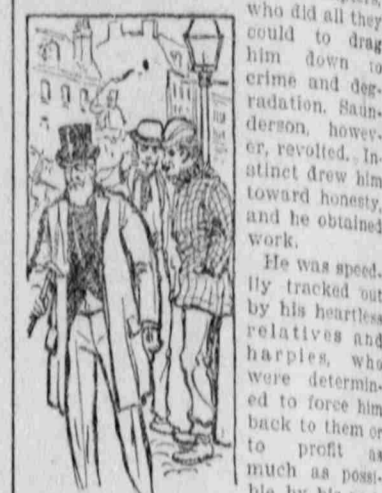


THE LAST SURVIVING OFFICER OF THE MONITOR

INNOCENT PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN DISGUISE.

For the best part of his life a well known Glasgow merchant lived and worked under a disguise so perfect that his own relatives could have passed him in the public streets without recognition, and he took infinite pains to maintain this disguise solely that his relations should never know him if they met him by chance. Learning this much casually, ninety-nine people out of a hundred would, not unreasonably, decide that Sanderson's motive was a bad if not an absolutely illegal one, but it was as good and legitimate as possible.

The facts were simply that Sanderson was born in one of the worst parts of Houndditch and belonged, through no choice of his own, to a family of habitual criminals. Fatherless, he fell into evil hands and among tempters who did all they could to drag him down to crime and degradation. Sanderson, however, revolted. In a fit of indignation toward his parents and toward himself, he was determined to force him back to them to profit as much as possible by his position. They took passed for the twin brother of Dr. Leyds.



The clerk would have given. They took passed for the twin brother of Dr. Leyds. His antecedents and did not hesitate in lying details to give them a worse or. Through their machinations he lost situation after situation, until by means of a patiently elaborated disguise he changed his appearance utterly and under cover of this escaped from his persecutors and began life again.

There was in a London city office a clerk who, so far as facial lineaments were concerned, would have passed for the twin brother of Dr. Leyds. In his personal character he was as patriotic a Britisher as ever breathed, but his resemblance to the Boer agent was the bane of his existence. His fellow clerks made his life a misery to him, customers stared and even the head of the firm smiled covertly. The victim made up his mind to act, asked for a few days holiday, and returned to the office no more in his old shape. He had become a new man, and, as if to suggest a wish, on Dame Fortune's part to atone for the trick she had played him, his appearance was now so alert and youthful looking that he was promoted to a higher position which his superiors had previously decided not to give him.

There was once a commercial traveler who was well known in the midlands of England. He was clever, hardworking and pushing, and no one had a word to say against him. For a long time he did well, but then a shadow crept over his home, where the wife and children looked to him for everything. It was hardly more than a joke at first, but it rapidly became an exceedingly grim one. Despite all his good qualities, Barnes bore a grievously striking resemblance to a particularly callous and cold blooded felon who had paid the penalty of the gallows and whose portrait had been shown broadcast about the country.

The effects were disastrous. Even old friends grew shy of being seen with Barnes, and strangers shunned him. His business fell away, notwithstanding his frantic efforts to retain it, and his ruin stared him in the face. He vanished for a time and reappeared with nothing of his old personality beyond his eyes and voice.

Until a little while ago there lived in a quiet Wessex (England) village a sweet faced, white haired widow who spoke in a soft voice with a foreign accent and whose charities were known to the poor for miles around. She died, and when visitors were admitted to see her for the last time they beheld lying in the coffin not the old lady they thought they knew, but a beautiful, sad faced woman with raven hair. She had guarded her secret while she lived, but death had revealed it. She had been the wife of a French sharper of illustrious name but wrecked reputation, to whom she had been forced by her father to ally herself. After suffering unbearable brutality and outrage she fled from him and sought refuge in disguise.

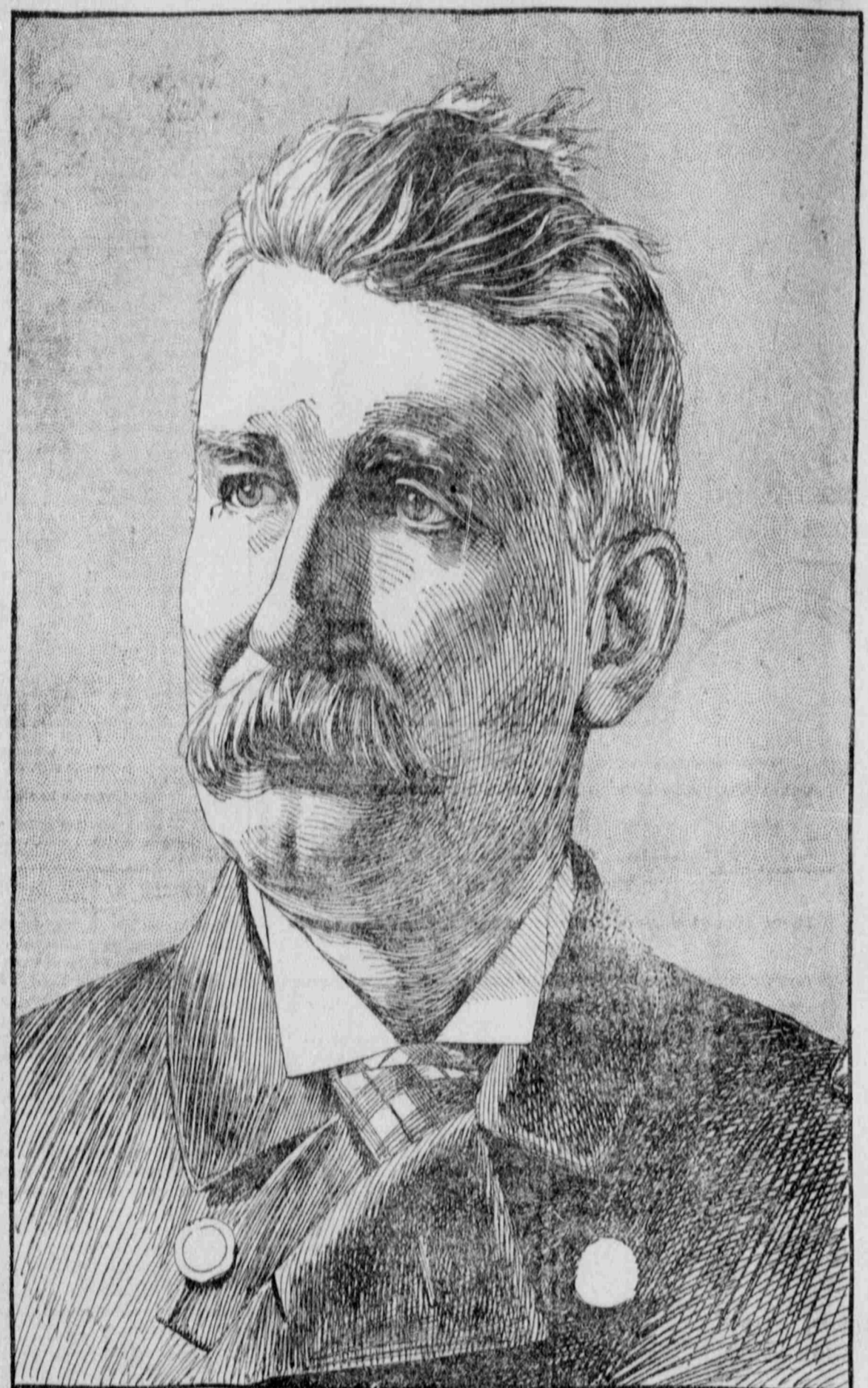
WHERE SNAILS RACE. Some Florentian experts in snailology, finding time hanging heavy on their hands, conceived the idea of accurately calculating the traveling speed of snails, and with this end in view it was decided to make a series of more or less elaborate experiments. Half a dozen of the mollusks were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart. Exact time was kept from the start to the finish, and thus the average "pace" was ascertained. The experimenters reduced their figures into tables of feet and thus found that it would take a snail exactly fourteen days to travel a mile.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE. A novel and certainly effective device was utilized by an unemployed Liverpool clerk for the purpose of obtaining a situation. It was to engage a snail which man to parade the neighborhood of the Liverpool exchange with placards setting forth the clerk's acquirements. The announcement, neatly inscribed in text hand and written with pen and ink, stated that the advertiser was an experienced bookkeeper, a shorthand writer and a linguist; also that he was a married man with two children. It gave, of course, an address to which inquirers were referred.

that one-third profited by education, another third gaiters little by it and one-third were failures. "And what becomes of the failures?" "Oh, they marry."

Christmas day Mrs. McKInley sent a pair of hand worked alppers with herself to a Richmond (Va.) girl who some time ago put a picture of the late president out of a magazine and mailed it to his widow.

NEARLY forty years ago a voyage was made which, considering its brief duration, was probably fraught with consequences of greater moment to this nation than any other that has been performed in American waters. On the 6th of March, 1862, the little ironclad Monitor left the harbor of New York and sailed for Newport News, reaching her destination about midnight of the 8th, just in time to meet and defeat the Confederate ironclad Merrimac, which that very day had nearly destroyed two Federal ships of war and was about to sail forth on what promised to be an unopposed career of destruction against her wooden walled adversaries. This is the historical fact, known to all, but it will come almost as a shock to many—who can hardly realize



CAPTAIN L. N. STODDER

that the civil war was fought and over more than a generation ago—to learn that of the nearly sixty men who were on the Monitor at that time barely half a dozen survive. Of the officers of that historic craft, in fact, there is at present only one survivor, Captain Louis N. Stodder, at present supervisor of anchorages of the port of New York and a veteran of the United States revenue service. Born in Boston, Mass., in 1838, Captain Stodder entered the navy from the merchant marine at an early age and was in the gunnery school then established at Brooklyn when in January, 1862, a call was made for volunteers to

work the guns of the "cheesebox on a raft," then in an unfinished state at Green Point. John Ericsson's "new-fangled concern," as some then styled it, was the laughing stock of all the naval wits who had seen or heard of it, and the prospective gunners were warned that they were taking their lives in their hands when they volunteered. But the men were found, and the vessel was constructed at a rate of progress probably unprecedented. Within 100 days from the laying of her keel the Monitor was launched with machinery complete, and within 150 days she had won the victory over the Merrimac which revolutionized naval architecture. That great Swedish inventor, not only supplied the energy and the vim, the plans and the material, but he is said to have practically owned the Monitor at the time she won the fight. This is not greatly to the credit of our government, but that, again, is quite another story. Suffice it that the queer craft was built, was launched and engaged and then, manned with such a crew as could be hastily collected, started on her famous voyage. Commenced in October, 1861, and launched in January, 1862, the Monitor went into commission Feb. 23, and before the 10th of March had achieved her momentous victory.

No wonder that the genial Captain Stodder's eyes sparkle at remembrance of the memorable voyage and that, looking back over the forty intervening years, he feels quite young again as he fights his battles o'er. And he is not so old, after all, for, as Dr. Holmes might say, he is only sixty-three years young. He has a fine, hearty way with him, his head is well shaped, his complexion like a boy's and his mental poise is perfect.

Of the two occurrences, the voyage and the fight that followed, I rather fancy the former was the more dreaded by the gallant tars. In fact, I know so, for as we can verify by allusion to the annals of the time, the Monitor was built for service in smooth waters only, and at least twice on the trip to Hampton Roads came very near sinking. When she finally arrived there, her officers and crew had been for forty-eight hours without sleep and almost without food, yet they stripped their vessel for action as soon as they reached the Roads and proceeded immediately to business. They had received the first news of the fight of the day preceding from a pilot off Cape Henry. They had never before even heard of the Merrimac, for she had been kept in hiding, and, though they had heard the heavy firing when at sea, they thought it must be the guns of Fortress Monroe at practice. Their astonishment was great when the pilot told them the news—that this new monster had suddenly appeared in the midst of the Federal fleet, had sunk the Cumberland, forced the Congress to surrender and run several other ships aground, so that she, to all appearances, had the whole United States navy at her mercy.

That might have seemed alarming news to some, but to these sailors who had just risked their lives at sea in Ericsson's "iron pot" almost anything would seem better than taking the voyage over again. In fact, there was no thought but of attacking, and almost before they had washed the sea salt out of their eyes and with the Monitor all ready and battered from her buffeting by the waves, they sailed in and gave battle. If the Monitor's steering gear had not broken down and delayed her for a time, she might have carried out the original programme, which was to enter the Potomac and make her way to Washington. If she could pass the Potomac batteries without being sunk by their concentrated fire, Uncle Sam had promised to accept her. This was "looking a gift horse in the mouth" with a vengeance, as subsequent events have proved, but Ericsson had taken the chances, for he was ready to build the vessel on any terms, so confident was he of ultimate success.

Well, as it turned out, the Monitor's detention was providential, for instead of proceeding up the Potomac to Washington to be inspected by the president she found a fight on her hands at the word "go." She stripped for it and won, as we know now. But we may imagine the feelings of the men aboard of her as she steamed slowly, yet unwaveringly, to meet her formidable antagonist. That moment there was being tested an entirely new kind of armament, and not only that, but new guns and tactics. The gunners had been told that their ear drums would be burst when the big guns in the turret went off and they would be hurled to the deck unconscious. But Ericsson had assured them that no such thing would occur, and if they knew of the firing at all it would be from seeing the smoke and the recoil. They put their trust in the old inventor, and it was not misplaced; only if they had had greater confidence in the guns and put in bigger charges the Monitor's projectiles might have pierced the Merrimac's armor and ended the fight sooner. But in they went, these fighters of forty years ago, and, taking up a position near the sunken warship, awaited the coming of the foe. When the Merrimac appeared, the Monitor steamed out to meet her and to her rapid broadside fire replied slowly, at about seven minute intervals. Every shot, however, took effect, or would have taken effect if the charges of powder had been thirty pounds instead of fifteen, for all, or nearly all, went where they were aimed.

There are many at this day so distant from that great fight who may have no distinct picture before them of the occurrences, and for this reason Captain Stodder's description will be quoted: "The Merrimac was a frigate which the Confederates found burned and sunk when they took possession of Norfolk and which they raised and converted into an ironclad. She appeared to be impregnable and was commanded by a brave officer of the old navy, Franklin Buchanan. When she made her advent at Hampton Roads about midday of March 8, 1862, she carried swift consternation to all the United States vessels there assembled. As history tells us, she sank the Cumberland, forced the Congress to give up and after a brief fight withdrew, leaving the frigates Minnesota, Roanoke and St. Lawrence grounded and practically helpless. Two guns and twenty men were her losses on that day when she carried terror to the heart of our navy, and she retired at night with the determination to return in the morning and complete the work of destruction.

"The appearance of the Monitor was as great a surprise to the men of the Merrimac as that of the latter vessel had been to those of the former. As soon as the news was received the Monitor had begun practice with her big guns, stripped of her sea rig and put in fighting trim, so when she arrived at anchorage near the stranded Minnesota at midnight her men were somewhat prepared for what they expected to happen on the morrow. There was not much to encourage them, however, and if ever men were justified in regarding themselves as victims for a sacrifice they were those on board the Monitor. Near their lay the Cumberland, only her peak above water, with her flag still flying, and soon after their arrival the Congress blew up amid a blaze of sparks, disclosing also the unfortunate positions of her ill fated companions.

"Sunday, March 9, dawned clear and cloudless, showing the Merrimac at anchor near Sewall's point. Shortly after 7 o'clock she was reported under way, and instantly all was life aboard the Monitor. The iron hatches were closed, deadlight covers put on and all obstructions removed from the main deck so as to present a smooth surface only twenty-four inches above the water, unbroken save for the pilothouse and turret. These preparations concluded, officers and men took their stations for the coming battle. Lieutenant Worden directed operations from the pilothouse, a wrought iron structure situated well forward near the bow and projecting four feet above the deck, whence a speaking tube ran to the turret amidships. By Lieutenant Worden's side were Howard, the pilot, and Quartermaster Williams, who steered the Monitor during the engagement. Lieutenant Greene commanded in the turret, where also I was stationed, with Chief Engineer Stimers as assistant in charge of the machinery that controlled the revolving of the turret.

"Each of the two guns in the turret was manned by a crew of eight men, captained by Boatswain's Mate John Stocking and Seaman Thomas Lochrane. The fight began with a broadside from the Merrimac directed at the Minnesota, but the Monitor did not return the fire until within range and almost alongside. Then Lieutenant Worden stopped the engine and gave the order to begin firing. Lieutenant Greene instantly tried up the port, ran out the gun, took careful aim and pulled the lockstring. The Merrimac answered by a broadside from her ten guns, and the duel was on in earnest."

Shortly after noon Lieutenant Worden, the Monitor's commander, was rendered blind and helpless by a shell that struck the pilothouse and was for a time incapacitated by the painful accident. He was then forty-four years old, "but looked all of sixty," Captain Stodder says, "with his long beard and cadaverous countenance." He had been in the United States naval service many years and had reached the grade he then held, of lieutenant, in 1840, but after this great action he was rapidly promoted. Just previously to being appointed to command the Monitor he had been released by the Confederates, who had captured him when he was returning from an important mission. He was still suffering from this imprisonment when he took command, but had sufficient energy to carry out the plans of his superiors in the navy department and forge the Monitor on to victory. He suffered from the effects of the explosion that blinded him even to the day of his death, which occurred in Washington in October, 1867.

The next in command, Lieutenant Samuel Dana Greene, executive officer on the Monitor, was only twenty-three at the time of the fight, but was a graduate of the Naval academy and had seen service several years. He died at the Portsmouth (N. H.) navy yard in 1884. Like Captain Stodder, who served in the turret with him, he remained with the Monitor until she foundered off Cape Hatteras the last day of December, 1862. So it will be seen that Captain Stodder, the only surviving officer of the Monitor, stood by her during her entire existence. He saw her launching and he witnessed her sad end when she plunged beneath the waves, carrying down sixteen officers and seamen.

WHALING PAST AND PRESENT

"WHAT'S the matter with whaling?" used to be the reply to the fond father on the New England coast when he would inquire what to do with his boy, too big to go to school and not old enough to go into business for himself. And "what's the matter with whaling?" the old barnacle backs are asking now, but in a different way. Something is the matter with it, that's certain, for it seems to have "gone to the dogs," so far as remunerative returns go. The profits have been dwindling year by year until they are now hardly worth considering, the whalers ruefully admit.

Compare the last season's catch as reported from New Bedford via San Francisco with the catches of some of the lucky seasons that have preceded it, and we shall find some cause for forebodings. By the last accounts the total catch in the arctic amounts to less than thirty-nine whales, the best vessel getting only twelve, while a few years ago the higher number was not considered large for one ship. And this catch includes not only the season just closed, but what were left over from last autumn. It is called the smallest catch for years and was obtained by the greatest outlay of material.

Any way they fix it, the whalers always seem to be "playing in hard luck," for if they get a small catch, of course their rewards are small; if they make a large one, the prices of oil and whalebone run down to almost nothing in consequence. Take, for instance, the phenomenal year of 1893, when the banner catch of the decade was made. There were nearly twenty vessels of the arctic fleet that landed none at all, and yet the others more than made up for their loss by their enormous hauls. It seemed as though nearly all the whales in the Arctic ocean rose up right alongside and permitted themselves to be harpooned or bombed to death. Generally the whales make off for the pack ice and hide themselves securely out of sight as soon as they hear the whir of the propellers. To encourage the unfortunate whalers who have made next to nothing this year it may be recalled that one steamer of the 1893 fleet brought to port the large number of sixty-four whales, another eighteen, another seventeen, another forty-seven, still another nineteen, and so on, rolling up a grand total for the fleet of 353 whales in a single season. Still the lucky men were not satisfied, and one of them complained: "I don't know but I'd have been better off to have captured half a dozen, for the catch is so blamed big that the price of bone will drop to nothing, and a whale that is ordinarily worth \$5,000 won't pay enough to fit out the aloft chest. One thing is certain, and that is, with so many steamers out, the sailing vessels might as well tie up to the wharfs and save the money it costs to fit out."

One of the steamers in 1893 took twenty-six whales in twenty days, and another took four the day operations commenced in the month of July. The most disgusted captain of the fleet was the master of a steamer that took only one whale, and that a "stinker," as the sailors call it, or one that had been shot by some other whaler and had sunk, rising again when decomposition had set free the gases within. He might have made more money, he said, staying at home and bobbing for smelts off a pierhead. The great catch of 1893, however, did not ruin the market utterly, for at last accounts whalebone was quoted at \$2.50 per pound and likely to rise, the shrewd ones say, to at least \$4. The ones who make the money, after all, are those who can buy the bone at bottom prices and hang on for a rise in values. There is such a comparatively small quantity in the markets that it does not need much capital or acumen to corner all the visible supply. Oil, of course, does not count for so much as it did before petroleum was discovered and various substitutes for lubricating purposes were invented.

Nature seldom deprives the world of one supply without providing another, or at least a substitute, and it was so with the substitution of petroleum for whale oil. The bone is not so easy to replace, although there are several substitutes "just as good" which do not always fill the bill, however. So the whalers go forth to do business on the vasty deep and equip themselves annually to hunt the leviathan in his native lair.



A MODERN WHALER.

Time has changed since the comparatively easy days of the primitive industry when the whale could be found in temperate and tropical waters, even though the voyages were long and the rewards not always very great. Many can remember when Nantucket and New Bedford were in the heyday of their glory, reeking with oil and amassing more capital than they knew what to do with. But now a change has come. First there was a substitution of Portuguese sailors for the native material, and then the sailing vessels dropped out one by one, their places being taken by steamers armed with all the latest scientific appliances, such as harpoon guns, bombs, etc., which reduced the dangers and discomforts of whaling to the minimum.

The beautiful West Indian islands were once the haunts of the whalers, but the whale has retired farther and farther within his arctic fastnesses, diving under the pack ice at the approach of his enemies and keeping pursons always in uncomfortable situations. It was only a few years ago that the United States government had to go to the rescue of the unlucky whalers imprisoned by ice and threatened with starvation at Point Barrow in the Arctic. And, by the irony of fate, some of the vessels that left their bones to bleach there were among those that had made the enormous catches of 1893.

So it has been "turn about and turn about" with the whalers for many years. The men who have made fortunes have generally been those who stayed at home and "whaled" the whalers, and so probably it will always be, until finally the huge cetaceans return to the terrestrial mode of life, from which, some of the scientists say, they departed in the ages long ago. The whale is not a fish at all, but a warm blooded, air breathing animal which, they say, has descended from an ancestor that once upon a time had four legs and lived upon dry land. According to the law of nature, which provides that

If an organ is not used it shall become atrophied and finally disappear, the whales became deprived of their legs when they found it too hard to use



THE OLD WAY.

them and made use of their tails instead. According to the scientific naturalists, they left the land, took to the water and have since lived in the sea. Whaling was going on in this country more than 200 years ago, and about fifty years ago the American whaling

fleet consisted of over 700 sail, with an aggregate of 231,000 tons. The catch of 1846 was worth \$21,000,000, in 1864 it was about \$11,000,000, and twenty

PERT PERSONALS.

"A hot sausage tastes best when it is eaten without knife or fork," remarked the German emperor some time ago when on visiting the barracks at Potsdam he espied a kettled of sausages boiling in the kitchen fire. Jenny Lind and Mme. Blanche Marchesi were pupils of Manuel Garcia, the greatest singing master of his time.

He was born in Madrid in 1805 and now lives at Cricklewood. The queen of the Belgians is very fond of animals and any act of cruelty toward them at once arouses her indignation. One day recently while she was driving in her pony carriage at Spa a rickshaw cart drawn by a dog passed along the road. The two men in the

vehicle were beating the poor animal unmercifully, and the queen ordered them to desist. As they took no notice of her except to treat her majesty to a volley of abuse she drove after them and on approaching a police station placed them under arrest. Moreover, the matter did not rest there, for the men were severely punished. M. Herve, who was formerly professor at the University of Sens, is again in

trouble through his writings. A Paris dispatch says that the ex-professor is to be prosecuted because of an article he has addressed to conscripts denouncing barracks life. The instructor was suspended from his duties eighteen months ago for publishing an article in a provincial newspaper reflecting on the French army. M. Herve appealed from the decision to the supreme council of education of France. The matter has

already been brought up in the chamber of deputies and promises to assume political importance. Sir Rennell Rodd, who was recently appointed secretary to the English legation at Rome, is a poet of no mean order. In addition to publishing several volumes of verse he has written a biography of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany and a book on "Customs and Lore of Modern Greece." He

will be remembered as the special agent to King Menelik of Abyssinia in 1897, but before then he had served in various diplomatic positions in Berlin, Paris, Athens, Rome and Cairo. Mr. Francis Galton, speaking of the unwillingness of girls of culture to marry, said in a recent lecture that the president of a woman's college was lately asked by a visitor about the after life of the students. She replied