

STEAMBOAT NAMES.

A Visitor to New York Docks Explains Why an Old Missouri Custom Subsidied.

A Missourian was in New York the other day for the first time. He is a retired business man. He never saw an ocean liner until his visit here.

"I am glad to see," he said, "that there is some sentiment in the business. I am not a dreamer, but I sometimes think the age is too commercial. We even name our children for somebody who is expected to do something for the honor. It has come to that in my state as well as in other states."

"One of the first steamboats I ever saw on the Missouri was named Highland Mary. That was 45 years ago. But I know the owner called his boat that just because the name struck his fancy."

"One of the fastest boats on the river was the Minnehaha. She took the horns for making the quickest time between St. Louis and St. Joe. It was some time, though, before the people of the river towns knew how to pronounce her name."

"Finally a company of St. Louis men built the James H. Lucas. The man for whom that boat was named was a millionaire in St. Louis, and as the Lucas was the fastest boat of her time, Mr. Lucas presented her with a piano and a lot of silverware."

"Once in awhile some sentimental incident would govern the naming of the craft. As for example: There was a young woman in Glasgow who was a universal favorite, and her name was sought by many. A new boat was building which was to be captained by a young man who was infatuated with the young woman. He won her and that was why the boat was named Kate Howard."

"There was another instance where sentiment named a popular boat. The captain of an old steamer was taken sick in one of the towns and was nursed by a widow who had a daughter. The captain recovered and built a new boat. He was a married man; but he named his boat Martha Jewett, for the widow's daughter, and because she used to bring him flowers when he was sick. That sort of sentiment didn't bring in any piano, but it made the boat mighty popular."

"Weather Signals from Shewbird. The Shewbird mountain, four miles south of town, is to us the strangest thing in this whole mountain country, says the Haynesville (N. C.) Courier. The mountain is full of large, rough cliffs, and by its peculiar shape and position serves as a weather signal to the people for miles around, because, as the general saying is, 'when old Shewbird begins to roar you may prepare for rough weather.'"

"Prospective Settler—So this is an unusually healthy spot, eh? Native—I should say so, stranger. Why, there is only one week in the year when anyone dies here. 'And what week is that?' 'When Uncle Tom's Cabin' plays here. Then the same people die over again every performance."—Chicago Evening News.

TRUSTS IN AUSTRIA.

Every Branch of Industry Being Affected by the Tendency to Combine.

"The prevailing tendency in Austria at present is to form trusts in every branch of industry, according to a report to the state department from Consul Hugh Donzelmann at Prague. The advance in the price of raw material and the increasing competition are given as reasons for the formation of the trusts."

"A noteworthy fact in connection with the coal strike last winter which caused much suffering among the people is cited by Consul Donzelmann. A number of wealthy manufacturers, employing between 5,000 and 10,000 people, when confronted during the winter with the choice of closing their factories or losing money by paying the current prices for coal, continued to run with full force rather than throw people out of employment during the cold season."

FLOATING HOTEL.

Arbuckle, the Coffee Man, Plans an Innovation in the Way of Summer Luxury.

John R. Arbuckle, the coffee man, will open a hotel, not on wheels, but in a keel, this summer. It will be literally, "washed by the waves," for it will be afloat. It will combine all the comforts of a great resort with the luxury of a yacht. The big seagoing bark, Jacob A. Stambler, will be Mr. Arbuckle's floating hotel. It now lies at the foot of Van Brunt street, Brooklyn, where carpenters, upholsterers, steamfitters and other mechanics are putting it into shape."

"Those who will live and voyage on the craft will have to pay according to the size and position of the staterooms they occupy. There will be 75 staterooms, accommodating 150 people. Some will be rented for one dollar a night. People can make arrangements to live on board the vessel all summer or they will be accommodated for one trip. At a stated hour in the evening the bark will go to sea and remain out all night. It will return to its pier early in the morning with the guests refreshed and ready for another day's work in the sun-baked city."

"The hotel on a keel will make longer trips on Sundays and holidays and will carry its guests to yacht races and marine races. It will be splendidly provisioned, but no liquor will be sold on board. The stambler is 240 feet long, and formerly plied between Havre and New York."

WILL MAKE SMALL ARMS.

The United States Arsenal at Rock Island to Be Equipped for This Purpose During Coming Year.

During the next year the buildings at the Rock Island arsenal will be equipped with machinery for manufacturing small arms. In the sundry civil appropriation bill there is an item appropriating \$300,000 for completing the installation of the plant and the purchase of tools, fixtures and other appliances for the manufacture of small arms in the armory shop at that place. It corrects a blunder made by the ordnance bureau of the war department. Last year that bureau was asked to make an estimate of cost of installing machinery for manufacturing small arms. This was done, and congress appropriated about \$200,000 for this purpose, but when the time came to enforce the law it was found the ordnance bureau had made a mistake of several hundred thousand dollars in its estimate."

"Therefore, it was decided that nothing should be done until an appropriation large enough to carry out the project was available. As soon as it becomes a law the department will begin the work of installing the machinery at Rock Island, as it has had ample time to make all the necessary preparations."

CURES RHEUMATISM BY PAST.

New Yorker Eats Nothing for Twenty-One Days and Thus Regains Health.

Francis T. Walton, known as "the plunger," opened his new hotel, the Victoria, at Twenty-second street and Broadway, New York, a few weeks ago, and at the same time started in to starve himself. For 21 days he continued his fast, and then he broke it and ate two pounds of beefsteak. He ate nothing at all during his fast and drank only water. It was done to cure his rheumatism. At the end of three weeks the pains had left his legs and arms and only in his feet came occasional twinges."

"New Fruit Picker in Canada. Fruit can be picked and automatically discharged into a barrel without bruising by a Canadian patent picker, which has a cloth funnel suspended from the end of a rake, which is used to pull the fruit into the funnel, with a tube provided with a pad at the lower end, against which the fruit strikes."

GAMBLER AND THE WORM.

A Speculative Scheme That Worked Well for a While, But Resulted in Disaster.

A gentleman who lives in the Bluegrass, and who has been a very extensive traveler, has a silver service, so magnificent in design and heavy in weight that its peers in the whole world may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The owner is even now, when past middle age, a "good fellow," who loves conviviality, and so game to too hazardous for him if he has the amount of the stakes. He takes pleasure in telling the history of his service, says the Louisville Post, as it concerns the most audacious game of chance he ever witnessed."

"When I was in Bolivia, some years ago," he always begins, "I got in with a crowd of men, English and natives, whose passion for gambling knew no bounds. Strange as it may seem, none of them knew poker, and I made myself solid with them by teaching them, but their great game was roulette. There was a little shop in Bogata, where they had a miniature Monte Carlo, and many nights did we spend around the great wheel, with our money and prospects hanging on the black or red. The wheel was entirely made of wood, and when it was spun around a corer was put over the machine, so that they could keep on betting when it had ceased to turn. There is a worm down there in that climate that gets into furniture and bores until nothing but a shell is left. You may sit on a chair that looks perfectly strong, but at the first touch it collapses. This seems irrelevant, but it is not, as you may see later. In fact, that worm plays the title role in the tragedy I am going to tell."

"There was a wealthy Bolivian planter who had been a general in the war between Bolivia and Chili back in the early '80s. He was never absent a night from our games, but he would frequently stand about for a week and never make a bet larger than \$10. Then he would suddenly cry out just as the operator was about to lift the cover and register the highest bet the house would permit. Next he would place all the money he could find takers for among the gentlemen present. Before the season was far advanced he had won great sums, and we had all felt the results of his freakish luck. It seems that when he played 7-black he could not lose, and he seemed to realize it, for when he did call that number he would put all he owned in the balance. 'Well, he was a gentleman and a famous duelist, and no one cared to question his methods. It went on this way for two months. Then one night the wheel stopped, and there was the silence of the prairies in the room. We could hear the ball fall into the compartment distinctly; we could hear the distant tinkling of a mandolin. The planter leaped up as from a catalepsy: '7-black, seniors, I will take all any of you, or all of you, will bet.' Well, I had been winning strong, and was so much to the good that I was reckless. 'Five dollars,' I said. 'Good, senior,' he replied. 'He placed his entire fortune in different wagers. There were a number of strangers present, and they all seemed fish fresh. Then slowly, as a priest officiating at some solemn, barbaric ceremony, the banker removed the top. We all stood for a moment, and the tension was such that a carriage wheel on the cobblestones outside made us all start. 'Red,' came the announcement. 'The Bolivian was white as snow, but his voice was unshaken as he said: 'Gentlemen, you shall all be paid. As for me, I am ruined.' 'That night he shot himself, and his will, which had been written just before his death, arranged for the payment of all his debts. I was to receive the service for my share, though it is worth much more than that was a note, in which he expressed his attachment for me, and asked me to accept the silver as a gift and not a debt."

"He left also a curious manuscript, written some time before, which seemed to be a sort of private journal. He stated in this that his ears were so accurate that he could detect the difference between the fall of a pin and a needle. One night, so he says, he heard the ball fall into the compartment with a hollow thud, and when the machine was opened he made note of the number and color: '7-black.' Later, when alone for a moment, he found that the aforesaid worm had bored under that compartment. He sounded the excavation with a straw, and found that it extended no farther than that one number. Then all he had to do was to listen, and when his acute hearing told him that his number had come, to get all the money possible on it. 'Yes, gentlemen, he had all his plans laid to perfection; there was only one weak spot in his calculations. He forgot that those worms could keep on boring.'

A Good Shot. At the battle of Dundee Hill a Boer sharpshooter took a position behind a pile of stones. A Dublin fusilier, wishing to test the Dutchman's shooting powers, put his helmet on the wall behind which he was lying, and it was no sooner up than it fell with a bullet through it, fired by the Boer. Five times more the helmet was put up, and as often it toppled over with a fresh hole in it."

A Sly Rascal. When anything happens to a small boy it is invariably a few minutes before the school bell rings.—Chicago Daily News.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Coal is worked so easily in China that in Shanghai it sells at 13 cents per ton at the mines.

In London walking is now looked upon as a health-giving exercise, and is greatly indulged in by all degrees. Sundays and fixed holidays excepted, it is estimated, that 2,500,000 worth of fish is daily dragged out of the sea by British fishermen."

The government monopoly of the liquor business which Russia began to introduce in 1883 now extends to 35 districts. The profits last year amounted to 331,000,000 rubles."

The natural coral formation, together with good workmanship, has made the roads of Bermuda famous in the cyclone world, and enthusiasts of the wheel who have been so fortunate as to visit this island have called it the Cyclers' Paradise."

The Obi, most western of the great Siberian rivers, has been the most important factor in communication with the interior of the country. Riang in Mongolia, it has a course of 3,500 miles, a drainage area of more than 1,500,000 square miles, and upon the river and its tributaries a regular navigation system is in operation over more than 10,000 miles."

The vicissitudes of Paris have been numerous and important. During the present century it has twice been occupied—in 1814 and 1871—by foreign troops, and it has twice—in 1848 and 1870—been in a state of siege and under martial law. Napoleon ruled it as first consul and emperor, Louis Philippe as king, Napoleon III. as president and emperor. Paris has also seen two republics and one commune."

SCOUTS OF THE SKY.

Part of Col. Templer, England's Famous Expert with War Balloons.

Wonderful and thrilling has been the experience of Col. James Templer, who brought the English war balloon service to its present point of perfection. While, to be exact, Col. Templer wasn't born in a balloon, yet the greater part of his life has been passed in the air. As a boy at Harrow he was a balloonist, and at Cambridge he was the only undergraduate who kept a balloon. As a lad he knew all the great aeronauts of England, and he was one of the first men in the world to make a descent in a parachute. While London sleeps in a great city can be said ever to sleep—he has made more than 100 trips over the city in free balloons. There is some excitement in these trips can be imagined from the fact that he once missed hitting the clock of Westminster tower by only a yard, says the New York Press."

Col. Templer wears a lot of war medals, but these have nothing to do with the scar across the lower part of his face. One time as he and a brother officer were about to make an ascent a sudden squall struck the balloon, just as it began to rise, with fearful velocity. The balloon was carried against the sharp top iron rail of a gasometer, and all the ropes on one side of the balloon were cut through completely. Thus the car swung sideways and downward. Templer's companion was thrown out and killed, and all the loose contents of the car were thrown out. Col. Templer was thrown against the iron rail and his cheek laid open. The balloon whirled violently round and round as it shot upward, and the tangle of ropes twisted around Templer, holding him fast as he lay in the car in a faint and drenched in blood. Heavenward the balloon bounded, until, according to the instruments that were lashed to the car, it reached the height of 34,000 feet. When Templer recovered consciousness he was almost choked by the rarefied air, and, as if this was not enough, one of the ropes was twisted around his neck. Releasing himself from this rope, he painfully and with great effort managed to climb up to the valve and let out the gas. This exertion was too much for him and he fainted again, and when the balloon reached the earth he had to be cut out of the ropes."

Another companion Col. Templer had with him in an ascent never has been heard from since the day they started up together. He was a member of parliament named Powell, and for an amateur he was an able aeronaut. In a big and powerful balloon they were thousands of feet in the air, when they came in sight of Weymouth and the sea. Powell pointed out a mansion of a friend whom they intended to "drop in" upon and see. Templer prepared for a rapid descent, for the sea was alarmingly near. The balloon descended at great speed, and the plan was for both to jump as soon as she touched the earth. Templer jumped, and was stunned for a time, but Powell hesitated an instant too long. The balloon, suddenly relieved of a good part of its weight, shot upward with Powell in the car, and the airship drove out to sea. Yachts, specially chartered steamers and even war vessels were sent out to look for the runaway balloon, but not a trace of it could be found. The last glimpse caught of the balloon, it was heading toward Spain, though of course upper air currents might have sent it in another direction. But in a remote part of the mountains of Spain a long time afterward certain parts of a balloon gear were found, and that is all that is known of the fate of Powell."

Until the czar's peace conference the Hussars decided otherwise. Col. Templer was experimenting on dropping powerful explosives from balloons. These would tear great holes in the soil and earth. Once one of these explosives burst under the balloon, and again Templer had a narrow escape from death."

TABLET NUMBER FIVE.

The Story of a Remarkable Murder and How the Truth About It Came Out.

The story was told by a police commissioner of another city who was in New Orleans recently on a visit, says the Times-Democrat.

"The most ingenious murder I ever knew anything about," he said, "was committed by a young physician. He was a rising practitioner at a place where I formerly lived, and, with your permission, I will speak of him simply as Dr. Smith. About a dozen years ago, as nearly as I remember, this young man went on a visit to a relative in a neighboring city, and one afternoon, on the third or fourth day of his stay, he started a lady member of the household by remarking that he had a feeling that some misfortune had overtaken a wealthy planter whom they both knew very well, and whom I will call Col. Jones. The colonel was a prominent resident of the doctor's home town and had a large outlying estate, which he was in the habit of visiting once a week. On the day of Smith's singular prediction he was on one of those tours of inspection, but failed to come back, and the following morning his corpse was found lying in a cornfield. He had evidently been dead about 24 hours, and from the appearance of the body seemed to have been seized with some sort of fit or convulsion."

"Of course, the affair created a great stir, and the police made a pretty thorough investigation, but the only thing they found that merited any special attention was a small, round vial in the dead man's vest pocket. It was about the diameter of a lead pencil by four inches long, and had originally contained a couple of dozen medicinal tablets, which, lying one on top of the other, filled the little bottle to the cork. A few still remained in the bottom. Upon inquiry it was learned without trouble that the tablets were a harmless preparation of soda, and that Jones himself had bought them at a local drug store. That ended suspicion in that quarter, and, for lack of anything better, the coroner returned a verdict of death from sunstroke. There was no autopsy."

"Some time after Jones had been buried," continued the police commissioner, "I learned accidentally of Dr. Smith's curious prophecy, and it set me to thinking. Eventually I evolved a theory, but it was impossible at the time to sustain it with proof, and for five or six years I kept it pigeon-holed in my brain, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, to everybody's surprise, Dr. Smith went to the dogs. He began by drinking heavily, gradually lost his practice, and finally skipped out to avoid prosecution for cashing a fake draft. After his flight I learned enough to absolutely confirm my theory as to Jones' death. What had really happened was this:

"Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable sum of money and had given a note, upon which he had forged his father's name as indorser. The planter was pressing him for payment and had threatened suit, which meant inevitable exposure. One day, while they were conversing, Jones pulled out a little glass vial and swallowed one of the tablets it contained, remarking that he took one daily, after dinner, for sour stomach. That suggested a diabolical scheme of assassination, which the doctor proceeded to put into execution. Repairing to his office, he made up a duplicate tablet of strychnine, and, encountering the colonel next day, asked him to let him have the vial for a moment, so he could copy the address of the makers from the label. Jones handed it over unsuspectingly, and while his attention was briefly diverted elsewhere Smith put in the prepared tablet. He placed it under the top four, thus making it reasonably certain that his 'victim' would take it on the fifth day from that date. Next morning he left town, so as to be far away when the tragedy was consummated, and some mysterious, uncontrollable impulse evidently led him to make the prediction that first excited my suspicion. When I made certain of all this, I located Smith in Oklahoma and was on the point of applying for an extradition warrant, when he anticipated me by contracting pneumonia and dying. I thereupon returned the case to its mental pigeonhole, where it has remained ever since."

"Pardon me for asking," said one of the listeners, "but is that really a true story, or are you entertaining us with interesting fiction?" "It is absolutely true," replied the narrator. "But how did you learn the particulars?" "Well," said the police commissioner, smiling, "Smith was like most clever criminals—he had one weak spot. He was fool enough to tell a woman. She blabbed."

The Malayan Night. At dusk—here so close to the equator the day always ends soon after six o'clock—the dottle halts, the boats begin to make fast alongside a sand bank. The boatmen camp ashore, and the fires are soon blazing, rice pots boiling, fish and other things roasting in the embers. The white men walk about and stretch their legs, swim in the cool waters of the river and then gather in the resident's boat for the evening meal. Thereafter they sit smoking, filled with a great content, says a writer in Blackwood. From the sand bank there comes a continuous hum of soft, melodious voices, for Malay is a musical tongue, the splash of feet wading to or from one of the moored boats sounds frequently, the river croons gently, like a mother soothing her child to sleep; from the forest the note of nightbird,

MISTRUST OF THEIR WOMEN.

Condition of Affairs in Cuba That is Strange to Americans or English Ideas.

With all the superficial gallantry toward the fair sex with which the Cuban and the Spaniard are endowed, there is a mixed peculiar disregard and mistrust which, to say the least, is very strange to American or English ideas. In Havana recently an American family, says the Buffalo Express, had an experience which showed the Spaniard's mistrust of women and his own sense of loyalty to his employer."

"When the household was first established in Havana the good housewife, to the mind of the deep-chested Spanish porter, was an utter nonentity. When she ordered tea of an afternoon the porter was to be husband to see if she might have it and when one day, she sent him for a bottle of cognac his report to the husband was of such a character that the latter once and for all established his wife's place in household matters so far as that porter was concerned. He was informed that she was absolute mistress of internal affairs and that if her husband was annoyed any more some one would be looking for a job. This settled it and the porter acquiesced in the new order of things, but still that mistrust of femininity lingered."

"There was a little formal dinner, and the mother of the household asked her daughter to write to Capt. Go-and-So, inviting him to attend. This the young woman of approximately 20 summers did, and, having addressed the note, carried it to the porter to be delivered. He sagely took it without a word, and as soon as the senator's back was turned, he slipped in to see her mother, holding the letter gingerly in his hand. He was dreadfully embarrassed, but he did not hesitate to ask if the young woman was sending this note to the gallant captain with her mother's knowledge and consent. There wasn't going to be any clandestine correspondence going on about that house if he could help it and he really seemed disappointed when he was ordered to do as he was told and ask no questions. He is still holding his place, but one more offense against the dignity of womankind is likely to consign him to the ranks of Havana's unemployed."

TO PROTECT NEW YORK.

The Largest and Most Destructive Guns in the World Being Constructed.

The New York chamber of commerce has recently petitioned congress asking immediate attention to the strengthening of the fortifications commanding harbor approaches. Boston and other large commercial cities have seconded the appeal for assuring greater safety and protection of our coast defenses, which are at present in a weak and practically unfit condition, owing to their inadequate equipment, both as to men and weapons."

The government, says the New York Journal, has wisely fore-shadowed the need of this additional safeguard for the great coast towns, and at enormous expense is now constructing a series of engines of war in the shape of a number of 16-inch guns."

These 16-inch guns will be the largest and most destructive weapons in the world, having a range of over 21 miles. Ordnance experts say there is no armament made that can withstand this gun's projectile, which, at the extreme range limit, will batter down and destroy the largest and best-armored man-of-war afloat. When these guns are placed in their respective positions our coast approaches will be invulnerable against any invading force at sea, for the best-modern naval guns of any of the powers, to do effective bombardment, must come within eight to ten miles of the shore. At this distance the shells from the 16-inch gun means total annihilation to any ship when struck."

The following details will afford a glimpse of Uncle Sam's twentieth century gun, which is destined to revolutionize warfare: Its weight when completed is 124 tons. It has a length of 49 feet. It will hurl a conical projectile weighing 2,350 pounds 21 miles at a velocity of 2,000 feet per second. The powder charge will be 1,000 pounds. The estimated cost of firing, which can be done every two minutes, is between \$550 and \$1,000. The total cost of the gun, including carriage and emplacements, will be nearly \$500,000."

Saved by His Bayonet.

Sapper A. W. Kine, Twenty-third company, R. E., who was engaged in the early operations in Natal and was subsequently among the besieged troops in Ladysmith, in a letter to his mother at Havant, gives an account of a miraculous escape which he had from a Boer shell, says the London Leader. Previous to the retirement on Ladysmith the engineers, owing to the shortness of troops, were in the firing line, and one day while under artillery fire a shell smashed Sapper Kine's bayonet at his side and blew his haversack away, but left the sapper himself quite unhurt. "It was," he said, "a miracle, as everyone said. The major wants to send the bayonet to Chatham to the R. E. museum, but I think I shall be able to keep it myself, as it saved my life."

No Birds in the White House.

It is a rule of the white house that no bird shall be allowed to warble, or even live, within its walls. The wife of President Hayes made this rule years ago, and it has been observed as a sacred precedent. When Mrs. Cleveland first went to the white house to live after her marriage she had a pet canary. But the rule against birds was explained to her, and she gave the bird away."

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