

NEW USE FOR 13-INCH GUN.

One of the Alabama's Big Bibles Fights Entertainment for the Officer of the Deck.

The battleship Alabama, which left the Brooklyn, navy yard on a recent Sunday for Newport, has the queerest freak gun in the service. It is one of the two big 13-inch rifles in the forward turrets. Without the least provocation and at the most inopportune times it will pour forth choice fok's language, interspersed with Bowery ditties, says the New York Sun.

The jackies have known of the accomplishments of the gun for some days, but it was only the other Sunday that the officers discovered that the long, shiny black monster was as well versed in the genteel arts of peace as it was in its grim duties of war. It was just after evening quarters that the officer of the deck noticed a crowd of scuffling jackies surging around the forward turret from which the Twins, as the two guns are named, stretched forth their long, black muzzles.

Scouting a fight the officer made his way to the crowd, which fell back at his approach. No fight was in progress, however, and he was about to leave when a voice bawled in his ear: "Rubber!"

He turned quickly to spot the offender against naval discipline, but there was no one near him.

"Strike up the Band. Here Comes a Sailor!" I don't think!" shrieked the voice again.

The Lieutenant was by that time as red as the mess pennant fluttering above.

"Here you, there in the turret!" he cried, peering through the port into the darkness within. "Come out of that! What die mean by being in there without permission and using such language to your superior officer? Come out, I say, and report to the mast."

"Oh, I don't know, you're not so warm!" dimly returned the voice from within.

That was too much for the Lieutenant. With two bounds he sprang to the turret's door, only to find it closed and bolted from without.

"Messenger!" cried the Lieutenant, "send for the petty officer in charge of this turret at once."

It was ten minutes before the petty officer came running up with the keys, and in the meantime the Lieutenant was regaled with selections from Jacky's vocabulary and many of the songs which are mostly heard along the Bowery. He didn't enjoy the entertainment half so much as the men.

"That man will get ten days in the brig or I'll forfeit this month's pay," said the Lieutenant through his teeth as the door swung open and he crawled inside. "Now, my man, out you come!"

But there was no man, not even a parrot.

Still the song went on, but faint and muffled. A light dawned on the Lieutenant.

Springing to the breech block he snapped it open and there within the gun reposed as innocent and harmless a little phonograph as ever left a shop window.

"Her pardon, sir," said the petty officer, sheepishly saluting, "but you see some of the men chipped in and bought this machine, and as they couldn't get a cylinder big enough to give us the volume of sound we wanted, we just stuck it in here, locked the breech, took out the tompon and let her go, so giving all the men on the fok's a chance to hear the music and remarks."

"Henson," said the Lieutenant, severely, "for once I will overlook such trifling with government property, but never let it happen again—and, Henson, you needn't say anything about the matter, you understand?"

Some one must have said something, however, for there was much popping of corks in the wardroom mess that night, and just before taps the Lieutenant was seen going to his room and heard muttering that "he'd be hanged if he was going to sign any more checks and that if his writer's cramp wasn't any better by the morning he'd report the whole mess for outrageous man-handling."

Apple Cake.

Measure two cups of sifted flour, add two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt and sift again into a mixing bowl; make a well in the center; beat whites of two and yolk of one egg until light, add grated rind of a lemon, one tablespoonful of melted butter and a cup of milk; mix this gradually into the flour until you have a thick batter or very soft dough. Spread this on shallow, well-buttered tins, having batter not more than half an inch thick. Pare and cut into eights enough large, tart apples to cover the top of the cakes by laying the pieces closely together in rows, pressing the sharp edges into the dough; brush well with softened but not melted butter, sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar and bake in a hot oven. When done, dust with powdered sugar and cinnamon.—Washington Star.

To Reduce Weight.

To reduce one's weight, cut off one meal a day, breakfast preferably. Take a cup of clear coffee, sipping it slowly. Live largely on lean meat. Avoid sugars and starchy foods.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Egg and Cheese Salad.

Make as many nests of lettuce as you wish to serve on a platter, place in each a thick slice of cream (Neufchâtel) cheese, make a dent in each with the bowl of a spoon and set into it half of a hard boiled egg.—People's Home Journal.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

A correspondent has discovered a number of oddly named persons in Georgia counties. Among these names are: Borrowal Williams, Increase Thomas, Meriful Jenkins, Angel Jones, Salvation White, Happiness Johnson, Purity Scott and Paradise Lee.

Gen. Harrison C. Hobart, who has resigned from the Milwaukee public library board after a service of 25 years, was one of the union prisoners who tunneled their way out of Libby prison at Richmond, Va., during the civil war. Gen. Hobart is now in his eighty-ninth year.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, who some years ago bought Redemption rock in Princeton, Mass., where Mrs. Rawlinson was ransomed from the Indians by John Hoar, the first of the name in this country, in 1678, has presented the property to John Hoar, son of the late Sherman Hoar of Concord.

When Daniel Webster delivered his famous speech on the completion of Bunker Hill monument on June 17, 1843, there stood before him 40 actual participants in that memorable battle out of the original 2,000. The mighty Daniel turned and addressed them so tenderly that it brought tears from many eyes.

The duke of Norfolk is said to have great contempt for appearances. He was once observed walking down Pall Mall with a big brown-paper parcel under his arm. Upon a friend's inquiry what he was carrying, he informed him that it was "his uniform." He was on his way to a drawing-room at Buckingham palace, at which he would have to appear in gorgeous red and gold.

Twelve young men in Jersey City some time ago hit on the plan of hiring a freight car in which to make an economical trip to the Buffalo exposition. The idea has since attracted the favorable attention of so many of their friends that enough of them to fill nine similar cars have decided to join this novel excursion. Bunks will be fitted up along the sides and they will live in the cars during the trip, which will last four weeks.

It is not generally known that the King of England pays taxes under protest—that is to say, his majesty, like Queen Victoria, claims to be exempt from imposts, and yet is willing to contribute without prejudice to the rates. For instance, part of the Windsor farm lies within the radius of the borough. The municipal authority issues demand notes for the rates. The royal officials respond by paying a sum just under the amount requested and the collector is satisfied.

THE SCOOP NET MAN.

A Strapping Big Negro Who Figures in the Departure of Big Ocean Liners.

Just before a Ward liner leaves her East river pier for Cuba or Mexico a big, strapping negro, carrying a net attached to a long pole, takes up his position alongside the gangplank and nervously looks from those gathered on the wharf to the tourists assembled alongside the steamer's rails, says the New York Press.

When the gangplank is hauled to the wharf the negro's eyes roll in every direction, and he fidgets the pole as if he had an awful responsibility upon his brawny shoulders. The net is about the size of one used in crabbing, but the pole is about three times as long. Sometimes the net and pole are not used at all, and the negro goes away and puts it into a locker when the ship backs into the stream. His face brightens up as he does this. Frequently messengers arrive on the wharf late with bundles letters or telegrams; or passengers on the ship about to hawk away suddenly remember something which they jot down quickly and pass ashore. It is under such emergencies that the negro and his scoop net play their short inning. Quick as the flash of gunpowder he places the package or message in the bottom of the net, and with a deft turn of his wrist places the article in question under the nose of its owner.

No other steamship line uses a scoop net in this way, and ordinarily once the gang plank is withdrawn communication between the ship and the shore is closed except to the old-fashioned and seldom successful mode of hurling a letter wrapped up in a bunch of keys aboard, or to the more expensive habit of chasing the craft with a specially chartered tugboat. At best this net play is a quick move, for scarcely a few minutes mark the removal of the steamer's gangplank and the start of the ship steamward.

"I once passed a pocketbook aboard that a passenger had forgotten," said the knight of the net recently. "I learned that it had \$3,000 in it. The wife of a man going away brought it down just as the plank had been pulled in. The ship had begun to go astern, and I tell you them lawn tennis chaps never had to play as fine a game of touch and go as I did then. This net delivery is the invention of the stevedore, whose men have had to put valuable papers aboard ship on the fly. It is the only system of the kind in the country, so far as I know. We are all very proud of the plan."

Malaga Grapes.

Malaga is supposed to be the home of Malaga grapes, but in that particular it is largely a misnomer. Malaga grapes used to flourish in that vicinity many years ago, but there was a blight that killed off most of the vines, and that special brand of fruit is now chiefly grown elsewhere in Spain.—N. Y. Sun.

Going and Coming.
Women rush frantically to a wedding, but when they return home they say: "O, well; it was just like all the others."—Atchison Globe.

IGNORANCE NO EXCUSE.

An Unexpecting Young Man Properly Bounced by a Queer Greek Custom.

If in the course of your wanderings, gentle masculine reader, you should ever find yourself in the Greek village of Marcopoulo, 36 miles out of Athens, don't as you value your celibacy pick up any handkerchiefs which you may see lying on the ground. A suit for breach of promise, which is now being tried in the Greek capital, should be a warning to all bachelors who intend visiting Hellas without a chaperon. The plaintiff in this suit is a remarkably good-looking young woman, who demands that a young man, a total stranger to her until recently, and who never asked her hand in marriage in his life, should become her husband or pay her heavy damages, says the New York Press.

In the village of Marcopoulo there is a curious custom which has the force of law. On certain holidays the villagers assemble on the village green, and on these occasions any unmarried woman who thinks it is about time she took to herself a husband drops her handkerchief. The young man who picks it up is bound to marry her. His act of lifting the handkerchief has all the binding force of an engagement.

Now the full plaintiff in this suit made up her mind awhile ago that the boys in Marcopoulo were rather "backward about coming forward," and her chances of matrimony were gradually slipping away in spite of her good looks. So she went to the village green on the next holiday and dropped her handkerchief. There happened to be a strange youth in the village that day who was not familiar with the local customs. The village boy fought shy of the handkerchief, but the unsuspecting stranger picked it up.

Then the villagers set up a great shout and brought to him a blushing beauty, whom he had never seen before, announcing to him that she was his future wife. Naturally he was astonished, and could only murmur: "This is so sudden." Partially recovering his composure, he inquired if he might ask just why the young lady was to be his future wife.

He said he was over young to marry yet, and, in fact, declined with thanks. But the villagers explained their ancient custom to him and the young lady declared that he would marry her or she would know the reason why. The young man swore by Pallas Athena that he would "see her further" first, and made his escape from the village. But the girl was bent on marrying, and the personal inclinations of the man in the case could not be considered. So she brought suit for breach of promise and it was thought she would win her case, and the young man be forced either to marry her or "pay through the nose."

WAY THEY SWEAR IN INDIA.

There Are Many Objectionable Phrases in Daily Use Among the Orientals.

A professor of languages some years ago on returning from India, remarked upon the paucity of objectionable phrases amongst the British working classes when compared with the abundance supplied by the Orientals of a similar rank. To prove this, he gives a case which came under his own notice, says the Liverpool Post. He had dismissed a man servant for dishonesty, and the next morning, at six o'clock, he sought an interview with his former master. He flourished a carving-knife, with which he plainly intended to emphasize his remarks. When he found it impossible to gain admission, he sat under the window, and the "swearing" process began. The trustee, in no enviable frame of mind, made his escape, but returned later in the day and appeared before the assembled class to withdraw his stipulation. He was applauded to the echo, and the vacancies in his school were filled without further difficulty.

Eight of the class applied in a body for the primary department places, stating that they were plain and unattractive in looks, and that the complete absence of personal charm rendered any one of their number immune to the fascination of his eligible young men, and made a pledge of the nature asked unnecessary. The trustee, in no enviable frame of mind, made his escape, but returned later in the day and appeared before the assembled class to withdraw his stipulation. He was applauded to the echo, and the vacancies in his school were filled without further difficulty.

The most popular girl in the institution as well as the class was one of the chosen, and it is the announcement of her engagement and approaching marriage that caused the ripple of excitement and amusement in that normal school, for she is to marry—that trustee!

Pineapple Salad.

Peel three large, rather sweet apples; cut into thin slices and with a small round cutter remove the core. Cover the slices of the apples with cold water to keep them from discoloring. Peel four medium-sized, tart oranges; trim off the white pulp and slice the oranges across the grain the same thickness as the apples. Put slices of apple and oranges together; arrange these in a pyramid form on a glass dish. Reduce some thick mayonnaise with the juices that drain from the slices of orange and pour over the fruit and serve at once, very cold. Let the fruit chill before the mayonnaise is added.—Washington Star.

Breaking the Record.

"I see that it costs \$82 to fire a single shot from a 16-inch rifled gun." "Is that all?" It cost me a cool \$1,000 for a single shot from a four-inch revolver."

"What did you shoot?"
"My neighbor's fancy Jersey cow."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poker in the West.

"So he died with his boots on?" interrogated the man on the couch.

"Yes, stranger," responded Amber Pete. "He had a little habit of slipping aces in them an' the boys didn't give him a chance to take them off."

—Chicago Daily News.

DEFEAT OF A SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

Predication of an Official Who Wanted Anti-Marriage Pledges from Young Women.

There was some excitement in one of the state normal schools lately over the approaching marriage of one of last June's graduates, says the New York Sun.

It seems that some of the brightest young women of the class that was graduated last year were made unpleasantly conspicuous around commencement time by their refusal to comply with conditions which a trustee sought to impose. He represented a well-known high school in central New York, in which the salaries paid to teachers made employment desirable, and he had no difficulty in engaging the best students of the class as teachers. Before the contracts were signed, however, he caused a flutter of indignation protest by stipulating that the young women should pledge themselves to remain unmarried for two years.

He explained this unusual request by stating that frequent changing of the teachers was detrimental to a school, and that the teachers previously secured had been married off so rapidly after assuming their duties that the trustees felt themselves obliged to ask this pledge, in the best interests of the school. Very seldom, he said, a teacher stayed more than one year and the trustees usually received a resignation from their primary department during the holidays.

He did not know why this department should be especially conducive to matrimony, but the fact remained as stated. The teachers captured eligible young men of the place, or else through homesickness or perhaps the unaccustomed drudgery of earning a living they capitulated to some long-suffering patient swain at home. At any rate, matrimony made the department vacant often enough to threaten to demoralize the school.

"I will not hire a young woman who is engaged or has a sweetheart," he concluded firmly.

There was an embarrassing moment for the graduate. When he finished his speech then the best-looking young woman rose to the occasion.

"I am not exactly engaged," she confessed, with a blush, "but I plead guilty to having a sweetheart, so you may count me out."

The others explained elaborately that while they did not wish to marry, at least not for a long time, they did object to binding themselves with a pledge of that nature. They complained that it was a restriction on their personal liberty and ridiculous, anyway. After much heated discussion they respectfully declined the offered places, and the trustee was obliged to make a second selection.

Again his conditions were stated and flatly refused. By this time the news had spread among the graduates, and groups of students discussed the matter in the corridors, while the trustee continued to interview young women of marked ability, but not so prepossessing in appearance as his first choice. As fast as these interviews ended bulletins were got out showing the state of the market, and the general consternation gave way to unrestrained mirth.

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One Mule's Death.

It requires an effort to believe that a mule died at McCutcheonville, O., the other day from the effect of a sun-stroke. But this particular mule was over 40 years old and had served through the whole of the civil war. Perhaps, says the Chicago Tribune, the animal saw no other chance of dying in a blaze of glory, and did it on purpose.

Ambitious Bank Clerk.

A New York bank clerk is going to try to have himself recognized as a British peer. If he were anything but a bank clerk, says the Chicago Record-Herald, it might be suspected now that he needed money.

Honour Assailed.

Sandy Pikes—Why, old pard, yer

Billy Coaglate—Yep! Just done up

an artist drawin' me.

"Don't see any offense in dat."

"Yep; 'twas a wash drawin'"—Chicago Daily News.

SCORES COLLEGE BOYS

Kansas Judge Tells How They Got Themselves Disliked.

Self-important, noisy, ignorant of all Practical Wisdom and a Regular Out-and-Out Nuisance.

That the college boy is often too exuberant all who know him will admit, but that he is as much of a nuisance as Judge Frank Doster, of the Kansas supreme court, declares some will question, says the Chicago Chronicle. "Among other things," said