Napoleon Smith.

By a Well-Known New York Author.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"Well," said he, "it ain't been disposed of. The Captain was unwise in leaving it for us to decide what to do with it. You see, a meeting was called and views freely expressed as to how it would build up the place best. The Baptists suggested a Baptist college and the Methodists wanted a Wesleyan seminary. This opened the way for the Congregationalists, and they proposed to build a preparatory school for divinity students. Hardness grew out of it, and Elder George Migley shook his fist in Parson Ackerly's face, and b'gosh he hit him biff in the eye! While they were fightin' in the hall the Methodists and Baptists tried to git a snap vote to divide the money and build two schools, but the crowd got back before the vote was took and busted up the project. The young fellows run out and got in a big crowd and proposed to lay out a mile trotting course with a grandstand and elevated seats, to build up the town. So it went. Several proposed a street railroad, but there was no place for it to come from or go to, and it dropped. Well, in less than a week the churches was divided, and all had evening meetings at once, and sort of divided the interest, so that the preachers didn't git enough at their donations to pay for the tickets. Everybody chose sides, and a new hotel was run up to catch the overflow, as it were, from the old tavern. I ain't no idea the captain's money will ever be called for, because the people won't unite on a suitable way to expend it. Why, bless you, one man wanted to build an orphan asylum, when there ain't ten orphans in the town; and when we expostulated with him he said it would draw in orphans from other towns and we could build up an orphan industry. Another man wanted to bore for natural gas, and start manufacturing, to keep our young people from drifting into the city, and so it went until everybody neglected business and wasted time to settle what we could do with that million of money. Of course, the Captain meant well, but his gift is liable to ruin the town or fit the people to go into a lunatic asylum and then take the money and build the asylum. If he had give us two millions we would all have to move out and leave the town."

"Well," said I, "I had never thought of the difficulty in expending the money in a satisfactory manner at all. It is quite a problem. How is the village supplied with water?"

"Wells and citerns," said the President.

"How would a system of waterworks strike you? An aqueduct, a reservoir in the park, pipes on every street, and the interest of a portion of the money to keep all in repair, with trustees to manage the funds?"

"Biggest idea out!" said he. "Make a sugestion of that as coming from the Captain and it will go, mark my word!" and I may as well say here that it did go, and on a tablet on the reservoir the Captain's name appears today—his best monument.

"Well, the banquet came to an end at last, and we retired, weary but happy. I purchased a beautiful little cottage in Sinclairville and installed the Captain and his wife in it. What halcyon days waited them after their long struggle with adverse fate! Napoleon wandered dreamily along the trout-streams where he played as a boy. Hand-in-hand the beautiful couple wandered along forest paths outside the village. On the broad piazza of the cottage all that lovely summer on sunny days, they might be seen at their tasks as teacher and pupil. Loving men spoke kindly words to the handsome wounded veteran, and Le Noir was too happy to be silent. Trills of exquisite song floated out on the street and arrested the attention of passers-by. Smith himself had reached a second boyhood when I left them in the autumn. Was memory ever coming back? No one might say, but he stood there for hours and dreamed as he looked up at his native hills. What did it mean when he stopped suddenly at the call of a robin and put his hand to his head? Ha she wakened an echo in his heart? No matter, they were happy—happy as we dream that angels are. They were as guileless children, and when I left them I whispered a blessing on the Providence that had thrown this loving woman across the life-history of my friend.

You will remember the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia on the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776. On July 4, 1876, all the nations of the earth were invited to visit us and congratulate us, not only on the existence of the Republic through a century, but to sympathize with us in our just pride in the growth and advancement made in that time. Our two millions had swelled to forty millions of inhabitants, through immigration and natural growth. We had only ten years before emerged from a war almost unparalleled in proportions and expense. In that war we had stood alone. Not an ally on the face of the earth. Not a dollar or a man had came to our assistance. In the eyes of the world we were on trial. The experiment of popular government was being put to the severest test, and men coolly watched what might be our death-agony. It was again the Pharisees at the cross: "Let be; let us see if Elias will come to help him." And the Centennial was the joyful resurrection after the pangs of political death.

Capain Smith and his lovely bride were now installed in one of those magnificent villas along the Hudson which lend a fairy beauty to the American Rhine. Servants moved deftly to and fro across the velvety lawns or in and out of the conservatories of flowers. The Captain entertained only a few friends. He would sit for hours looking down on the white sails of the coasters, or the great masses of boats drifting by, impelled by the puffing steamer. Only for a time would he sit alone; then he would turn and call "Magdaline!" and the sweeping of rich skirts would fall on the ear, and she would bend above him and print a kiss on his smooth brow, for as a child, a boy, a youth, he grew, and free from care, he had all the beauty of his early years. Thus another year rolled away in childlike happiness.

Again it is early springtime, again the scenes upon the river are panoramic and beautiful. With some light work in hand, Magdalene sits in a low rocker beside the Captain as he smokes and dreams. He is uneasy and restless now. He rises, paces to and fro, then seats himself and takes the strong womanly hand. He sighs.

"What is it, Captain? Why this heavy sigh?" she asks.

He tries to form a sentence; then he casts away his cigar and says, brokenly:

"Why this day more than another?"

"What do you mean, Captain?" she says, with a pale face.

"What is the matter to-day? Why do I feel so strangely?" and he looks eagerly into her face.

She nearly swoons with surprise. Then in a trembling voice she says:

"It is the anniversary of the day of your last wound."

He rests his head in his hands and tears flow down through his fingers. Magdalene gazes at him and freezes into stone. Then, that which she has feared has come upon her. Memory is struggling with the thick curtains of disease, and, striving to read them in order to get a glimpse of the past, Napoleon looks and whispers: "How long?"

She whispers in answer, while her heart beats tumultuously:

"Seven years to a day."

Then his head sinks lower and tears flow in a copious stream. It is true that in seven years the entire person of man is entirely made new? That every bone and sinew, every cord and muscle, every drop of blood, every particle of the sensitive brain and nerve is created anew in seven years? That is a question that no moralist, no physiologist, no theolgian can ever reconcile with the existence of a soul and memory in man. Where, then, are stored the pictures of our mother's face as we looked up to it in babyhood? Where are kept the memories of a musical voice that has been silent in the grave a score of years? Where were the pictures of the village green and shouting school-mates which now rise up in the memory of the octogenarian as he dreams in his chair, resting his wrinkled face upon his staff. Avaunt, ye howling, superficial materialists! Ten times the rain has cast its slough to mingle with the dust. Ten time that heart hath built its stout walls and yet the old man in his death babbles as he feels with trembling hands the pattern of the bed-covering, and he babbles, too, of a mother he knew only in infancy. What then? Disease is the fog only that shuts out the landscape for a time—disease is the cloud which shuts out, the sun, back of fog and cloud are the clear sky and the sun, and behind the raving of delirium and the babbles of idiocy is the immortal soul—a prisoner in a tenement of clay, a watcher for the lifting of the curtain, a waiter for the coming of the turnkey health on the freedom of eternity. Sad comforters are ye all who weigh, dissect, and analyze man, and then tell him he is an earthly vessel, veriest clay! Napoleon Smith looks up again, and again he asks:

"How long?"

She clutches her breast as if to choke the struggling heart within, and whispers in a choking voice:

"Seven years."

The curtain is lifted now. What will he see behind it? He broods with downcast eyes, while great sobs heave his breast. What does he see behind the curtain? Does he see a sweet, girlish face with wealth of shining hair? Yes, what else? He sees an angel of pity standing a tireless sentinel beside a tomb where a noble manhood is buried. He sees long nights, with dim, low-burning lamps, waiting for the day. He sees and feels now a soft and laid on a throbbing head and a soul looking out of loving eyes to watch the helpless sleep of an infant. He sees more than this: he sees a weak trembling form let through a mist of fancies, led over a rough ground by a strong hand, and at last standing in the sunlight of life. He speaks:

"How long did you say?"

It is coming now. The curse, the rejection, the bitter upbraiding, and the search for the doll-faced girl; but she will turn to God and prayer. The voice is low and resigned now as she answers:

"Seven years."

He gets up slowly. He looks upon her, then he drops upon his knees and creeps to her. He takes that strong right hand an kisses it and sobs.

"I am a soldier. I will relieve the guard. You may come off duty and rest. Now, my love, this hand of mine shall lead you over the rough places of life. My eyes shall watch while yours close in sleep. Oh, my love, my angel! I have been dreaming for seven long years, but in my dreams an angel face bent over me, and an angel kissed my brow. I have had a troubled sleep, but in my feverish sleep a cool hand pressed my head back upon my pillow I kiss that hand. I have been buried in a tomb, but an angel sang at its door and rolled away the stone of death. Will my life be long enough to prove to you that this is the real life and the real love? When oyu doubt, lay your head upon this bosom and see if every heart-throb is not yours and yours alone. I offer you a love as deep and true as your own. Do you believe me, my darling, my angel?"

"It is too much. God is very, very good to me. Will you kneel and pray with me, my Captain, my brave, once more?" she said, and they knelt down together.

We leave them there where asylums for the weak and erring rear their wails to fold in to a new life the waste of society, you may see their work where the once slave cons his book with laborious utterance, or the weary sailor finds a calm harbor in age—in every good work the vast fortune of this loving couple is expended.

They showed me a letter from France a short time ago. It read like this:

Brinvilliers, France.
June—, 1887.

Dear Captain and Madam Smith:

Our boy Napoleon Smith Bickford, is growing to look so much like his namesake that we write to ask when he shall come on that tour to the United States. You will be astonished at his wonderful similarity. He has the chestnut curls and the acquiline nose, and, I believe, will have the carriage and physique of the Captain. You will love him! Will your yacht stop at Marseilles, or shall we expect you at Paris? We shall make the tour of the United States next year, and if it will be pleasant to you we would like our boy to remain until then. Travel will do him good. Colonel Boh has been promoted: he is in good health, and sends the enclosed flower from the button-hole. Cable us about the yacht. Aimee is so large and fat you would not know her. Love to all!

Charles Bickford, General.

When they laid down the letter Magdalene said:

"If her boy looks any more like you, my Captain, than does Washburne, our eldest, I shall be astonished. Aimee, our baby, looks enough like you to have been a boy. Well, and Aimee is large and fat! Ah, my Captain, are you not sometimes sorry you lost the beautiful girl?"

"Never say it again, Magdalene. I weep when I think that a doubt can enter your mind."

And he seized her, drawing her to his knee and kissing her.

"What a scene this is for married people of middle age to be presenting?" said the blushing wife.

I think so myself, and so I believe them. You asked me who was my friend, three hours ago. He stood at my desk, a tall, handsome man, with a sidewise droop to his head and a badge on his breast. That was Napoleon Smith. That was my friend's story.

THE END.

Blindness From Electricity.

An English journal records a number of cases of blindness from electricity within the last six weeks. It has been predicted that if the present electric lamps continue in use a weakness of sight will be produced in this generation, partial blindness in the next and total loss of sight in the third or fourth generation. It has been suggested that fluorescent tubes be adopted, which would fit around a room like a strip of molding. It is claimed that they would give a strong, even light, which would not harm the eyesight and would cost no more than the present incandescent and arc lamps.

DETERMINING THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS IN THE FOREST.

Methods to determine the cardinal points while on the mountails, in heavy timber and brush or upon the featureless expanse of a great marsh, are numerous and reliable enough for all practical purposes unless a very long journey is to be made, which would make it necessary to hold on a fine point while making so long a distance, says a contemporary. Notes on the coniferous trees—pines, firs, spruce, cedars, hemlocks, etc.—show that the bark of these is always lighter in color, harder and drier on the south side of the tree, while it is in color much darker, is also damper and often covered with mold and moss on the north side. The gum that oozes out from wounds, knot holes, etc., is usually hard and often of amber color on the south side, while on the northern side it remains sticky longer and gets covered with insects and dirt, seldom drying out more than a dirty gray in color.

On large trees that have rough bark, especially during the fall and winter months, the nests and webs of insects, spiders, etc., will always be found in the crevices on the south side. A preponderance of the large branches will also be found on the warmest or southern side of the trees; also, the needles of all the above-mentioned trees are shorter, drier and of a yellowish-green on the southern side, while they will be found longer, more slender and pliable, damper to the touch and darker green in color on the north side. The cedars and hemlocks, as if trying to outdo the others, always bend their slender tops of new growth toward a southern sky.

The hardwood trees are equally as communicative, and have all the characteristics, so far as regards their trunks, as the coniferous trees, except the absence of gums; but this is more made up by the fungus growth of mold and mosses that is very noticeable on the north side of these trees. The ledges of rocks, which may be parts of mountains, or merely an occasional cropping out here and there in the woods, or, perhaps, some great boulder alone by itself—a silent witness of the glacial period—all alike testify to the effect of light and shade. The sunny side will usually be bare, or at most only boast of a thin growth of brush, dry kinds of mosses that will only grow when having the light, while the northern sides will be found damp and mouldy and often covered with soft mosses and ferns.

The forest floor on the sunny side of hills, ridges, clumps of trees, bushes, big rocks, etc., is more noisy under the footfall than on the northern side of such places, where the dead leaves and litter are soft and damp, holding more moisture than in places exposed to the light of the sun.—Ex.

Baby Eczema and Scald Head.

Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase made a special study of Eczema and diseases of the skin, and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and gives the little sufferer rest.

WANTS MR. FAWCETT TO SPEAK.

(Sackville Post.)

A little over a year ago a number of prominent Sackville farmers met at the Brunswick house in this town and had a long talk about freight on the I. C. R. The meeting was composed largely of liberals, and of course it was felt that the rates then in vogue on the people's road discriminated against the farmers. At any rate our friend W. B. Fawcett endeavored to impress that idea upon the meeting. A committee was appointed to meet Hon. Mr. Blair and lay the matter before him.

Shortly after this the Sackville and Westmorland Agricultural society appointed a committee to act with the committee appointed at the first meeting. The rates on hay and cattle were complained of most, and it was thought the hon. minister of railways would be only too glad to remedy the evil as soon as it was brought before his notice. Mr Blair, we believe, was seen and promised to look into the matter. Considerable time has elapsed since the interview with Mr. Blair, but we have not heard the report of these committees. As this is a matter in which every Westmorland farmer is deeply interested, we feel that the committees should make their report public. Have more favorable rates been granted, or are the farmers still being ground down by excessive railway tariffs?

Advertise in the WEEKLY SUN.

THE BARK DUNVEGAN.

Miss Bell, Daughter of Capt. Bell, Tells of the Loss of the Vessel.

The Story of the Wreck of the Bark and the Rescue of the Crew.

(Cork Examiner, Tuesday, Jan. 21.)

DUNGARVAN, Jan. 20.—Today our representative was granted an interview with Miss Bell, daughter of Captain Bell, master of the bark Dunvegan, now a total wreck off Mine Head, county Waterford. She is a young lady of prepossessing appearance, and about 20 years of age. She was on board the ill fated ship at the time of the disaster, and last evening Mr. Ruddell, local agent for the Shipwrecked Mariners 'society, proceeded to the scene of the wreck and drove Miss Bell back with him to Dungarvan. She is now a guest in his house. She was most willing to answer all questions put to her regarding the wreck, and she was kind enough to afford me the following information: The Dunvegan sailed on last Monday from Barry Dock, near Cardiff, with a cargo of 1,400 tons of coal, bound for Cape Town. She was towed by the tug as far as Lundy Island. She had on board sixteen hands all told, viz., Capt. Bell, master; Mrs. Bell (wife), Miss Bell (daughter), Mr. Bellmore, steward; Mrs. Bellmore, stewardess; Mr. Kirwam, 1st officer; Mr. McKenzie, 2nd officer; and the remainder members of the crew. The vessel was or bark rig, built of timber, and owned by George McLeod of St. John, N. B., Canada. After leaving Lundy the ship experienced a head wind, which kept on till Wednesday morning, the weather being thick, and the winds increasing. So thick was the weather that not more than some yards ahead could be seen. The wind was southwest, and increased to a gale on Tuesday night. At about midnight on Tuesday the ship burned lights on deck and fired off some rockets. The fires on deck were kept brilliantly fed until the vessel struck. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning the ship was on the rocks. She ran in between two ledges of rocks and got jammed, her stern rising out of the water while her bow got depressed. The waves were very violent, and lashed over the now helpless ship with much fury. So dense was the haze that the shore (only 30 yards distant) could not be discerned. It was pitch dark. Even the brilliantly lighted light-house at Mine Head, one and a half miles distant, could not be observed. When the vessel struck all was commotion. However, the captain preserved his composure, and ordered a small boat to be lowered and manned by three men to pull ashore carrying a rope. This was done, and the men successfully landed with the rope, but the boat got smashed. The ship was holding steadily between the rocks, and the captain, apprehending no immediate danger, decided on waiting, if possible, till dawn before venturing on landing the remainder of those on board. To wait for dawn was over two hours, but as soon as the outlines of the shore could be discerned the captain ordered the lifeboat to be lowered, and the crew, including the three ladies, were all got safely on shore, but the splendid boat was smashed to atoms. The cliff here is precipitous and a difficulty presented itself of gaining the summit. One of the sailors climbed up, and after this the remainder of those below were hauled up by means of a rope being tied around their bodies. The ship began to break after morning dawned, and soon became a total wreck. The men proceeded to the nearest farm house, which happened to be Mrs. Nugent's, of Ballymacart, and her treatment of the shipwrecked crew is beyond all praise. All that she could possibly do was done to make the men comportable, particular attention being paid to the requirements of the ladies. All the crew are doing well. Today a wagonette and side-bar were despatched to Ballymacart to take the crew, or as many of them as will come, into Dungarvan, where apartments are engaged for them. Mr. Ruddell, the agent for the Shipwrecked Mariners' society, has left nothing undone to provide for the comfort of those who were shipwrecked. It may be that some of the crew, and perhaps the captain, will remain in the vicinity of the wreck to see if any of their property can be rescued. In this case, as well as in the case of the Moresby wreck two years ago, the agent of the Shipwrecked Mariners' society has rendered invaluable service on behalf of that estimable institution. With regard to Mrs. Nugent, at whose house the shipwrecked sailors got shelter, Miss Bell's words were: "We went to Mrs. Nugent's and she was very kind to us, and treated us very liberally. We did not get anything out of the ship."

20 YEARS OF BONDAGE

Dr. Chase's K.-L. Pills Loose the Shackles of Constipation and Stomach Disorders.

In summing up the causes of human misery it will be found that by far the greatest sources of disease originate in derangement of the Stomach and Bowels. People will abuse their stomachs and neglect the calls of nature till they bring on themselves her vengeance. To get back to nature's paths, to have the Stomach and Bowels once more fulfilling their function properly, to clear the system of all the results and consequences of poisons accumulating and circulating in the Blood is the work of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. Thos. Miller, Lucknow, Ont., says that he was afflicted with Stomach Trouble and Constipation for about 20 years, during which time he tried almost everything he heard of, but to no purpose. Mr. H. Day, the popular druggist, sent him a sample of Dr. Chase's K.-L. Pills. The first dose he took did him good, and they have proved so effectual in his case that he recommends them to all those afflicted as he was.

These Pills may be had of all Dealers at 25 CENTS A BOX.

WEEKLY SUN!

Special Notice to Our Readers.

Two Issues a Week, the First on Saturday, January 1st, 1898,

Thus Giving the News to All Subscribers While It Is Fresh and Timely.

Go to Your Post Office Twice a Week Henceforth for Your Favorite Family Journal.

With the opening of the New Year a radical change will be made in the publication of the WEEKLY SUN; a change that we feel sure will be heartily appreciated by all subscribers.

Commencing January 1st 1898, the WEEKLY SUN will be issued in two parts of 8 pages each,—one part on Saturday, January 1st, and the 2nd part on Wednesday, January 5th—and this new departure will be continued throughout the year. By this plan readers of the WEEKLY SUN will receive the advantage of the best news service ever attempted in the Maritime Provinces.

The WEEKLY SUN fearlessly invites comparison with any of its contemporaries. It is a newspaper, first, last and all the time. It prides itself on its accuracy and truthfulness. Its columns are clean, pure and free from sensationalism, containing no matter that may not be presented to the Family Circle.

It has been for years a welcome visitor once a week in thousands of homes throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

It now proposes to double the number of its visits, and to call twice a week instead of but once a week on its patrons.

By issuing the WEEKLY SUN in two parts, Saturdays and Wednesdays, its subscribers will be placed as near as possible on a level with the city readers of the daily papers, and will be furnished with the news of the world as fresh from the telegraphic wires as the the mail arrangements of the country will permit.

This great step in advance in the news service of the WEEKLY SUN will not be accompanied by any advance in price. On the contrary the management have decided to make a startling reduction in the annual subscription, and to offer the WEEKLY SUN to Subscribers who pay in advance at a discount of 25 per cent

Henceforth the WEEKLY SUN will be conducted on a strictly cash basis, and subscribers who are in arrears can take advantage of this unparalleled offer by squaring their bills and remitting 75cts. for the new year.

REQUIESCAT.

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a sprey of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah! would that I did, too.

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath;
Tonight it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

—Matthew Arnold.

WINTER'S JOYS.

(From the Chicago News.)

Joyfully jingle the little bells
In the glorious eventide,
As the winter girl and her lover
Indulge in a first sleigh ride.

Joyfullly by the loving young man
Her waist is gently pressed,
While her golden hair is pillowed
On the bosom of his vest.

Joyfully mingle two pairs of lips,
"Oh, what bliss," says he,
But the only thing the maiden says
Is, once in awhile, "Te-he."

Joyfully to her home he returns
This beautiful blushing flower;
Joyous because the ride was short—
It cost him $5 an hour.

THE MARCH OF THE YEARS.

Marianne Farningham.

One by one, one by one,
The years march past, till the march is done;
The old year dies to the solemn knell,
And a merry peal from the clanging bell
Ushers the others, one by one,
Till the march of the year shall at last be done.

Bright and glad, dark and sad,
Are the years that come in mystery clad;
Their faces are hidden and none can see
If merry or sorrowful each might be.
Bright and sad, dark and glad,
Have been the years that we all have had.

Fair and subtle under the sun,
Something from us each has won,
Has it given us treasures? Day by day
It has stolen something we prized away;
We met with fears and count with tears
The buried hopes of the long-past years.

Is it so? And yet let us not forget
How fairly the sun has risen and set;
Each year has brought us many sunny hours,
With a wreath of flowers and a crown of flowers,
Power in love, and time to pray,
It has given ere it passed away.

We hail the New that has come to view;
Work comes with it and pleasure too;
And even though it may bring some pain,
Each passing year is a thing of gain.
We greet with song the days that throng;
Do they bring us trouble? 'Twill make us strong.

With smiles of hope, and not with tears,
We meet our friends in the glad new years;
God is with them, and as they come,
They bear us nearer our restful home,
And one by one, with some treasure won
They come to our hearts till all are gone.

WORLD'S NAVIES.

Remarkable Activity in Planning and Constructing New Ships.

The naval programmes of foreign governments for the next few years show remarkable activity in the planning and construction of new ships. They appear determined to keep pace with Britain, whose plans for 1898 comprise the construction or completion of 15 battleships, 12 first-class cruisers, 9 second-class cruisers, 10 third-class cruisers, 6 twin-screw gunboats, 56 torpedo-boat destroyers, 3 light-draft steamers and the royal yacht. In addition, Her Majesty's government has decided to ask parliament to sanction an increase in the personnel of the royal navy of no fewer than 5,000 men. Furthermore, 2,000 stokers and 300 engine-room artificers will be added to the effective strength of the navy during the current quarter.

Japan comes next, with 4 battleships, 4 armored cruisers, 4 protected cruisers, 9 torpedo-boat destroyers, and 13 torpedo boats. France has authorized the minister of marine to begin the building of 4 armored cruisers, 4 torpedo-boat destroyers and 9 torpedo boats, making the total number of ships under construction 7 battleships, 4 armored cruisers, 10 protected cruisers, 6 gunboats, 5 torpedo-boat destroyers, 19 torpedo boats and 1 sub-marine boat.

Germany has under construction and authorized 3 battleships, 1 armored cruiser, 5 protected cruisers, 3 gunboats, 1 torpedo-boat destroyer, and 8 torpedo boats. Russia is planning and building 8 battleships, 1 coast-defence vessel, 1 armored cruiser, 3 protected cruisers, 4 gunboats, 12 torpedo-boat destroyers, 1 torpedo despatch vessel and 17 torpedo boats.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Dealer—Now, there is a parrot that is a genuine society bird.

Customer—What do you mean by that?

Dealer—It always talks when any one begins to sing.—Chicago Record.