

enant Greene were to move off and make for Fortress Monroe. I did not know at this time that he had been made chief in command. I thought this order a great mistake, for I knew that if we left the Merrimac would come back and destroy the Minnesota. Instead of obeying Lieutenant Greene I went down to see Captain Worden. I said to him, 'Captain, they want me to move off to Fortress Monroe. If we do this the Merrimac will surely destroy the Minnesota. I don't want to do it.'

"You must see Lieutenant Greene," replied Captain Worden. 'He is now in command, and you must get your orders from him.'

"I then went to Lieutenant Greene and begged him not to leave the Minnesota. I showed him the danger of the Merrimac coming back, and after a while persuaded him to allow me to take the Monitor to the Minnesota. This we did and anchored there. In the meantime the Merrimac was slowly moving off toward Norfolk, and her share in the battle was over. During the engagement her men, I understand, were anxious to get close enough to us to board us, hoping that they could destroy the machinery in the turret with sledges and wedges. I think such a thing would have been impossible. Shortly after the Merrimac moved off, I asked Lieutenant Greene if he would not like to take a shot at the Yorktown and the Jamestown, the two confederate men-of-war, which were anchored off Sewall's Point, half a mile away. He consented, and we steered for them. We fired a shot at each of them, and as we did so they slipped their cables and left."

"Did you go on the Minnesota?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "We boarded it while we were lying beside it. We were surprised to find no one on it. The ship had been deserted by all save the commissioned officers and a few others. A fuse had been connected with its magazine and it was so arranged that it would have been blown up had there been any danger of actual capture by the Merrimac. It was used after the war as a recruiting ship and stationed at New York. I was ordered to duty upon it, and acted as one of its lieutenants for more than a year."

"You did not remain upon the Monitor?"

"No. The Merrimac did not return, and I left the ship that evening and went back to my brig, the Amanda. I was afterward in command of another monitor on the Mississippi. Its name was the Neosho, and I left her at the close of the war. After the war was over my service was on the old Minnesota. Then Captain Worden was ordered to take the Pensacola to San Francisco, and he asked the Navy Department to make me one of its subordinate officers. This was done, and I remained with him two years. Captain Worden is now living here in Washington. He is now Admiral Worden, and it is strange that both he and I should survive that stormy day and each live to be more than three score and ten."

Frank G. Carpenter

A TERRIBLE GUN.

Maxim, the gunmaker, and Dr. Schupphaus, the gunpowder expert, have just invented a new cannon and torpedo powder which will knock all modern war vessels to pieces like eggshells. This big gun will throw a huge cannon-ball full of explosives ten miles, and when it strikes it will smash into kindling-wood everything within hundreds of feet.

In fact, this new terror doesn't even have to hit a warship to do this. If the shot lands in the water near by it will sink the ship and stun everybody on board from the force of the explosion.

The discovery is called "the Maxim-Schupphaus system of throwing aerial torpedoes from guns by means of a special powder which starts the projectile with a low pressure and increases its velocity by keeping the pressures well up throughout the whole length of the gun." Patents on the system have been taken out in the United States and European countries.

The special powder employed is almost pure gun cotton, compounded with such a small per cent of nitroglycerine as to possess none of the disadvantages of nitroglycerine powders, and preserved from decomposition through a slight admixture of urea. It is perfectly safe to handle, and can be beaten with a heavy hammer on an anvil without exploding.—*Exchange.*

BIG MOSES ABLAZE.

The big Moses gas well, on the Spencer farm, on Indian Creek, Tyler county, W. Va., struck by lightning the other day, extinguished itself the same evening, after consuming the derrick and all the combustible matter within reach. The pressure was so great that it simply blew itself out, after furnishing the natives of that country with one of the grandest sights ever witnessed. The flames at no time descended nearer than forty feet of the hole, and the swaying to and fro of the great mysterious invisibly supported flambeau, hundreds of feet high, to which was added a deafening roar, made a spectacle awe-inspiring and terrible.

Nothing had ever before been struck that approached the Big Moses in magnitude. The pent up pressure, when furnished an avenue of escape through an eight and one-quarter-inch hole, for three months defied every effort to bring it under control. The earth trembled within 1000 feet of the well, and the roaring monster could be distinctly heard for a distance of twelve miles. No accurate gauge of this Jumbo of all Jumbos has ever been taken. At one time a partial test was made with an ordinary steam gauge, and it showed a pressure of forty-four pounds from an eight and one-quarter-inch opening. At another time, from a three inch opening, it showed a pressure of 600 pounds the first fifteen seconds. Then attempts at a complete test had to be abandoned.

When flowing through the casing its daily capacity was estimated by experts to be from 80,000,000 to 120,000,000 cubic feet a day. It was struck in November of last year, and during six months of the time since then the valuable fluid went to waste. Taking the lowest estimate, 80,000,000 feet a day, and computing its value at twenty-five cents per

1000 cubic feet, as charged by the city gas companies, for a period of six months, the result presents an array of figures too great for the comprehension of the human mind when reduced to the "coin of the realm."

The owners expended \$5000 in shutting the well in, and three months after it broke through and forced its way up through the surface. A powerful pump was then set up near the well, and for five days they pumped water into the monster with the hope that the gas pressure could be crowded back, and give them a chance to put in a packer; but their efforts proved futile, for the water was again forced to the surface from fissures that it made, and the result was dozens of geysers spurting up into the air. Some of them even made their appearance almost a half-mile from the well.

Some idea of the noise that it makes may be had when it is stated that two persons standing side by side find it impossible to converse understandingly within a half-mile of the well. The owners will not abandon all hope of shutting it in. They expect to begin work on it again.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

CUT OUT HIS DIAPHRAGM.

Andrew Schlecht, 45 years old, of Newark, N. J., is said to be the only person who has lived after the removal of a portion of his diaphragm the muscle with which one breathes. Dr. Wendel of the Elizabeth Hospital, who performed the operation said that Schlecht went to the hospital four weeks ago suffering from a sarcomatous tumor growing internally from the ribs. When removed this tumor weighed four and one-half pounds. The physicians had to remove a portion of the chest wall on the left side, necessitating the taking out of some ribs. In cutting out the tumor it was necessary to remove a portion of Schlecht's left lung, a part of the pericardial sac or heart envelope, and then the diaphragm. The sections mentioned as removed could not be replaced and after the cavity was properly dressed the patient was left to the caprice of nature, and after three weeks was discharged as cured.—*Exchange.*

THE LARGEST PAINTING KNOWN.

The most remarkable piece of panoramic painting ever attempted was a 2000-mile view of scenery along the Mississippi river, which was executed by John Banvard, the artist, who died at Watertown, S. D., in the summer of 1891. This wonderful panorama which gave faithful and clear-cut pictures of bluffs, river mouth, farms, prairie delta and wooded promontories along the father of waters for a distance almost as great as that which separates St. Louis from New York, was painted on a strip of canvas twenty-two feet wide and nearly three miles long. Nothing similar has ever been attempted on such a gigantic scale; and, while Arust Banvard was not known as "the Michael Angelo of America," he will long be remembered by the lovers of the curious in either art or nature as the man who painted the largest painting ever known.—*St. Louis Republic.*