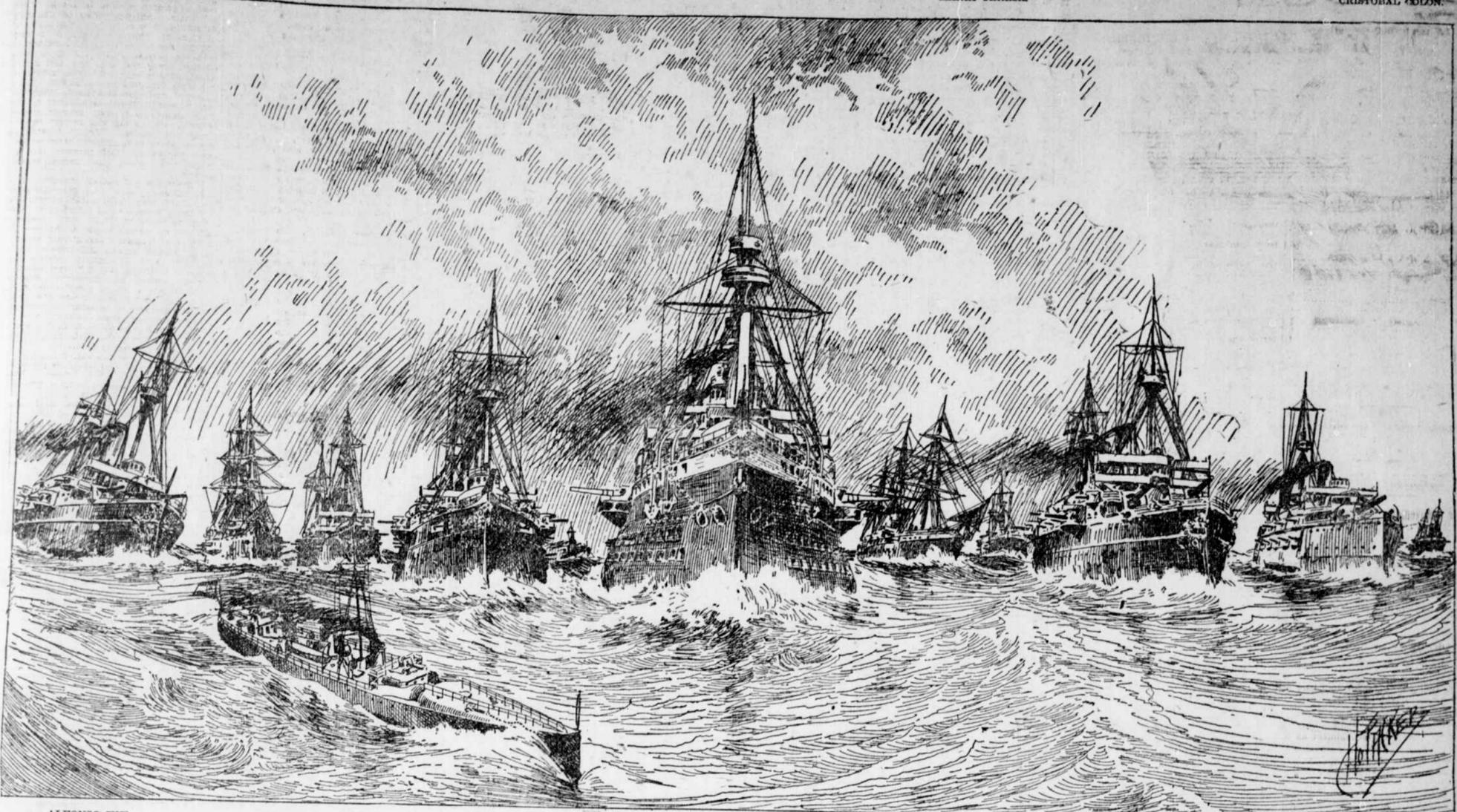


INFANTA. ISABEL. VIZCAYA. TORPEDO-BOAT FALKE. MARIA TERESA. CRISTOBAL COLON.



ALFONSO XIII. TORPEDO-BOAT TERROR. EMPERADOR CARLOS. BATTLESHIP PELAYO. NUMANCIA. LEPANTO. CARDENAL CISNEROS. HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME IS SHOWN THE MOST FORMIDABLE FIGHTING MACHINES OF SPAIN'S NAVY UNDER FULL STEAM WITH THE DECKS CLEARED FOR ACTION. DRAWN BY THE LEADING MARINE ARTIST OF AMERICA, FROM THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS.

COULD SPAIN WHIP?

COMPARISON OF OUR NAVY WITH THAT OF THE DON'S.

WE HAVEN'T MUCH ADVANTAGE.

But There is No Reason for Us to Be Timid—Uncle Sam Would First Attack Havana Harbor—It is Not the Number of Ships That Tells.

(Written for the Dispatch.) No well informed man doubts that war will mean a duel to the death between the navy of the United States and that of Spain. If Spain whips the United States navy, as she thinks she can, then the battle will be continued on land. If the United States navy sends the Spanish ships to join those of the great Armada at the bottom of the sea, as our naval men are confident they are able to, then there will be no fighting on land, for without ships, Spain cannot, of course, transport her troops here.

The chief interest in the war towards which we seem to be drifting revolves around the navy, and a comparison of the fleets of this country and Spain is of paramount importance to enable one to accurately forecast the result of a Spano-American conflict.

As the two navies are constituted at present, without taking into consideration the vessels that comprise the reserve of both countries, those that might be depended before the outbreak of war would prevent any foreign nation sailing to this country or Spain, and the vessels that are not on the fighting strength of our navy, but which patriotism would speedily place there, the following are the comparisons: The new warships Spain, it is reported, has recently purchased, are not included in the below list, as their sale has not been confirmed; neither does it include those which are now being built.

SPAIN.

Table listing Spanish ships with columns for Vessel, Displacement, and Guns. Includes ships like Empress Carlos V., Pelayo, and various torpedo boats.

UNITED STATES.

Table listing US ships with columns for Displacement and Guns. Includes ships like Massachusetts, Indiana, Iowa, and various torpedo boats.

OUR OTHER BATTLESHIPS. The United States navy further consists of the following sea-going battleships:

THE LAND OF NOD.

THE APTON LADY PLEADS ON BEHALF OF SLEEP.

SOMEBODY STRIKE FOR EARLY HOURS.

Not for Rising, But for Retiring—Rosy Cheeks and Bright Eyes Will Be the Reward—Something About Nightmares.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.) AFTON, VA., March 19.—Somebody strike for "early hours." Not for earlier hours of rising, but for those early hours to bed that make one healthy, wealthy, and wise, with a weight of favor as regards the first. One of the direct results of late hours in overwork or in the social whirl is the begetting of bodily weariness and mental disquietude, and I would that some grand dame, with much influence, and more wealth, would set the fashion of Cinderella hours in the name of happiness and good digestion. Her reward will be roses instead of pallid lilies in the cheeks of our belles, and in the eyes of many a society "swell" a leaping light instead of the gleamless glare of the late reveler. What better tribute of sparkling jewels and radiant beauty could be handed over society's footlights to such a beneficent leader? Somebody strike for "early hours."

Thomas Moore tells us: "The best of all ways, To lengthen our days, Is to steal a few hours from night, my dear."

And he was certainly an authority. Besides which moralists contend that, by rising two hours earlier each day, you will have gained at the end of forty years 29,000 hours, or seven years of life.

Very likely; but I may not live for forty years, and if I lengthen my days at the one end, I must borrow from the night, or the want of rest will bring me sooner to that bourne of endless day where "time is not"—a condition of repose that some people do not usually long for.

If we go early to bed, well and good; if not, our artificial nineteenth-century life will not permit of much early rising.

LET THE LARK ENJOY IT.

Poets may dream of the beauties of the morning. No one denies it. Occasionally, early rising is all very well, but one must be a pumpkin head or a poet to burn the candle at each end—i. e., to go to bed at 12 M., and to get up when the barnyard rooster strikes his alarm-clock at 4 in the morning, forgetting that the rooster has sensibly retired the evening before when the shades of night were drawn. We must have plenty of sound, restful sleep—from seven to nine hours, according to one's vocations and the tax upon the body and brain. And there is a wide difference when we arise from the ideal slumber, toward which I would give, and the languid mornings on which I have heard some of you exclaim: "I am just as tired as when I went to bed!" In the one case you are ready for the day's struggle; equipped for life's emergencies; prepared to do and dare or die, like Archimedes of old, only casting about for a place upon which to rest your lever to turn the world well over with your efforts in the realm of thought or labor.

I may be credulous, and am, by nature, optimistic, but I believe the soundest sleepers are the better people. A troubled conscience no less than an overladen diaphragm, will engender evil dreams and prevent that deep and refreshing slumber with which each day's duties should be "rounded off."

Somehow, after late hours and a bad night's rest, an irritating sense of injury afflicts the best of us, which is the cause of much domestic trouble. Many a true word, spoken not in jest, but in a spirit of impatience after loss of sleep, a word born of physical weariness, has precipitated a divorce or wrought lifelong misery between loving hearts.

NIGHTMARES KICKING UP THEIR HEELS.

Not always is sleep "Tired Nature's sweet restorer." Sometimes, even with restful sleep, instead of a basin it brings a bugaboo in the shape of the nightmare. Man is a wonderful piece of mechanism, and may be thrown out of gear by so

Rapid Rise of Oklahoma.

(Denver Times.) Only seven years ago, about the time of the Baring panic, the first part of what is now Oklahoma was thrown open to settlement. Two years later, in the midst of the panic of 1888, the Cherokee Outlet was added, and the throngs of settlers who rushed there to get a last slice of Uncle Sam's farms revealed the land hunger of the people.

Oklahoma now embraces about half of what is known on the map as the Indian Territory. The tribes still remain the other half. But the Oklahoma half of the coming State already contains 25,000 people, or more than Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho combined. It is assessed for \$2,000,000. Real value, \$100,000,000. Last year it produced 20,000,000 bushels of wheat and 120,000 bales of cotton. It was settled during the depression, and the people are not in debt.

Tough Warriors.

(Atlanta Constitution.) It is useless to worry about war. Men will love to fight until they become angry. Some of the most glorious men have made the toughest warriors.

A Question of Grab.

(Nashville American.) One reason why no European nation will give aid to Spain is that none can afford to cut off, even for awhile, the food supply drawn from this country.

They Don't Waver.

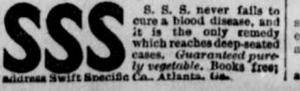
(Punch.) Little Tompkins: That fellow Brown tried to stuff me with some of his travel-tricks the other day. Talked about his trip to Italy and the waving fields of macaroni; but he didn't catch me, you know. They don't waver.

"Holy Smoke."

(Brooklyn Life.) "Is that the recter there puffing at a cigar?" "Yes." "Holy smoke."

Catarrah

Mrs. Josephine Polhill, of Due West, S. C., had a severe case of catarrah, which finally became so deep-seated that she was entirely deaf in one ear, and part of the bone in her nose sloughed off. The best physicians treated her in vain, and she used various applications and washes to no avail. Fourteen bottles of S. S. S. promptly reached the seat of the disease, and cured her sound and well.



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Small as a Welsh Rabbit.

Eaten at 10 P. M., this is the kind of a rabbit that often evolves into a big black dog at 1 o'clock, or a pate de foie gras untimely interviewed beneath pink-shaded lamps can turn to Morphean darkness and the tortures of strangulation in the "next am." The term nightmare is supposed to have been derived from Mara, the name of a demon which, according to the Scandinavian mythology, pounced upon people in their sleep and held the will in thrall. The Saxons called the distemper self-sickness, or, self-squating. I believe that it is where the southern dorkies get their ideas of wiles that travel by night. Many an old manny has frightened her nurseries, who begged for "just one more lecture, little piece of cake or pie," with the story of the witch who rides on a broomstick and gives greedy children the nightmares.

There is a phase of sleep, or, rather want of sleep, known as insomnia, which is quite the correct thing to have now, just as nervous prostration was the fashionable complaint two seasons ago. Insomnia and neurasthenia—two facts and lovely names—are special New York diseases, that Gotham's haughty physicians are fighting with pills and powders.

If you have either malady you are in the same condition of nervous collapse as is the man or woman who takes too much—and very much too much—champagne. Bromide of potassium is not good to you.

Neurasthenia is too high-toned to affect ordinary mortals; it is mostly prevalent among the "four hundred." Insomnia, at one time or another, we have all had. This is said to be one of the little black lumps attendant on the other affliction, but to be more readily remedied.

Of this I have my doubts, for of all rubbish in the name of advice for human ailments, the greatest is talked about for insomnia, for the going off to sleep by rule or rote, from soporifics to a plunge into a cold bath.

"Lie perfectly still," says the mentor. "Do not move even a finger; this will save unnecessary expense of nerve force."

My friends, nine times in ten the over-wrought nerves need to be balanced their strain by muscular exertion, and the tumbling, rolling, and tossing relieves tension just as a laugh or cry does.

INSOMNIA ANTIDOTES.

This talk about going to sleep by will power is nonsense, as one knows who has tried it night after night, to the verge of distraction.

Worse than this, however, are the soothing doses given by physicians and the self-practice of bromide, sulfonal, and all sorts of quack pellets. These give one a glimpse down the broad, straight road that leadeth to hysterics and nervous prostration.

How to woo sleep when the tired brain refuses to be wooed is the great question.

"Why, it's easy enough," says a country friend. "Just count sheep jumping backward over a fence."

"Shall I jump backward and count the sheep?" I naturally ask.

"No, of course not; you keep still and count. No, of course not; you keep still and count. No, of course not; you keep still and count."

I try it and grow intensely interested. Before 20 sheep have cleared the palings I am wider awake than ever, and filling green fields with hocks and herds like unto the ancient patriarchs. At a little table d'hote not long since a party of women discussed this sleepless subject.

"Insomnia is curable," remarked a sturdy woman as she helped herself to some cold meat, a cold vegetable, with French dressing, a baked apple, and a slice of cold bread. "But how?" questioned another, a pale, nervous creature, who had been complaining of sleeplessness. "Mainly by temperate eating," she replied, "and cold baths."

"At night," we asked in chorus.

"Yes, at night; when I feel that I am growing restless and nervous, I begin by dumping the bolster off the bed and get my head on a level with my heels. If this fails before one hundred are over you will be sound asleep."

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theosophy ever since Mrs. Annie Besant's visit to America last spring, and I have often looked in upon the meetings of the "club" in Washington. Of this, as the rural writers, say, more anon. About insomniacs, the story runs, the Indian mystics, whose devotees the theosophists are, aim to think of nothing." In fact, they have a creed it is to be at least nothing, and to reach Nirvana, which is the seventh Heaven, as it were of nothingness—the endless bliss of nonentity.

"They meditate constantly on, and repeat the syllable 'Om.' I do not know why theosophists give such significance to this 'Om.' I only know it is a cabalistic syllable of the greatest power. It may be for omnia, omnipotence, omnipresence, or stand in some way for 'I am,' which the various societies of theosophists 'am' to the extent of many thousands in Europe and the United States.

However, 'Om' is a word that signifies much more than you or I have any idea of. In insomnia the sound of 'om' is made with, perhaps, an inward mental invocation to the god of nothingness—sleep.

SOPORIFIC SYLLABLES.

As an aid to a deadening of the mind and senses, the following words are to be repeated, each time changing their order in reciting: The sound of broad A, as ah, is given. "Yam, bam, lam, ram, jam, scham."

Are you sceptical, untheosophical reader? Well, just you try muttering over these soporific syllables of the wise folk of the East when you are tossing about your bed, wishing it were day. Even if you do not fall immediately asleep, you will experience an inexplicable sense of calm—not cam—and be forced to admit that there is "something in it."

Several large flocks of wild geese have crossed the "Ridge" this week.

Mrs. Taveron Goodloe is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. P. Lipscomb, of Charlottesville.

Miss Mildred Hill, of Buckingham, is the guest of Mrs. William Zimmermann.

Miss Carrie McCallum returns to Shelton next week.

Society affairs—nil.

In Several Languages.

(Chicago Post.) "What is needed now," said the new woman, "is the higher education of man." Her auditors looked puzzled.

"Of what value is it to a woman," she continued, "to speak three or four languages if her husband understands only one?"

Then there was tumultuous applause.

"Probably no single drug is employed in nervous diseases with effects so markedly beneficial as those of cod-liver oil."

These are the words of an eminent medical teacher. Another says: "The hypophosphites are generally acknowledged as valuable nerve tonics."

Both these remedies are combined in Scott's Emulsion. Therefore, take it for nervousness, neuralgia, sciatica, insomnia and brain exhaustion.

How Ho! Fed Them. (Chicago News.) Old Farmer: That's a fine lot of pigs over there. What do you feed them? Amateur: Why, corn, of course. Old Farmer: In the ear? Amateur: Certainly not; in the mouth.

Feminine Beauty.

(Chicago News.) "Ah!" said Miss Langrish, "beauty is only skin deep after all!" "Indeed!" retorted Miss Cutting. "At a guess I should have said yours was laid on thicker than that."

Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes



FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness after meals, Headache, Dizziness, Brownness, Flushes of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Blisters on the Skin, Cold Chills, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system and cure sick headache. For a

Weak Stomach Impaired Digestion Disordered Liver

IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN Beecham's Pills are Without a Rival

and have the LARGEST SALE of any Patent Medicine in the World.

25c. at all Drug Stores, (Ca 12-W-54101847 r o c a r m)

THE GEORGETOWN ATHLETES.

Students Soon to Cross Bats With Johns Hopkins Team.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY, March 19.—(Special.)—The first game of the season on the base-ball diamond will be played next Saturday at the university at 4 o'clock, with Johns Hopkins as the opponents of Georgetown. All the pitchers will probably be tried, and the other positions will probably be filled as follows: Catcher, Maloney; First Base, Casey; Second Base, Fleming; Third Base, Hafford; Shortstop, Moran; Left-field, McCarthy; Center-field, Centofield; Down's; Rightfield, Walsh. While there is very little on which to base a comparison of the two teams, Georgetown expects to win, her candidates are in very good condition and capable of putting up a good game, even at this early stage of the season. The grandstand is expected to be near enough completed by the time the game is called to accommodate the spectators.

A BOWLING CONTEST.

A bowling team representing Georgetown, played a set of games on the alleys of Carroll Institute last Tuesday evening. Though defeated, their record was creditable, and one of their number, Ceppi, distinguished himself by making the highest showing of the evening. The team was composed of Collins, E. L. Byrne, Fleming, Ceppi, and Keane.

Some of the members of Georgetown's track team are in training, most of them, however, being beginners. The following have been out since Monday: Claiborn, Nagle (who holds the mile championship of Maryland), O'Shea, Miller, McCaulley, Hunsell, Applegarth, and Barry. The older runners, including Walsh, Coffey, Dessen, and others, are expected to commence work in a few days.

The only students who have so far announced their intention of joining the bicycle team are Schade, Moran, and Dammiller, the first named having been elected captain. Training has not yet been commenced, but will be in a few days.

There is a movement on foot to organize a track team to compete in the mile relay race at Philadelphia.

The last of the examinations for the second term at the law school was held Monday, and on Tuesday the classes resumed work.

Judge McComas, lecturer on evidence at the law school, was absent from his classes this week on account of illness.

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