

Remarkable Torpedo Conflict.

An officer of the Turkish navy has discovered that the most effective way to beat off an enemy's torpedo boats from an ironclad is to use torpedoes against them. The Russians became aware of this new plan of their enemies upon attempting to destroy a Turkish monitor stationed near where the Aluta River flows into the Danube. It was while their troops were crossing the Danube, and as the monitor had been causing them much annoyance by constantly shelling their batteries and destroying their boats, it was deemed necessary to drive away the too active monster lest she should inflict infinitely greater damage by destroying the only bridge across the river.

A correspondent of the *London News* describes the conflict which followed. The Russians built four torpedo boats, and their crews put the boats in ambush behind an island. When the monitor came steaming along out, the torpedo boats dashed upon her. To the surprise of the Russians, the Turkish sailors exhibited none of that confusion which usually characterizes them upon the sudden appearance of an enemy's vessel. Evidently they had a trained and cool commander. The crew quickly prepared the vessel for action, and then defended her with a bravery and skill that won the admiration of the Russians. Her commander began his defense by thrusting out from the monitor torpedoes on the ends of long spars, thus threatening the boats with being blown in the air; at the same time opening a terrific fire on them with small arms and a mitrailleuse. He moreover maneuvered his boat in a very skillful manner, and with such dexterity, that, with the torpedoes protecting the monitor, the Russian boats were unable to approach near enough to it to discharge their torpedoes. He besides tried to run the boats down and nearly succeeded in doing so. The cause of this magnificent defense was soon apparent. The commander of the monitor was a European, the Russians thought him to be an Englishman; a tall man, with a long blonde beard. He stood on the deck of the monitor with his hands in his pockets, giving his orders in the coolest manner. The commanders of the torpedo-boats continued their attempts to destroy the monitor for over an hour, flitting round the monitor and constantly seeking to get at her, but without success. The monitor was equally active in trying to run them down; avoiding a collision by quick movements, backing and advancing, turning and ploughing the water into foam as she pursued or avoided her tiny antagonists—a lion attacked by a rat. At one time a torpedo-boat found itself between the monitor and the shore. The monitor instantly began backing down upon the boat with the intention of crushing it against the bank. Just at this moment the engineer of the launch was wounded. There was some delay in starting the engines, while the current carried her head around in such a position as to make escape apparently impossible. One of the crew sprang out into the shallow water and pushed the boat, and at the time moment the engines were started. The boat scraped the monitor, but escaped. Meantime a Russian officer had sprang ashore, and had emptied his revolver, firing at the exposed captain of the monitor. The captain finally took off his hat and bowed, evidently not having been struck by a bullet. Later, however, the gallant man seems to have been killed or wounded, for he suddenly disappeared from the deck. The monitor then retired precipitately from the action. The Russian loss was only four or five wounded.

Beecher and the Workingmen.

CAN EIGHT PERSONS BE SUPPORTED ON A DOLLAR A DAY?

To the Editor of the Sun:

Sir—I am a laboring man, at present out of work, and how long it will last I know not. I hope you will publish this for the benefit of my fellow laborers, who, with me, have always considered the Rev. H. W. B. a friend to the poor man. A bitter feeling was created in my heart towards the Rev. H. W. Beecher while reading his sermon delivered in the Plymouth Church, last Sunday night. He

says that we, the laboring men, say that \$1 a day is not enough to support a wife and six children. It was not enough, he said, if the man sinned, if he drank beer, and if he and his family wanted superior clothing, food and shelter. But, said Mr. B. vehemently, is not \$1 a day enough to buy bread? And water costs nothing, and a man that can't live on bread is not fit to live.

Can Mr. Beecher, who receives \$20,000 per year, judge how much a laboring man can live on? Could or would Mr. Beecher be able to support a family of eight on \$1 a day?

Will any man of sense uphold Mr. Beecher in his theory that a family of eight can be supported on \$1 per day without some of them begging or stealing? Does not the city of Brooklyn pay seventeen cents a day for feeding its thieves, house-breakers, and vagrants, without supplying them with clothes, nor yet giving them tobacco or beer? Now, if Mr. Beecher will multiply seventeen by eight, he will see that it is \$136. Now, if it costs \$1.36 a day to feed eight thieves, how much will it cost to feed, clothe, and pay rent for a laboring man, wife, and six children? Will Mr. Beecher please inform us, as it may be intended his \$1 a day to mean for food alone? Oh, H. W. B., little did you think of \$1 per day, when you issued your vehement orders at the Pierpont House, Brooklyn. I know, and so does the rest of the world, that that read your sermon in the *Eagle*, that you were merely pandering to the feelings of the rich members of your church. I regret the acts that are now taking place, but your remarks, Mr. Beecher, have created a strong spirit of mutiny in the hearts of honest, faithful laboring men, more so than the reduction of ten per cent. would have done.

JOHN LAFFRE, laborer,
56 Division Avenue, Brooklyn.
—*New York Sun*.

Rats Set a Steamship on Fire.

The Pacific Mail Steamship *Granada* arrived yesterday from Panama. A rumor was circulated yesterday that the *Granada* was a few days ago set on fire by one of the Chinese crew, but a *Chronicle* reporter, after a thorough investigation, found the report to be ungrounded. There was a fire, however. At 3.15 a. m. on Monday last, while the ship was beating against a heavy wind and running sea about forty miles off Point Conception, some Chinese sailors, who were asleep in their hammocks over the forward hatch, were awakened by smoke. At the same time the watch on deck discovered dense smoke issuing from the hatch. An agile Mongol ran abaft and informed First Officer Hart that the ship was on fire. Simultaneously the boatswain, also a Mongol, violently rung the fire-bell. First Officer Hart is afraid of fire. He has been burned on several times and was on the *Japa* when that steamer was burned off the Chinese coast about two years ago. He has for years made it a habit to have the hose placed on the deck every night at eight o'clock. Rushing forward he found that the ship was indeed on fire. The captain was instantly notified, and Hart, seizing an axe, chopped a hole in the hatch and called for a small-sized volunteer. A Chinaman, stark naked, sprang forward, and Hart ordered him to take the hose and go below and extinguish the fire. The almond-eyed tar bound a wet towel over his face and obeyed with alacrity, and Hart, who is a large man, enlarged the aperture and followed. Seven Chinamen went down after him like monkeys, and the pumps were manned. The engine was stopped, and, ceasing its task of driving wheels, commenced forcing water. By this time the passengers, alarmed by the unwonted tumult and the clanging fire-bell, were huddled, half naked, on the deck in a panic. The women shrieked and the sterner sex felt decidedly shaky. The exploring squad below decks groped their way through the suffocating smoke to the store room in the forehold, where they found the fire. The pumps were already working, and in three and a half minutes after the alarm water was playing on the flames, and in three and a half minutes more the blaze was extinguished. The origin of the fire was certainly very curious. In the store-room was a barrel of matches in paper boxes. Rats are

remarkably fond of phosphorus. This *outré* taste caused the fire. I was found that rats had gnawed their way through the walls of the state room and into the matches, and in their nibblings at the lucifers the attrition of their teeth ignited them and created the blaze. Insurance agents state that the majority of the instances of fire by "spontaneous combustion" are really caused by rats nibbling at matches.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

A Very Close Call.

A YOUNG LADY SAVED FROM A FEARFUL DEATH.

Last Saturday afternoon, about 6 o'clock, Miss Nellie Pinney, daughter of Milton Pinney, Esq., of the City Mills, accompanied by a lady friend, paid a visit to her father's mill. Mr. Ed. Thorpe invited them to look through the mill. While watching the revolving machinery in one of the upper rooms, Miss Nellie's clothing was caught in the cogs of one of the immense wheels, and in less time than it takes to write it, she was being drawn into the crushing jaws of death. Without fully realizing her own danger she called out, "O! Uncle Ed." Mr. Thorpe comprehended the imminent danger and grasped his niece around the waist and drew her with all his strength away from the wheel. He is a powerful man, as well as alderman from the First Ward, but before he could free her, his knuckles struck against the cogs, skinning them badly. With a strength gained by desperation, he tore her clothes loose from the waist, and as they were ground to atoms in the whirling machinery, and his loving niece, although stripped of her outer garments, was saved, he walked away weak and faint.

By the time Mr. Thorpe had freed the young lady, the engineer had shut off the steam, and the machinery was nearly dead. Still the power was great enough to break several cogs, as the lady's tilter was drawn through them. This is the second life Mr. Ed. Thorpe has been instrumental in saving within as many months.—*Nebraska Free Press*.

THE PARADISE OF BABIES—One of the first problems presented to a foreign teacher in Japan is the reason of the great apparent happiness and light-heartedness of Japanese children. One may walk for hours through the streets of Tokio, and scarcely ever hear a child's cry of distress. Four principal causes of this superiority of the children over those of other nations have been suggested by an English lady resident here. They are so well worthy of the attention of teachers at home that I reproduce them here. They are—

1. The style of clothing, loose yet warm, is far more comfortable than the dress of our children.
2. Japanese children are much more out in the open air and sunshine.
3. The absence of furniture, and therefore, the absence of repeatedly-given instruction "not to touch." The thick, soft matting, forming at once the carpet and the beds of Japanese houses and raised lintel, on to which the child may clamber as it grows strong, constitute the very beau ideal of an infant's playground.
4. Children are much petted, without being capriciously treated. A child is not cuffed one moment and indulged the next, as is too frequently the case at home.

To these four most suggestive reasons I would add a fifth, which is that Japanese character is so constituted as to bring their elders into much stronger sympathy with the little ones than is the case in busy, bustling, money-making England. It has been well said that "Japan is a paradise of babies," for you may see old and young together playing at battledoor and shuttlecock in the streets; while on holidays the national amusement of men, women and children is flying huge paper kites. Paper shows and masquerades also have their votaries in thousands from among both sexes and all ages.—*Cor. London Spectator*.

The foolish man rusheth out to see the mob, and is shot through the lungs, but the wise man buggeth the constitution of the United States to his bosom, and abideth in the cellar until the evil day be over.—*Hawkeye*.

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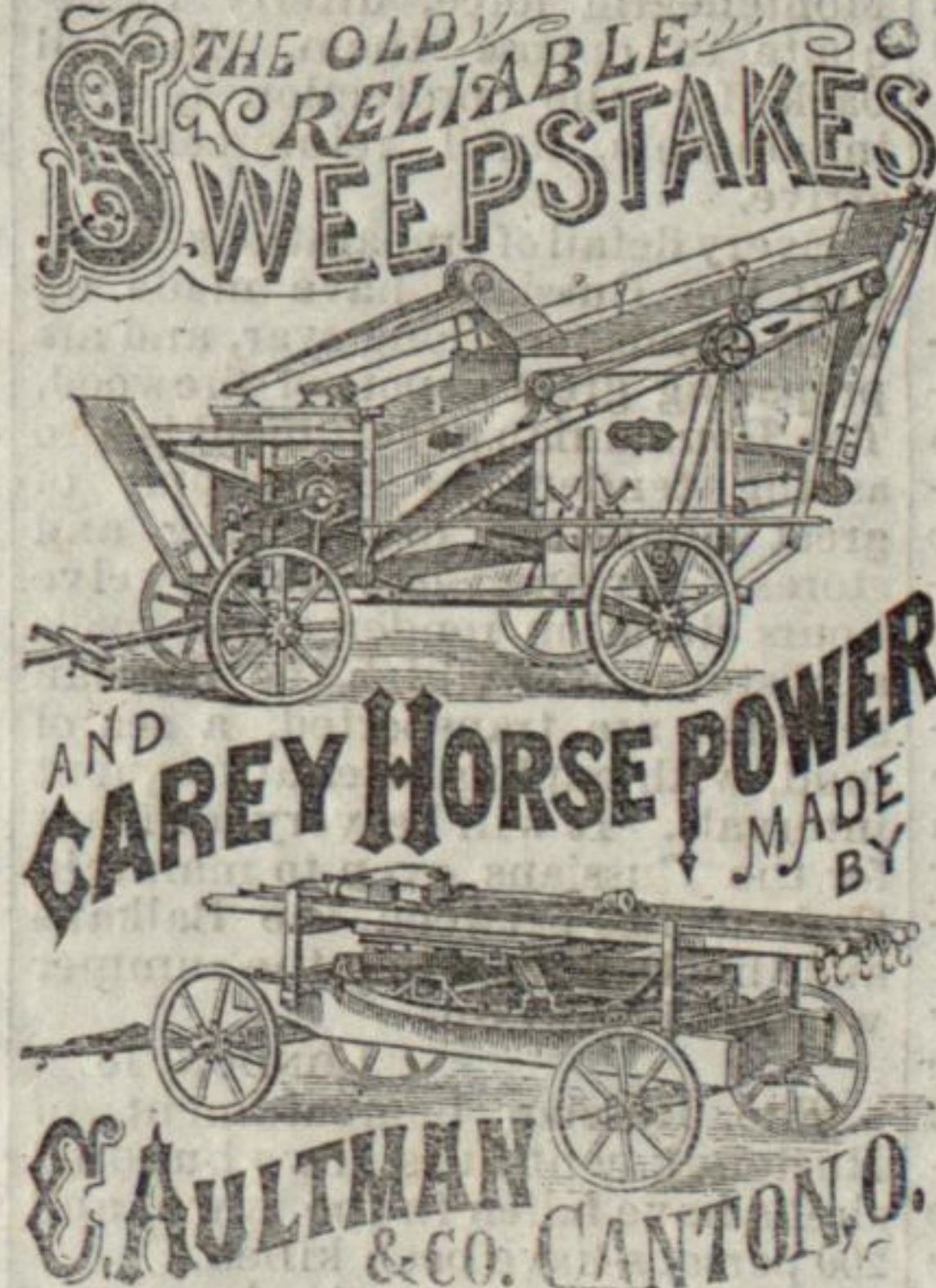
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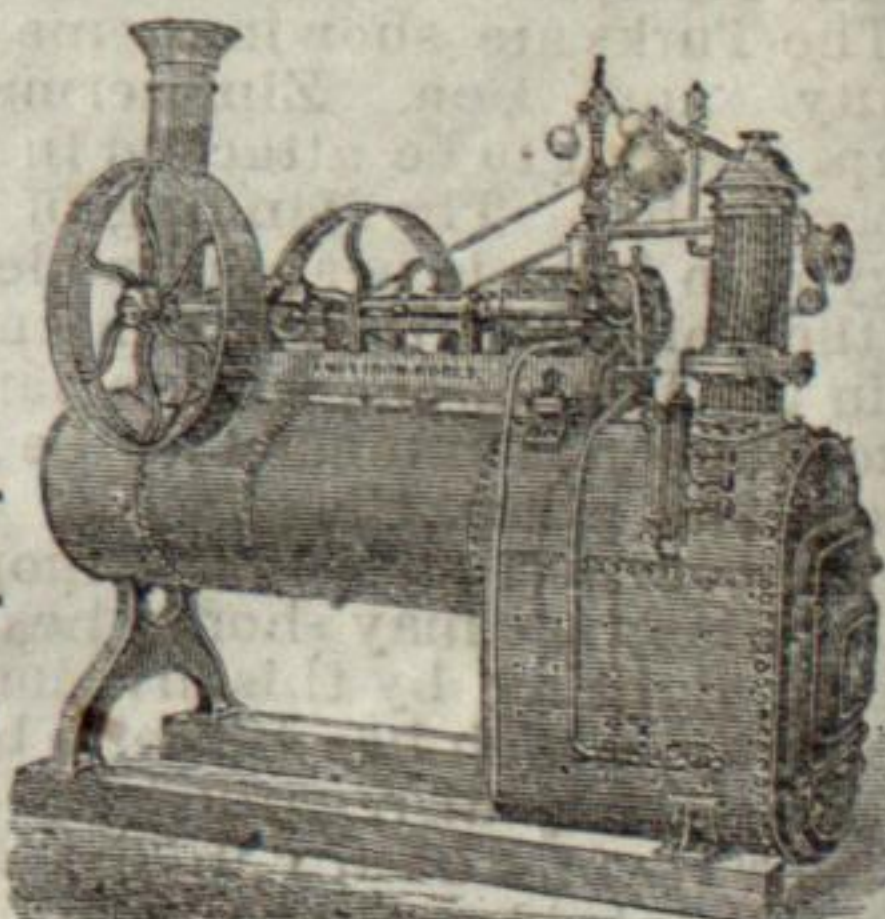
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