[Cut this out and paste it in your scrap-book and watch for the next. These selections are made with great care by the Editor of the GAZETTE.]

NOT QUITE THE SAME.

Not quite the same the springtime seems to me,
Since that sad season when in separate ways
Our paths diverged. There are no more such days
As dawned for us in that last time when we
Dwelt in the realm of dreams, illusive dreams;
Spring may be just as fair now, but it seems
Not quite the same.

Not quite the same in life since we two parted,
Knowing it best to go our ways alone.
Fair measure of success we both have known
And pleasant hours; and yet something departed
Which gold, nor fame, nor anything we win,
Can all replace. And in this life has been
Not quite the same.

Love is not quite the same, although each heart
Has formed new ties, that are both sweet and true.
But that wild rapture, which of old we knew,
Seems to have a something set apart
With that lost dream. There is no passion, now,
Mixed with this later love, which seems, somehow,
Not quite the same.

Not quite the same am I. My inner being
Reasons and knows that all is for the best.
Yet vague regret stirs always in my breast
As my soul's eyes turn sadly backward, seeing
The vanished self, that evermore must be
This side of what we call eternity
Not quite the same.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LIFE WITH THE FLEET.

A Little Fun Now and Then, But a Great Deal of Hardship.

Now that the majority of both Admiral Sampson's and Commodore Schley's squadrons are off the south coast of Cuba and active operations have been centered here, the public is probably watching this section of the map with eager expectancy. As to the life, there is small variation from day to day. Intense heat, almost unlimited rain, constant watchfulness against torpedo attacks at night and occasional firing at the Spanish batteries during the day—these make up the routine life on the blockade.

There are plenty of colliers coming and going in the fleet, but supplies of other sorts appear to be short. Press boats are prohibited by international law from carrying official messages back and forth on their frequent trips to Hayti and Jamaica with news, but there is nothing to prevent their buying mineral water and other luxuries for the officers cooped up on the battle ships. These small officers are greatfully received.

But nearly every boat in the press fleet has been shot at one or more times at night, and one of them has been hit. Fortunately there were no casualities. The higher naval officials recognize the great service performed by these boats in collecting and handling the news.

A Conversation by Megaphone.

When a press boat hails the flagship for the last news before heading away for Kingston, Port Antonio, or Mole St. Nicholas, there is considerable excitement on board the warship. This is a sample conversation yelled through the megaphone at 200 yards:

"Say, old man, don't forget that brown sugar for the commodore, and junior mess wants to know if you can't get a whole crate of onions. And don't forget the polly water. And say, I forgot, we must have some tobacco. What sort? Oh, anything that will smoke. Much obliged. Good bye."

Perhaps the British empire, if it knew, might term this "giving aid and comfort to belligerents," but when the commodore is reduced to brown sugar for his coffee, and the junior mess, which is composed of very amiable young men, expresses fears of scurvy for lack of onions with the beefsteaks, when every one is short of tobacco from the fo'castle to the ward room, how can a war correspondent refuse these appeals—even if he does get shot at when he runs into the fleet after sundown?

Rough on the Strategy Board.

It violates no confidences to say that the whole fleet is getting heartily sick of the "peaceful war" now being waged in these latitudes. Possibly the fleet as a whole is wrong and the strategy board is right. We blame everything on the strategy board, but brutally hot weather and warm, sickly rains off shore make the boats smell and feel like Chinese laundries, so with weak Spanish batteries in plain view on shore and growing stronger with each night's surreptitious work, with a fleet eager to fight and an army with transports to back the fleet, one is inclined here to side with the fighting contingent.

However, before this gets into print, the wisdom of the Washington authorities may have been proven and the conquest of Cuba may be going forward as irresistibly as a Fourth of July oration, but the above is the view "off Santiago de Cuba."

Marines Full of Fight.

The understanding now is that Guantanamo bay, being the landing point of the Haytien cable, is to be held continuously for future use, and that duty is now confined to 600 marines on the coast of an island where Spain boasts of 120,000 loyal troops, 15,000 of whom are reported at Santiago, only forty miles away.

In response to an inquiry as to what he thought of fever now that he was landed, one marine replied, as he shifted his quid and his carbine:

"Oh, to h—— with fever, so they gives us some fighting."

This voiced the general sentiment. The men had been cooped up six weeks on the troop-ship Panther and were delighted to stretch their legs on shore. They would have marched overland to capture Havana with cheerful alacrity.

They bathed by squads at daylight, and their camp on the bluff above the deserted cable station was a model of neatness and comfort, the more so when compared with the brush hovels of the Spanish coast guard company that has described the same place.

How well American stamina, good food and cleanliness will "stand off" the ills of the Cuban climate will be settled beyond discussion, by these same marines, but, notwithstanding that cleanliness and sanitary precautions are in their favor, they are likely to have a severe trial. The heat of the tropic sun, which is heartily uncomfortable on shipboard, is almost killing on shore, and the brown campaign suits were soaked through with perspiration before the men had been an hour on land. The night winds on shore drawn down cold from the tops of the mountain ranges, chill the sweat-soaked workers to the bone. It is from this that the fevers start.

It will depend largely upon the officers, and more largely on the men themselves, how well they combat these conditions. Proper precautions are troublesome, but not impossible, though it is hard to impress the necessity for them upon the men before it is too late for precautionary measures.

CONVENTION NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL AOCIATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the National Educational Association Convention to be held at Washington, D. C., July 7 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Washington and to return at rate of single fare for the round trip plus $2 membership fee. These tickets will be sold on, and good going, July 4 to 7, and good to return leaving Washington July 8 to 15, when stamped by Joint Agent at Washington. By depositing tickets with Joint Agent on or before July 12 and on payment of 50 cents the return limit may be extended to August 31. Tickets for side trips from Washington to Gettysburg, Richmond, Old Point Comfort, and Southern battlefields will be on sale at the ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in Washington during the continuance of the Convention.

A Sure Thing for You.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic, are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day: 10c, 25c, 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists. tf

Moses King, 346 Broadway, New York, has just edited, published, copyrighted, a magnificent Album of the New York Stock Exchange, containing 106 photographs on 96 pages of elegantly enameled paper 10 by 15 inches, as well as many articles well written regarding the famous Wall Street. The books are being rapidly sold to banks, bankers, railroad, insurance, and other corporations and business men generally throughout the world. A work showing the names and faces of those who control the money of the nation, and a valuable adjunct to office library, or parlor table. Sample seen at this office.

Handsomely bound in silk-cloth for $5.00, in half morocco for $10, and full morocco for $25.

Besides the above, King publishes numerous photographic compilations send for

New York and Vicinity, 140, for 15 cts.

Selected Views of Boston and Vicinity, 32, 25cts.

Grant's Tomb Dedication, 60, 15cts.

Where to stop, a guide to the best hotels in the world, 400, views, 31cts, etc, etc.

Write for discriptive circular of King's Handbook of the United States containing illustrations and 51 maps. All these books are the best that can be produced, and sold to meet the demand of the public.

GUIDE TO SUMMER HOMES

On Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Rwy Co.'s Rail and Steamer Routes.

The Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway Company's book, "Guide to Summer Homes on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and Eastern and Western Shores of Virginia," is now ready for distribution. This book gives a complete list of all Boarbing Houses and Hotels along the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway Combany's Lines, and a great deal of other information. You should not be without a copy. Sent free to any address upon application to

T. MURDOCH, G. P. A.
111 E. Baltimore St.,
Baltimore, Md.

$30.00 for a Bicycle is very low but we have them for that price. Call and see them. NEVIUS & FRAMPTON.

Reduced Rates to Nashville via Pennsylvania Railroad, account Christian Endeavor Convention.

On account of the Christian Endeavor International Convention, to be held at Nashville, Tenn., July 5 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets of the continuous passage, ironclad signature form, from stations on its line to Nashville, at rate of *single fare for the round trip*. Tickets will be sold, and good going, July 2 to 5; returning, tickets will be good to leave Nashville to July 15, inclusive, except that by depositing ticket with agent of terminal line at Nashville on or before July 15, return limit may be extended to leave Nashville to August 1, 1898, inclusive.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ALBEMARLE.

Revised Version of a Famous Saying—"No Power on Earth Can Stand the American Torpedo" History of the Noted Engagement.

Sidney W. Peeler, of Calurenga Valley, Cal., is one of the few survivors of the crew on the Confederate ram Albemarle on the night she was blown into uselessness by the torpedo directed by Lieut. William B. Cushing. He is a native of Wilmington, N. C., and was in the Confederate naval service three years. He was on the Tennessee for several months, and saw the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac in March, 1862. When the Albemarle was being built at Plymouth, N. C., in the spring of 1863, he aided in her construction. Later he became one of her petty officers.

"The Albemarle was a good counterpart of the Merrimac," said Mr. Peeler, "but an improvement in armament. The battle of the Monitor and Merrimac taught the Confederates several lessons that we acted upon. The Albemarle was built at Edward's Ferry above Plymouth, on Albemarle Sound. At the time it was the greatest fighting machine afloat. It was the forerunner of many principles of present naval architecture. Chief Constructor, John L. Porter, C. S. N., designed the ship. She was 122 feet long, 45 feet beam, and 8 feet draught. Her skeleton was of solid oak timbers 10 by 12 inches thick, dovetailed together and covered by four-inch planking. She had two of the finest 200 horse power engines of the day. Her shield was octagonal and was about fifty feet long. Iron railroad rails were used as the framework for it. Upon the shield, plates of iron two inches thick were bolted and riveted with extreme care. Every plate was tested, and the toughest plates only were used. To make sure of resistance to the 100-pound shots from the Federal guns an extra coating of two-inch armor was bolted over all the surface above the water line. The prow of the ram was the all-important characteristic of our darling Albemarie. That was of the finest, hardest seasoned oak. It was sheeted with iron six inches through and it was tapered to a point. A more formidable engine of war had never been made. The armament was 6-inch pivot guns, several howitzers, and five 6-pounders.

"At the close of the summer of 1864 the Albemarle withdrew up the Roanoke for repairs. It had done good service in the last seven months, having sent five of Uncle Sam's good craft beneath the water. We were all enthusiastic at the prospect before us and our big ram of making some chapters in naval history during the next few months. Porter's fleet, consisting of several gunboats and some side-wheel craft, was at Roanoke Island in Albemarle Sound, and as soon as we could get our fighting ram in shape it was the intention to go down there and sink the Federal boats, as we had served others of the same class. Therefore we one and all worked like Trojans at repairing our armor plates and tinkering with our big engines.

"The repairs were finished by the middle of October and we were awaiting the arrival of three 7-inch guns before we started down the river to once more deal with the Federal fleet. We knew that Gen. Sherman's army was operating in North Carolina, and therefore unusual efforts were put forth to protect the pride of the Confederate Navy against any surprises. The garrison of Fort Bateman, which stood guard over the river at Plymouth, was increased. Two field pieces were put on the deck of the Albemarle and an artillery guard was stationed there day and night. While the river was strewn with torpedoes, the river banks were guarded against surprise by beacons, three small batteries and fifty sentries. There was abundance of ammunition for both men and muskets. To make our craft doubly safe from attack a cordon of pine logs, thirty feet long, chained together like a raft, was placed in the water about the Albermarle. It seemed as if the ram was absolutely secure.

"I recall the night Cushing came with his little launch and blew up our big ram, as well as if it were but yesterday. It was a cold, cheerless day, Oct. 27. The guards reported everything all right, and it was generally believed the Yanks down in the Sound were shaking in their boots at our prospective early advance upon their fleet. When darkness approached that evening the fresh sentries went on guard and the men at the fort signalled to the men on the Albemarle that all was well. Supper was served and soon the great grim fighting machine settled into slumber. The guards at the bow and stern kept watch. I had a letter to write that night, and I had permission to sit with a shaded lantern aft in the cabin. It was a very black night and rain fell in sprinkles.

"I had been writing two hours when I heard some one calling from the river bank. I paid no attention. In a second I heard a musket shot and then an excited running about on the deck above me. Quicker than I can tell it some one yelled down into the cabin:

"'All hands to quarters!'

"I snatched the lantern and ran up. Forty or more of our crew, who had been asleep in their hammocks, came running after me. We all instinctively knew it was a Yankee attack, but we supposed it was from the land. Before any of us had reached the deck there was a firing of muskets and a belching of howitzers. It seemed as if the whole of Sherman's army had suddenly swooped down upon the Albemarle. The beacons were flaming and the guards were shooting. All was confusion on the upper deck. The artillerymen were training their cannon and calling for ammunition. I remember that five bells were rung in the cabin at that moment.

"Off at our bow I saw a narrow steam launch without top, like a large row boat, about twenty five feet long, coming across the river straight at the Albemarle. It was about 300 feet away then. In the flickering light of the beacons we could see a man standing in the bow in his shirt sleeves, with a long stick in his hand like a heavy fishpole. We afterward knew that he was Lieut. Cushing. The screech of shot and grape and canister began and the batteries on shore roared and flamed. The launch moved right along. Capt. Welch, of the Albemarle, danced about excitedly and we tried to train our cannon on the craft, which was below our range. Amid a shower of lead and iron that made the Roanoke all about the little boat seethe and boil like mad the launch ran up to the cordon of logs. The man in his shirtsleeves standing in the bow leaned over (apparently unconscious of the roar of cannon and the dropping of ball and grape close about him) and looked critically at the half submerged water-soaked logs. The launch was turned to one side, and while Captain Welch screamed frantically to the men in the boat 'Surrender! Surrender, or we will blow you to hell!' the little boat came again full tilt toward the raft. The dozen men aboard her were in the stern, so the bow was raised. Full steam was on, and the boat went scudding before our astonished eyes straight across the slippery and watersoaked raft.

"The howitzers at Fort Bateman had now added their voice to the din of firing. The smokestack on the launch was shot off, and we saw by the beacon lights and the flames from the cannon one or two men roll over in the bottom of the boat as if shot. The man in the bow never flinched in that frightful storm. He was evidently shouting orders to his comrades. To tell all this makes it seem slow. In a twinkling the launch was close upon the ram amidships. It was done so quickly that we could not realize what was really taking place. Down went that fishpole affair which Cushing had in his hand, and it projected vertically from the bow of the launch. We could see a thing like an oil can on its free end. The pole was the torpedo boom and the can was the torpedo itself.

"Then there was a deafening, crashing and creaking explosion. I know of nothing to compare with it except an awful roaring earthquake. It seemed as if we had been struck by lightning and run into by a locomotive at the same moment. Added to the roar of the guns the sensation was most terrifying. Every one on the ram was thrown down. The heavy cannon on deck toppled over and there was a wrenching of iron supports and armor plate. The Albemarle rose fully five feet on our side. Half of us expected to be annihilated before we could stagger to our feet. But some one did have coolness enough in the unique experience to know what to do.

"'Get to the port gun! Every man use a musket!' shouted a Lieutenant.

The ram was settling then and we ran and looked over the side of the Albemarle. The men in the launch had leaped from her and were swimming for dear life. The beacons were too flickering to be of much service for our marksmen but over half of the Yanks were shot in the water. A few got away by pure luck in the shadows of the piles of cotton bales on the wharf and shore, Cushing himself escaped in this way. It was one of the miracles that do occur at such times that any one of Cushings expedition should have lived to get near the ram in that hail of lead and iron missiles, much more so that anyone could have reached shore in that boiling water.

"In three minutes, that seemed an age, we had to abandon the Albemarle. Water ran into her like a sieve. Had we been on the sea we would have sunk in half the time. Some of the boys tried to get below deck to save personal property, but could not. Captain Welch sent word to the shore batteries to shell the forest and swamp across the Roanoke, opposite Plymouth, because the fleeing Yanks might have reached there.

The sorrow of the Confeds was as touching as anything I saw in warfare. We knew that the hope of our navy was finished then. Naturally we were curious to know how so powerfully armored a craft could have been so easily wounded to death. At the first streaks of dawn several of us were down in the water beneath the wharf examining the hulk as best we could. The craft had settled in about 15 feet of water, and as she drew but 8 ft. and was built low in the water, it may be realized how much water had rushed into her.

The torpedoes had loosened every part of the hulk. There were seams an inch wide some sixty feet distant from the spot where Cushing had exploded the torpedo. There was a rough hole amidships as large as the head of a hogshead where the torpedo had done its deadly work. Seams half a foot wide and twelve and twenty feet long radiated therefrom in every direction. A 1,110 pound shot from a modern rifled cannon could not do more damage than that fifty pound copper bound torpedo had done. Armor plates were ripped off, and the big timbers wrenched out of place. The iron stanchions were twisted, the deck amidships was raised, and both engines were irreparably smashed and wrenched. It is marvelous that the magazine had not been exploded.