marriage Van Ness became a Major in the militia of the District of Columbia, and in 1803 was obliged to resign his seat in Congress, and he became henceforward one of the most prominent and influential, as he was one of the wealthiest, citizens of the District of Columbia. But it was not because he was Major of militia and President of a bank and Mayor of Washington, although he was all of them, that he is remembered, but rather because he was the head of the Van Ness mansion, and because of the princely hospitality that he and his beau-tiful wife dispensed there. There the ear-liest of our statesmen were feasted, and there Clay and Webster and Calhoun there Clay and Webster and Calhoun and Hayne and the prominent diplomatists and all that were most distinguished in Washington made merry. And the daughter of the crabbed old David Burns was more than a social queen, for she was the friend of all the poor and needy, and when tinally she died her memory was honored by a public funeral, and the citizens dedicated to it a silver plate commemorating her "piety, high principle, and exalted work." It is disagreeable to chronicle the downfall of this famous old house. The most famous social resort of our most famous men is now a negro beer garden and dance hall.

Further back than the time of Van Ness, and Further back than the time of Van Ness, and even antedating David Burns's time, there is a record of the original owner of Capitol Hill. His name was Francis Pope, and he called his state Rome, and he it was who gave the name of the Tiber to the insignificant little stream that ran by the base of the hill. The Tiber, about ran by the base of the lim. The fiber, about which in former times so many jokes used to be perpetrated, has been filled in and covered up in places, and it is not now a subject large enough even for a joke, but Pope was very proud of his ingenious nomenolature. Tradition says that he used to tell all new-comers that America had its Rome, that the Tiber rolled by it, and that a Pope lived there. Pope lived there.
It was through the region of Pope's former territory that the British made their descent upon Washington in the war of 1812. There is

obably no one circumstance in our national his-ry that we would more willingly forget than is. That the capital of the Nation should have been left unprotected, that our old-time enemies, whom we had defeated before, should have been permitted to burn and destroy and insult our new Federal city, that our President and other new Federal city, that our President and other public officers should have been obliged to run ignominiously away like frightened sheep, are not pleasing recollections. No sign now can be found of the devastation that the British wrought All the injury was quickly repaired. The British, it will be remembered, came through Bladensburg, where they met with some slight opposition. This village has not improved since then. It is an uninteresting little place, and hardly repays one for the trouble of visiting it. Near it are the famous dueling grounds where our statesmen used to bang away at one another, being pretty careful generally to miss.

gencer, one of the greatest and most powerful newspapers that our country has ever seen.

Almost alone of the landmarks left upon which British depredations were committed, excepting the Capitol and White House, is the old Long Bridge across the Potomac. The enemy set fire to it at both ends, and Mrs. Madison, in making her escape from the White House, was transported across the river in her carriage upon a her escape from the White House, was transported across the river in her carriage upon a frall flatboat. It is not so many years ago that people used to shoot canvas-back ducks from this bridge, and Charles Dickens found two prominent Washingtonians engaged in this pleasing occupation when he walked over it. It would not have been an unpardonable sin if Dickens's countrymen had utterly destroyed this bridge. It is standing now, a hideous obstruction in the river. It is bullt entirely of wood, is low down to the river, and has a railroad track and driveway side by side, thus presenting every OLD LANDMARKS AT THE CAPITAL

low down to the river, and has a railroad track and driveway side by side, thus presenting every imaginable terror to the person who is foothardy enough to drive over it. Woe unto him who, in driving over Long Bridge, meets a train of cars! Unless his horses are extremely dooile he is pretty sure to meet with an accident. Unfortunately, the bridge is quite stanch, and seems destined, unless some unforeseen calamity occurs by the kind mediation of Heaven, to be a blot upon the scenery of the Potomac forever. The house in which President Madison and his wife lived after the White House was burned, and when they returned from their precipitate flight, is known as the Octagon House from the

The house in which President Madison and his wife lived after the White House was burned, and when they returned from their precipitate flight, is known as the Octagon House from the peculiar shape of the front elevation. It is still standing at New-York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, and it faces directly toward the river. In fact, nearly all the fine houses put up in the beginning of Washington's history, except those that were built in the suburbs north of the city, were built on the river. Either the people ignored possibilities of malaria or they were indifferent to it. The Octagon House has a huge bay window from foundation to roof in the centre of which is the front door, and off from this are the two side wings of the house. It is a large house, with lofty ceilings and plenty of room, and is imposing inside as well as outside. It was built by one of the great slave barons of Virginia, John Taylor of Mount Airy, and was one of the very firstof the fine houses constructed in Washington. During the last years before the civil war it became one of the chief slave markets, and this fact has invested it with many horrors to the imaginations of a certain class of people, who love to believe that it is haunted.

Near the Octagon House, at the corner of Eighteenth and G Streets, and now a portion of the Medical Department of the army, is a plain brick house, with white marble trimmings, three stories and a half high, and having an Lin Eighteenth Street. This is the house that Edward Everett built when he was Secretary of State under President Fillmore, and here he lived for a number of years until the house came into the possession of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War

number of years until the house came into the possession of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War under Franklin Pierce. Jacob Thompson, Sec-retary of the Interior under Buchanan, next occupled it. It has thus seen many different varieties of occupants, abolitionists, secessionists, and, finally, the Government of the United This locality in G Street is still a most respect-

able one, but the encroachments of overflow ings from the War Department have robbed it of many of its charms as a portion of the city de-sirable to live in. It used to be to old Washington what Connecticut Avenue is to the Washington of to-day.

Between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets

no described and Engineerin Streets in G Street, a few doors from the old Everett house, stands the new Athletic Club, which was completed and opened with a grand flourish of trumpets last Spring. It occupies the ground that until two years ago held the former home of William Wirt, Attorney General under James Monroe and John Quincy Adams. But before his time it was occupied by no less to Monroe and John Quincy Adams. But before his time it was occupied by no less a personage than Tobias Lear, private secretary to Gen. Washington. Everybody who has ever had occasion to examine any of the archives of Washington's Administration is familiar with Lear's beautiful penmanship, not unlike Washington's own, and the ilne bold signature that he made. Upon Tobias Lear's death this property fell into the hands of his son, of whom William Wirt bought it. Its last owner was John R. McLean of the Cincinnat Enquirer, by whom it was torn down for nati Enquirer, by whom it was torn down for the benefit of the athletic club.

These are only a few of the classic spots in Washington. Strange to say, but little interest is taken in them, and, indeed, many localities that should have historical recollections clus-

THE TRAVELS OF A BOTTLE. IT DRIFTED MORE THAN 6,000 MILES

tered around them have been entirely forgotten.

The interesting account printed in The Times of Dec. 24 telling of the long voyage of a bottle which was thrown overboard from a Cunard steamship in November, 1887, and was picked up at Ambergris Key, in the Bahamas, probably some time last month, has received final verification through a letter which has just reached THE TIMES.

This letter is from William Lippard of Marlborough, Mass., and is as follows: To the Editor of the New-York Times:
Seeing an article in the Boston Journal, taken from
THE NEW-YORK TIMES, regarding a bottle thrown
from the steamship Cephaloma of the Cunard Line
three years ago, I, being the party that threw it,
would esteem it a great favor if you could forward me
the piece of paper it contained, as it would be of no
use to you but a curiosity to me.

WILLIAM LIPPARD.

108 East Main Street, Marlborough, Mass.

The paper contained in the much-traveled bottle, and which is asked for by Mr. Lippard, was received at the United States branch Hydrographic Office at the Maritime Exchange by Lieut. Arthur P. Nazro and was forwarded by him to the Hydrographic Office at Washington. together with an account of its wanderings. The bottle itself, which is an ordinary green glass

possession of Lieut, Nazro. The story of the drift of the Lippard bottle, thus verified, becomes one of the most valuable additions to the facts collated in regard to ocean currents. Although, of course, it is impossible to determine accurately the winding course taken by the little glass receptacle from the time it was dropped from the Cophalonia, Nov. 24, 1887, about four hundred miles out of Boston, until the time when it was cast by the surf on the sandy beach of Ambergris Key, it is possible by comparing with other data on the subject to left with a comparing the subject to ject to plot with approximate truth the distance over which it traveled.

pint, rather long and flat in shape, is still in the

over which it traveled.

The first point to be settled, and one about which there still must remain some doubt, is the time at which the bottle was actually thrown upon the beach. Lieut. Nazro has not yet been able to learn the circumstances under which the bottle was found, although everything seems to he in favor of the theory that it was ploked up some time in November by W. G. Arthur of East Harbor in the Bahamas, a paper containing this name being found in the bottle also. It was name being found in the bottle also. It was then given to the mate of a bark which arrived here from Nassau about two weeks ago and was by him delivered to Lieut. Nazro.

From the direction in which the ocean currents must have carried the bottle at first it is very improbable that the length of the course traveled over by it is less than 6,300 miles, perhave many. From they were the property of the course traveled over the course traveled ov

haps more. From figures obtained from reports on the drift of eighty-one bottles thrown over at different times from Atlantic-going vessels the Hydrographic Office has found an average drift per day of 5.8 miles to be indicated. Allowing the Lippard bottle to have drifted at this rate it would have covered the course which seems most natural under the circumstances in just about time enough to have reached during No-vember the beach where it was found. It is altogether probable, therefore, that for nearly three years the little waif has been tossing on the surface of the Atlantic.

The point where the bottle was thrown over-

board is almost at the line of demarkation be-tween the Labrador current, which sweeps down along the Atlantic coast of the United down along the Atlantic coast of the United States from the north, and the current of the Gulf Stream, which there is running a little north of eastward. Possibly, with the aid of a favoring wind, the bottle made its way toward favoring wind, the bottle made its way toward the Guif Stream and was at once swept by it toward the east. This is thus far the same course taken by the derelict schooner W. L. White in 1888 in its famous drift from a point off the Jersey coast to the Hebrides. But different conditions in the weather in all probability produced a different result in the case of the bottle. At any rate, after a journey of 1,200 miles to the eastward it found its way into the southern half of the Guif Stream where that current divides at a point about off the that current divides at a point about off the Azores, and, instead of going to the northward as the White had done and being cast upon the shores of Great Britain, it floated in a southerly direction toward the Cape Verde Islands. Here it was brought in contact with the equatorial current in latitude 12° or thereabout and current in latitude 12° or thereabout and started westward, back across the Atlantic Ocean. Passing within about a hundred niles of St. Thomas in all likelihood the bottle gradually was thrown to the southern edge of the equatorial stream and was wafted in on the shore of the little Ambergris Key in the Bahamas, just north of the twenty-first parallel.

A course almost identical with this in the last mas, just north of the twenty-first parallel.

A course almost identical with this in the last three-quarters of its drift is already on record as having been taken by a bottle thrown over from the British steamer Caribbean. Dec. 7, 1888, in latitude 47° north, longitude 30° 1' west. It was picked up in almost the same locality as the Lippard bottle, and its average drift for the distance was calculated at 6.9 miles

trouble of visiting it. Near it are the famous dueling grounds where our statesmen used to bang away at one another, being pretty careful generally to miss.

After burning the Capitol and one or two dwellings in its vicinity, the British proceeded to the White House, which they destroyed.

They then burned the old State and War Department Building, and then they wreaked vengeance on the office of the old National Intelli-

HALF AN HOUR ON A REEF THE SMEATON TOWER MAKES THE WRONG PORT.

SPANISH LIFE-SAVING CREW TO THE RESCUE - BUT CAPT. GODFREE IS "VERRA ENGLEESE" AND REFUSES TO ACCEPT ASSISTANCE.

There is music in the air as the Smeaton Tower

owls smoothly along toward Porto Rico. Capt. Godfree is fond of music, and he has four instruments in the cabin—a violin, a guitar, a concertina, and a flute-harmonicum, the latter a curious French instrument with a bellows at the back like an accordion and a row of keys in front like a piano. This is the favorite, and nearly every evening after dinner we have a concert. After the music the checkerboard is brought out of the locker on the starboard side. the table is cleared, and the evening's work begins. The Captain and I are pretty evenly matched, but Supercargo Maloney defeats us both with ease. There are frequent interruptions to the games, for the Captain is constantly making trips to the deck, and he keeps us informed of the state of the weather, the rise or fall of the glass, and the condition of affairs in general. Mr. Maloney is an old ship master himself, and as he has made voyages to Nassau and among the Bahamas, to Jamaica, and to Santiago de Cuba, places that I am familiar with, we always have something to talk about. Our solitary passenger who sits and watches

the checker games without understanding them is at first a mystery, but the mystery is soon cleared up. Mr. Friedlander is a native of Germany who has spent all his life in Paris. Vienna. and St. Petersburg, and who came to New-York a few months ago to better his fortunes. A linguist of rare attainments, speaking and writing any number of languages, he soon made arrangements with one of the principal business houses of Porto Rico to take charge of their foreign correspondence, and he is now on his way to Mayaquez, on the west coast, where I am afraid he will find things very different from the European notions of the West Indies.

Warm weather has come, and we are on deck as long as daylight lasts, and sometimes far into the evening. We have a bright full moon; and these light evenings at sea in the tropics are full of poetry and pleasure. Three steamer chairs belonging to the Captain have been brought out of some mysterious recess, and awnings have been put up, and we enjoy every

brought out of some mysterious recess, and awnings have been put up, and we enjoy every moment of the time. The only trouble is, we have not time enough. To write a two-column article on board ship a man should have at least six weeks, and here I have only six days for it. The monotony of sea life is unknown in a freight steamer, and there is not time enough for all my labors. It is 8 in the morning before we are up, and 9 by the time breakfast is over. I have read a great deal about the delight of turning out early at sea in the tropies and having the men play the hose over you for ten minutes; but our Smeaton Tower plan of lying in bed till breakfast is on the table is a great improvement over this. As soon as breakfast is over, I have barely time to light my pipe before I have to keep an eye on the Captain and the first mate while they take their 9 o'clock observation. An 'extra watch of the Captain's, a Waterbury, while they take their 9 o'clock observation. An *extra watch of the Captain's, a Waterbury, hangs at the foot of my bed where I can see it at all hours of the night, and I wind it every morning. This takes some time, and is considerable labor south of latitude 25. Then we gather on dock, under an awning, and Mr. Friedlander, who is rapidly leaving off his fur caps and other thick clothes, desires to know whether the weather is ever any hotter in Porto Rico than it is at the present moment.

Our first pipes smoked out, the Captain and I Our first pipes smoked out, the Captain and I go down and make our morning call upon the chief engineer, Mr. Buglass. Mr. Buglass occupies a room that is second only to the Cap

cupies a room that is second only to the Captain's, and he receives us in state and produces a box of cigars and a box of matches. Here we discuss all things under the sun, and perhaps go into the engine room to look at the machinery. The faithful engines do not pause for breath between New-York and Porto Rico. Ship etimate does not neguit the Captain to sit down and talk sociably with anybody outside the cabin except the chief engineer; but I, being only the assistant purser, stop at the galley door for a chat with the cook, go up on the bridge and talk with the mate on duty, and even go up forward to the fo'castle and try to talk with the sailors. In this last however, I do not need with start. In this last, however, I do not meet with start-ling success, for the men cannot understand how anybody from the cabin can talk to them as if they were really fellow-creatures. They have comfortable enough little rooms up forward, but it is only when the mate orders a grand houseoleaning that the men will take the trouble to scrub them. With our shanghaed Yankee, however, I can always strike up a conversation. He is anxious to absorb information, being away from home for the first time, and he asks me a great many questions about the countries we are going to, and the parallels of latitude and

are going to, and the parallels of latitude and the Southern Cross.

The Smeaten Tower is a well-equipped from ship of 1,900 tons burden, 245 feet long, 36 feet beam, and 17 feet depth of hold, with compound engines of 160 horse power, built at Dumbarton in 1884, so she is only six years old. Her hold is divided into four water-tight compartments, and she is amply supplied with steam pumps and steam winches, all the heavy work, even to hoisting sails, being done by steam. She is heavier and stronger than the newer iron ships,

and in her brief career she has been nearly all over the world. On Friday morning the weather is warmer than ever and the iron decks begin to grow hot. It is uncomfortably warm in the cabin when they have to close the port holes for scrubbing the decks. There are some baskets of apples and pears in the after hold that give the supercargo anxiety, and he has the hatch raised and climbs down and picks them over, throwing away the bad ones. It is not pleasant work. this, for the thermometer beneath the iron deck stands at about 150°. Capt. Godfree and the second engineer and I lean over the open hatchway and sympathize with Mr. Maloney while he is at work, and prod him with a boathook when he is inclined to rest. We try to capture an occasional pear with the long boathook, but Mr. Maloney guards them with great care, and will not let us have any. The mate and several other men are at work at one of the ship's boats, putting on a false keel and fitting her with sails, so that we can go sailing while we are in port. this, for the thermometer beneath the iron deck with sails, so that we can go sailing while we are in port.

My log says for Friday, at noon: "Day's run, 212 miles. Latitude, 19° 34'." This made us 1,322 miles from New-York, and left us only about sixty miles from Porto Rico. We had made a quick run, and would reach Porto Rico in six days instead of seven.

"By 7 o'clock this evening," says the supercargo, "we will be in harbor at St. John's."

"Don't be too sure of it," the assistant purser replies. "Many a ship has been within seven hours of port and never reached port at all."

I have too recently become an assistant

I have too recently become an assistant purser to set up already for a prophet; but the fruth of these words was soon to be shown, in At 2 o'clock in the afternoon there was a hazy spot in the clouds far in front of us. This was our first sight of Porto Rico, and was, of course, the mountain tops. Some of the sailors, I be-lieve, had seen them an hour or two before; but lieve, had seen them an hour or two before; but no landsman, nor even an assistant purser, can hope to compete with a sallor in seeing things at sea. After taking a good look at the land, the first we had seen for six days, I turned in with Clark Russell's latest sea yarn, and disappeared from the public gaze for about two hours. At 4 o'clock, when I again went on deck, the outline of the mountain tops was very plain, and several of the men pointed out to me exactly where St. John's lay.

"You see where there is a break in the mountains—that low spot—St. John's is right in there."

I am particular in mentioning these trivial things, and write about them with unusual caution, because I am coming to one of those strange things that sometimes happen at sea that are utterly unaccountable. I write while it is still fresh in memory, and can describe what happened though I campat presend the account happened, though I cannot pretend to account As the afternoon drew to a close the land became clearer, but not so the sky. A great, black cloud hung over our heads that threatened a

squall. It would be hard to make any one who has not seen them understand how black one of these West Indian storm clouds can be, or how suddenly they gather. There was no wind yet, nor rain, but it was sure to come.

At about 5 o'clock, it being still daylight, we

At about 5 o'clock, it being still daylight, we went down into the cabin to supper, and the Captain told the first mate to burn a blue light as soon as he went on deck—the signal for a pilot. With the privilege of an assistant purser, I asked the Captain:

"Suppose you do not get a pilot, what will you do then!"

"Take her in myself," the Captain replied.
"I know the harbor well, and can go in without a pilot as well as with one."

While we were still eating, the Captain left his seat, and, taking a cup of tea in his hand, said:
"You must excuse me, gentiemen; I must go up on the bridge." up on the bridge. Upon reaching the bridge, his first act, fortunately, was to slow down the engines to half speed, with the caution of a good navigator approaching chore proaching shore.

Ten minutes later, when the rest of us were all on deck, the first mate went up forward and burned a blue light to call a pilot. Slowly we steamed toward shore, creeping along at the rate of five or six miles an hour. Just after the blue light was burned I asked the Captain how for we were from shore. proaching shore.

to it."
I did so, and found my watch at 5:40, New-York time. Several of the men pointed out to me the St. John's Light among the four or five lights visible along shore. The one indicated appeared and disappeared, and so seemed to be the revolving light at the entrance to St. John's Harbor.

watch and you can tell how near I have come

the revolving light at the entrance to St. John's Harbor.

The wind by this time was howling through our rigging, but no rain had yet fallen. There were no signs of a pilot, and after awhile I climbed up to the bridge in the darkness and found the Captain in command. There was no question in the mind of any of the navigators on board that we were approaching St. John's.

While I stood upon the bridge, well out of the way, I felt the crunching under the ship's bottom that tells its own story to any one who has experienced the sensation before. We were going so slowly that we hardly felt the jar, but there was no doubt about it that we had struck something. The ship, of course, stopped, although the engines were still moving, and there was an interval that seemed half a minute, though it probably was not more than five seconds, before anybody stirred. Then the Captain sprang to the indicator on the bridge and rang the signal to the engineers:

"Stop her!"

In an instant there followed the order: "Reverse, at full speed!" But the ship refused to stir. Occasionally a wave came along that litted

verse, at full speed!" But the ship refused to stir. Occasionally a wave came along that lifted the vessel and let her drop again with a jar that was too hard for seferty.

verse, at full speed!" But the ship refused to stir. Occasionally a wave came along that lifted the vessel and let her drop again with a jar that was too hard for safety.

It was not a pleasant situation under any circumstances, with the surf breaking on the beach perhaps a quarter of a mile away and making a commotion on an exposed reef not far from our bow. But it was one of those places where a man feels more comfortable to know that there is either an American or an Englishman in command. Our sturdy little English Captain knew just what to do, and lost no time in doing it.

"This is not St. John's," he announced, as he stopped the engines again; "this is Arceibo. Mr. Turner, cast the lead amidships and forward. Mr. Grant, lower one of the port boats and get out a kedge anchor on the port quarter."

The Captain had everything in hand as fully as if the ship lay in New-York Bay, notwithstanding the fact that half an hour of rough weather would pound her and her cargo to pieces. Mr. Turner, with the lead, found a reef under us amidships and plenty of water forward and aft. While the boat was lowering the rain came down in bucketfuls; but nobody, of course, paid any attention to the wetting.

While these operations were in progress there was much more commotion on shore than there is no harbor at all at Arecibo, another port on the north coast of Porto Rico, about thirty miles West of St. John's. He had followed the proper rules for entering St. John's Harbor, but as there is no harbor at all at Arecibo worth mentioning, we had inevitably struck. There is a life-saving station at Arecibo, it being a dangerous place, which is said to be conducted on the American principle; but an American station would have been prompt to burn a red Coston light danger signal for us when we were standing in toward the reers.

Five minutes after we struck, the whole town was ablaze with lights. A line of fires was built along the beach, evidently barrels of tar, for occasionally one burst and the fire ran along for occasionally one ourst and the hre ran along the beach like a stream of water. By these lights we could see that the beach was crowded with people—not hundreds, but thousands—and in the red glare it must be confessed they looked vonderfully like hordes of natives on some can-tibal island duncing around their camp fires. t would have been something for the Arecibans to thank God for for the next ten years if the Smeaton Tower had gone to pieces on that reef. Fifteen minutes after we struck, the life-saving crew were alongside in a lifeboat and bringing, also, an English-speaking pilot. There may have been reasons on shore that I know nothing about for their not giving us a danger signal; at any rate, it is a pleasure to give credit to these Spanish life-savers for the promptness with which they launched their boat and came out to us through the surf. But we had not reached that point where we were food either for life-saving crews or for sharks:

"We are not in need of assistance," was the Cantain's reply to their offer. "I don't went

"We are not in need of assistance," was the Captain's reply to their offer. "I don't want any one on board."

That cool-headed reply saved his owners some thousands of dollars, for if they had been permitted so much as to help carry out the kedge anchor, they could have put in a pretty little claim for salvage. An American life-saving crew can, of course, make no claim for salvage, but the Spaniards do these things differently.

The kedge anchor was put out over the port quarter in the midst of a heavy squall, the cable put on the No. 4 winch, and the winch was started, but still the ship refused to move. This gave the pilot fresh hopes of a job, and he renewed his offers, but still the Captain's only reply was: his offers, but still the Captain's only reply was:
"No one can come on board!" The assistant purser at this juncture slipped down into the cabin for a look at the glass, and was gratified to find that, although rather too low, it was not falling. Again the winch was started, and this time we were sure the ship moved. It was difficult in the pitch darkness to get a "sight" on any-thing, but we could feel the motion. We sighted

thing, but we could feel the motion. We sighted her by the white breakers on the reef near by, and she moved astern half of her length. Then she brought up suddenly with a jar, and somebody said the propeller was gone. However, we were alloat. Capt. Godfree was on the bridge by this time, and he gave the order again to "Reverse, at full speed." He knew there was clear water behind us, for we had come through it. The engines started, the propeller revolved, and the ship moved slowly backward. We were safely affast again. Sound the forward and after tanks!" was the next order. There was some suspense while this was doing, for we might be full of water.
"All dry, Sir!" came the reply after a few minutes, and we all breathed freely for the first time in half an hour. The ship was on the reef

less than thirty minutes.

We backed off to a safe distance, swung around, and pointed the bow for st. John's. The ship moved along as usual, so there could be no fatal damage to the propeller; but it was impossible to make any examination at sea in the dark. Gradually the tar barrels of Arecibo feded out of stept, and we were set out. faded out of sight, and we were not sorry to see them go.

It would have been a glorious chance for a newspaper man to get ashore among those 10,000 excited Porto Ricanians, (that is about the population of Arecibo,) and watch their movements by the light of the blazing tar barrels. But it was altogether out of the question. It would have been a dastardly describin of the ship, in the first place, to leave her while she was in trouble, and for a single person to leave the in trouble, and for a single person to land would have involved her in all sorts of troubles with the customs. It was a sight, however, as seen from the ship's deck, not easily to be forgotten. Not only was the long beach packed full of people, but on the neighboring hill tops there were other crowds, each crowd with its blazing tar barrels. They wave us planty of simple reals and the same an

of that crowd and left there alone to work out his own salvation. But it could not be man-In saying that the Arecibans would have been in saying that the Arecibans would have been pleased to see the ship go to pieces, it must be understood that I speak without any personal knowledge whatever of the good people of that town. I judge them entirely by what I know of islandors in general. If they did clap their hands in happy expectancy, they are no worse than the English of the Bahamas, the French of Martinique, the Dutch of Santa Cruz, nor, alas, the Americans of the Florida Keys.

I had been reading W. Clark Russell's "My Shipmate Louise" on the voyage down, and whenever mate Louise' on the voyage down, and whenever I came to any particular blood-curdling adventure I read it aloud to the Captain and the

barrels. They gave us plenty of signals when it was too late. It would have been a delightful situation for a New-Yorker with very little

Spanish on his tongue to be landed in the midst

supercargo.
"Oh," the Captain more than once said, "those things do very well in stories, but you don't meet with such adventures at sea." But here was a little adventure that happened to us before we reached port as strange and as unaccountable as any in Mr. Russell's book. It was one of those mysteries of the sea that there is no accounting for. If Capt. Godfree had een alone in believing Arecibo to be San Juan been alone in believing Arecino to be san Juan, the mistake might more easily be laid to an error of judgment. But here were three old navigators, all of whom had been at both ports at least eight times before, and not a doubt existed in the mind of any one of them that the port before us was San Juan. No Captain could possibly approach land more cautiously than Capt. Godfree did on that occasion. Our being thirty miles to the westward of our course was caused by a slight error in the chronometer; but for by a slight error in the chronometer; but for mistaking the lights the only reasonable explanation I have heard of it was given by another steamship master, who afterward lay in the harbor of St. Johns with us, who said that there was on that evening such a remarkable refraction, caused by a peculiar state of the atmosphere, that he had great difficulty in making his way along the caves. his way along the coast. Days afterward, when we arrived at Arceibo, in botter form, one of the gentlemen who made part of the crowd on the beach that night said "I am surprised you did not accept the assist-

ance we sent you, Captain."

"Assistance!" the Captain replied, "If I could not take my ship off, do you think there was any man in that town could take her off?"

"Ah, Captain." the Areciban answered, "that is verra Englesse!" slowly along the Porto Rico coast all night, and ran into St. Johns Harbor at sun-rise. WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

> TO PROVIDE FOR KOSSUTH. From the London World.

I alluded last week to the straitened circum stances in which Louis Kossuth finds himself. The Buda-Pesth Athenæum offered him an advance of 3,000 florins on his writings, but the old man, with characteristic honesty, declined it on the ground that at his age he could not be sure of completing the work. I hear, however, that an arrangement will be made which will obviate all risk of his suffering from want during the remainder of his life. "About six miles." he replied. "Look at your ing the remainder of his life.

"THE EYES OF THE FLEET"

PLACE OF FAST CRUISERS IN MODERN ARMAMENTS.

WHAT THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF WAR VESSELS ARE-THE DUTIES THEY ARE CALLED UPON TO PERFORM-EACH

HAS ITS POSITION AND ITS WORK.

Commerce destroying, or, as the French call

t, guerre de course, has been with us Americans a fascinating idea throughout our history and especially since the civil war. It is certain that our commerce disappeared shortly after the advent of the Alabama, and post hoc erge propter hos is a doctrine easy of application. Writers on naval wars are nearly unanimous that commerce destroying in itself never affected the serious issue of the struggle, and this, even in the days of Jean Bart, Forbin, and Dugay Trouin, very princes of privateering. While the injury to the enemy's commerce is, no no doubt, great, that power which possesses war fleets will eventually sweep the hostile cruisers from the sea, will inflict commercial losses fully as great as it sustains, if, indeed, a like object ive exists, and will end, if the war is principally naval, by compelling peace on its own terms.

In the face of all the evidence of history in this direction the United States is wise not to place her main stay in cruisers alone. And yet it is only a short time since the public mind was apparently committed to this policy. The argument has most force in time of prosperous peace, when war seems distant and immediate economy is more to the point than possible future disaster. But is the principal mission of cruisers to destroy the enemy's commerce Mos t assuredly not. Nelson described his frigates, which were lighter and faster than the line-of-battle ships, as "the eyes of the fleet." What the frigates were't to Nelson, fast cruisers must be to the modern armaments, in other words the scouts and cavalry of the sea.

Much misapprehension exists in the popular mind with regard to the peculiarities of the different types, and it is not surprising that it should be so. The news columns of daily journals are filled with such terms as battle ships, armor clads, coast-defense vessels, broadside battle ships, low freeboard monitors, armored cruisers, cruisers protected, partially pro tected, and cruisers simple, gunboats, torpedo catchers or cruisers, and torpedo boats. In this apparent maze it is possible to pick up a few simple threads that will lead to clear ideas.

The battle ship is the evolution of the sailing ship of the line, which was in the past the backbone of the naval power of all nations. It may be defined as a ship capable of combatting on the high seas any single hostile ship; it may carry on operations in distant seas far from the permanent base; it may storm and attack fortified places: associated with similar spins it may Most assuredly not. Nelson described his frig-

permanent base; it may storm and attack fortified places; associated with similar ships, it may form a base for naval and military operations, and it may engage the enemy's fleets whenever and wherever found. It is infantry and artillery combined. These qualities are obtained as the result of certain compromises. Combined speed, coal endurance and heavy protection speed, coal endurance, and heavy protection can be obtained only on large displacement. It is questionable if any battle ship should be of less than 7,000 tons; about 14,000 is the higher limit now set by English and of less than 7,000 tons; about 14,000 is the higher limit now set by English and Italian constructors. The gun positions must be high above the water to permit of action in all weathers; the main battery must be the most powerful attainable and disposed in at least two separate positions; the secondary battery must be as numerous as possible and adequately protected. These considerations have practically determined the modern type. Two heavily-darmored turrets or barbettes carried near the extremitles and high above the water; a central citadel occupying the space between the turrets, protected with thin armor and mounting the secondary battery; a heavy water-line belt and a steel deck over the machinery and vitals, and protection for the loading tubes and bases of the turrets—such will be the three battle ships authorized by the present Congress.

The armored cruiser is a modification of the battle ship to this extent. To obtain greater speed and coal endurance, the battery power and thickness of armor are both reduced. It may thus be enabled to cruise for longer periods and at greater distances from the permanent base angager second-rate bettle states.

and at greater distances from the permanent base, engage second-rate battle ships of the enemy and escape from more powerful ones, and, in a measure, fulfil the duties of both bat-tle ship and cruiser. Cruisers proper accompany the fleet, make reconnoisances, seek out the enemy, and give notice of his approach. They engage ships of notice of his approach. They engage ships of their own class, protect commerce, and lastly, and of least importance, destroy it. Their battery is as powerful as other considerations will permit, but is tending to a multiplication of rapid-tire guns of the large calibres, that is, up to four or five inches. Their speed is great and coal endurance large. The 7,300-ton cruiser recently authorized will steam about 25,000 miles at 10 knots without receiving these are

cently authorized will steam about 25,000 miles at 10 knots without recoaling. They are spoken of as protected and partially protected. Few have no protection whatever. Protected means provided with a complete heavy steel deck of not less than two inches in any part, rising just above the water line amidships, and sloping beneath it at the sides and extremities. The spaces at the side, above, and below it are filled with coal patent fuel, woodite, or some water-excluding substance, the latter usually on the slope of the side, above, and below it are filled with coal patent fuel, woodite, or some water-excluding substance, the latter usually on the slope of the protective deck. Partially protected means provided with fuel protection, reinforced with a complete light steel deck or a heavy deck over the vitals, and an obdurating substance.

It is doubtful if gunboats as such have any proper place with the fleet at sea. Too small for cruisers, too large for topedo destroyers, their mission seems to be for use in rivers and harbors and in shoal places. They have greater or less coal endurance and speed, and are usually partially protected. Their armament is as heavy as can be conveniently carried.

There is only a little misconception of the uses of torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers. The former have had only limited success on the high seas in recent foreign manceuvres, and the advisability of their accompanying the fleet is greatly questioned. Of undoubted use in coast and harbor detense, it is not probable that in the present state of development they will find much application in more remote operations. It may be added that nearly all large battle ships carry second-olass torpedo boats, which are lowered at sea prior to action when the condition of the weather permits. It is against these that the torpedo catchers, cruisers, or de-

dition of the weather permits. It is against these that the torpedo catchers, cruisers, or de-stroyers will find their chief mission. They will also engage similar craft of the enemy. All of stroyers will find their chief mission. They will also engage similar craft of the enemy. All of the preceding types may or may not carry torpedo-discharge tubes for automobile torpedoes. And now, having characterized the fleet, it will be proper to speak of cortain special developments. The coast-defense vessel has many of the characteristics of the battle ship. Cruising ordinarily in smooth waters it is not necessary to provide high free-board with attendant armor protection. The coal capacity may likewise be greatly reduced. Hence a powerful battery with adequate protection and ample speed may be combined with shallow draught, a very essential requisite in coast operations. The extent of these compromises will naturally depend on the service to be performed and the locality. Low freeboard monitors here have their scope. The contention between them and the brondside ship is a mere bugaboo. The latter is an antiquated type and will not be reproduced under present conditions. The modern battle ship is much more nearly like the unonitor than like the old broadside ship. The main difference is that she carries her turrets high above the water to be able to fight in a seaway. As the question may come up again in future legislation, it is just as well to have as many arguments on the right side as possible.

It is thus seen that there is no more question between the different types of ships than there is between the different arms of the land service, nor, in fact, as much, since naval officers serve equally in all the types and army officers belong to a particular corps. They have each a particular object and all are necessary. As it seems to be our policy to build up a navy, which though small should be perfect in all its parts and equal ship for ship to that of any power, it is gratifying that the start has been see

power, it is gratifying that the start has been so well made, and that the people, who after all are the deciding power, are interested in the subject and take a pardonable pride in the results now visible. WHERE IS W. D. LOVELL? Boston, Jan. 3.-W. D. Lovell of the Potter-Lovell Company, the embarrassed banking tirm of this city, has been absent from the city since the second week in December and is said to be in Texas on business. On Dec. 10, Walter Potter, his partner, was arrested on a charge of embezzlement and a similar warrant was also sworn out against Mr. Lovell, but he left the city before the warrant could be served and has emained away ever since.

Lawyer Dickinson, counsel for the Potter-Lawyer Dickinson, counsel for the Potter-Lovell Company, says Mr. Lovell did not tell him he was going to Texas and did not tell him where he was going. He asserted that Mr. Lovell's absence was not owing to any criminal action now pending and that he would return when he got ready.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS'S CASE. From the London World.

The state of the Grand Duke Nicholas's health is causing much anxiety in Russia. His mind is now so overclouded that he recognizes nobody but his daughter, the Baroness Nikolaieff. If he gains sufficient bodily strength it is proposed to remove him next month to Zuamenskol, near St. Petersburg.