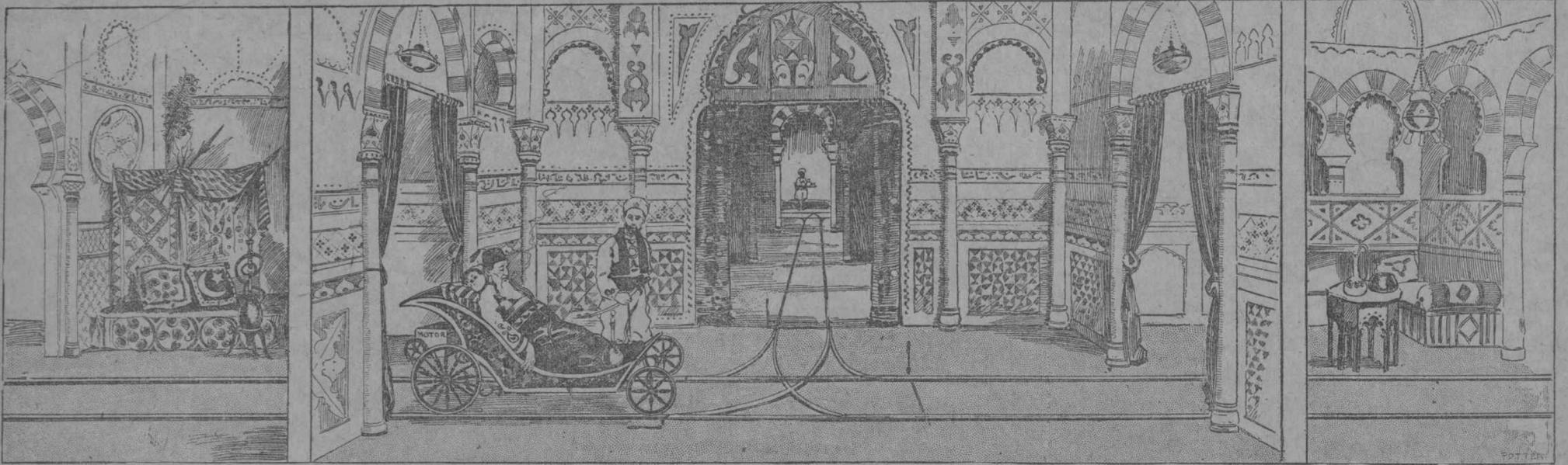


A PRIVATE TROLLY LINE IN THE SULTAN'S PALACE.



The Sultan of Morocco's Own Railroad, Which He Has Set Up in His Palace to Save the Exertion of Walking.

The Sultan of Morocco rivals the King of Siam in the matter of the luxuries with which he surrounds himself in his palace. The Siamese monarch has a glass pavilion, which he sinks at will to the bottom of a cool lake, but the sultan's palace has had constructed for his pleasure a magnificently equipped, narrow-gauge railroad,

which runs through every corridor and state apartment of his palace and harem, a distance of over a linear mile. His carriage is a gorgeous gondola of precious woods and gold, inlaid with precious stones. It floats upon silken pillows filled with the plicaceous down from the breasts of arctic birds, and covered with

rugs that are worth a chief's ransom. The Sultan makes at his pleasure a round of the palace, the courtyard, and the adjacent pavilion. The railroad was built by an eminent French engineer attached to the Imperial household. The motive power is supplied from a storage battery of advanced de-

sign. The rails are laid with such precision and the mechanism of the Sultaneese trolley car is so perfect, that the car moves without the slightest noise. In the main park attached to the palace the Sultan has had constructed a circular track a quarter of a mile in length, upon which it is his delight to send his car whirling around at the full

speed that the motor can supply. It is capable of a speed of twenty miles an hour, something much more rapid than has ever been seen on the Barbary coast. When it pleases His Most Serene Majesty to indulge to the limit this strangely acquired taste for up-to-date locomotion, the pearls of the harem fall to their knees,

with their faces to the east, and implore Allah to protect their lord from harm at the instance of this engine of the current and give the machine a good stiff whirl, the lot of the guardsmen is not a happy one. To drop behind would mean the loss of a head. The attaches of the palace are becoming the finest sprinters in Africa. The Sultan never rides in his private car

over his private trolley road unless attended by his salmetered body guard, and when it pleases him to turn on the current and give the machine a good stiff whirl, the lot of the guardsmen is not a happy one. To drop behind would mean the loss of a head. The attaches of the palace are becoming the finest sprinters in Africa.

U. S. Warships In Davy Jones' Locker.

Uncle Sam's Navy is in hard luck. The Brooklyn, which struck a rock in the Delaware River and stove a great hole in her bottom recently, is said to be the finest vessel of the armored cruiser class in the world. She cost \$3,000,000 to build, not counting guns and other equipments; her weight is 3,271 tons.

That is a good deal of money to put into one boat. She narrowly escaped total loss—to be added to many other big items representing the value of United States vessels which have gone down, like the McClintock, to the bottom of the sea. There was the Despatch, for instance, which ran ashore on Assateague Shoals, sixty miles from Cape Charles, in October, 1891. She was on the way from New York to Washington for the purpose of taking the President and the Secretary of the Navy to Annapolis to witness armor plate trials. All hands escaped in boats to a desolate island near by, but everything on board the ship was lost, including the uniforms of the officers.

Our new navy is very new indeed, and up to date it has suffered no very serious catastrophe. The three United States vessels lost at Apia in the famous hurricane of March, 1888, belonged to the older school of naval construction. That great storm caught the steamers Vandalla and Nipsic in a Samoan harbor, together with the frigate Trenton, the flag ship of our Pacific squadron. The Nipsic's anchors lost their hold, and she had to be run ashore, the result being necessarily the destruction of the vessel, though nearly all of the men and officers were saved. The Vandalla was disabled by collision with the British steamer Calliope, and, in this condition, was blown upon the rocks. Many of her crew jumped into the water and tried to swim ashore, most of these perishing in the surf.

The rest of the officers and crew hung on to the rigging of the Vandalla, which had sunk in shallow water. Meanwhile the Trenton had broken away from her anchorage and was driven ashore, her decks crowded with 450 men. As they were swept by the Vandalla, the men on board the Trenton gave three cheers for the Vandalla, to which those on the Vandalla responded. Then, as the Trenton sped on toward the rocks, before the blast of the

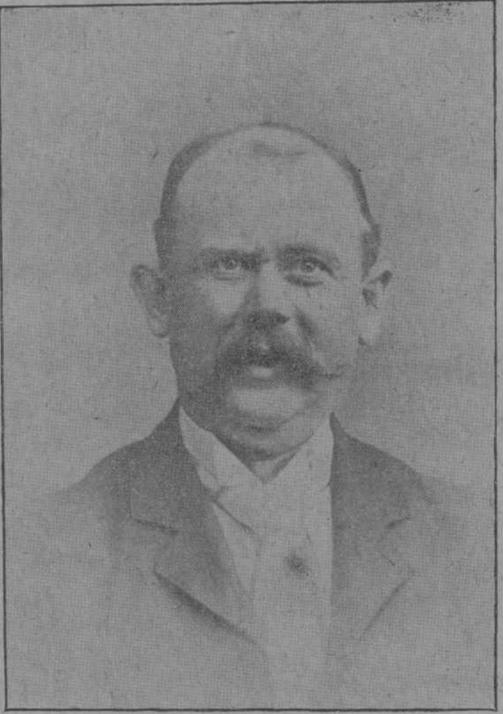
storm, her band burst out with the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Never before was music played under such circumstances—a mighty ship rushing to her doom with the flags of the United States flying at her topmasts and hailing death with the national anthem. The Samoan natives, who crowded the shores, made heroic efforts to save lives, but in all 142 seamen perished.

The Saginaw, in 1870, was lost in the very midst of the Pacific, the nearest inhabited land being the Hawaiian group, 1,000 miles to the southeast. The scene of the disaster was Ocean Island, one of the desolate and tenantless Midway group. The officers and crew managed to get ashore in the boats. Several of Uncle Sam's ships have been lost in mysterious ways, no record being left behind to tell the details of their fate. Doubtless they sank at sea or were burned, but just what became of them will never be known. There was the Saratoga, for example, which sailed from Philadelphia under command of Captain James Young, in October, 1780. A week later she fell in with three British ships, all of which she captured. When off the capes of Delaware with her prizes, the British seventy-four-gun ship of the line Intrepid gave chase. The Saratoga, which had only eight guns, ran away and was never heard from. A similar fate befell the 36-gun frigate Insurgent in 1800 in the South Atlantic. In August, 1800, the 14-gun brig Pickering sailed under orders to cruise off Guadeloupe. From the time of sailing she was never heard of.

In 1805 gunboat No. 7 was lost, and in 1814 the war sloop Wasp went down. In 1815 the brig Epervier disappeared in the Mediterranean, and in 1830 the schooner Hornet, with 200 souls on board, was swallowed up off Tampico. The Grampus in 1842, the Porpoise and the Albany in 1854, and in 1860 the Levant, all war vessels, sailed away never to return. In 1867 the corvette Monongahela, while at Santa Cruz, was wrecked by a 40-foot tidal wave. In 1868 the "Waterloo," sloop-of-war, was carried away in like manner. In 1863 the Bainbridge was upset by a hurricane off Hatteras, and in 1865 the Onondaga was sunk in collision out of Yokohama.

A TWO-FACED PHOTOGRAPH. A Man Who Laughs and Smiles at Curious Result of a Photographic Mystery.



Cover One-Half of This Face with a Sheet of Paper.

You Will Then See the Camera's Latest Trick.

This photograph illustrates one of the cleverest tricks of the modern up-to-date photographer. If you cover the right-hand half of the face with a piece of paper laid in a line with the column rule at the bottom and the vertical line at the top of the picture you will see that the man whose picture has been taken in laughing. Uncover that half and cover the other and you will find a bitter frown. The photograph was taken by Eddowes Brothers, whose studio is at the corner of Sixth avenue and

Twenty-second street, and how they accomplished it is a mystery which they refuse to reveal. They merely say that the trick is in the photograph and not in the subject's ability to distort his face into an angry expression on one side while it wears a pleasant look on the other. Perhaps this photograph will act as a stimulant to amateur photographers, who will enter in the "freak" class in the Sunday Journal's amateur photographic contest, which is described in another column.

Mr. Barney Barnato's London Palace.

London, Feb. 12.—While it is very wide of the mark to say, as has been so very generally said, that the new house Mr. Barney Barnato, the Rand multi-millionaire, is building here will be the handsomest house in London, the contradiction which has been so impressively and industriously given out, that Mr. Barnato is only making for himself a decently comfortable home, devoid of all showiness and ostentation, appears, with the evidence of the house before one, to be also a little shy of the exact situation. There is a rumor about that Mr. Barnato is preparing to break into society; that he is on the lookout for a competent private secretary, stronger on the social than the business side, to steer him through the mazes of the social world. So it may be Mr. Barnato is desirous to found the impression that the superb mansion he is erecting in the heart of fashionable Mayfair is only the sort of a modest home a man of his tastes, habits and inclinations is accustomed to.

Mr. Barnato's new house will be a notable residence in a city full of superb palaces. The long, narrow strip of land on which the house is building came into the market by an off chance last year, while Mr. Barnato was in Africa. It was the chance of several lifetimes, and Mr. Barnato's bosom friend, Mr. Woolf Joel, jumped at the chance. The price paid for the land was a little more than \$250,000. Within a very few yards of Mr. Barnato's house are several private palaces that all the money in the Rand could not buy, or easily excel. Some are not so much to look at outside, though others are everything; but they contain priceless treasures that are unique and unpurchasable, many of them gifts from the nation to its deserving sons. But Mr. Barnato undoubtedly has one of the best sites in London. It is in ultra-fashionable Park Lane, a street of palaces that skirts Hyde Park, as Upper Fifth avenue skirts Central Park. The house faces one of the main entrances to the park, and is only a few hundred yards from Hyde Park Corner.

The house was designed, as to both exterior and interior work, by Mr. T. H. Smith, of No. 17 Basinghall street, one of the best architects in London, who has made a reputation with many hand-

some houses and semi-public buildings. The exterior work is highly decorative, but it is beautiful, if a trifle florid. It is in striking contrast to Holford House, which almost faces it on the other corner, and is a severely classic structure.

The shell of the house is now practically finished, and the interior work is soon to be commenced. The shell cost something more than \$200,000. The interior decoration—exclusive of furniture, of course—has been estimated at about \$100,000. The building is of gray Portland stone, with granite columns at the entrance and between the windows of the conservatory. The design is a free treatment of renaissance.

The great feature of the ground floor will be the hall. It will be decorated in handsomely carved dark oak. Facing the entrance there will be a grand white marble staircase, with handsomely carved oak balustrade, the newels being surmounted by bronzes bearing electric lights. The reception room, to the right of the hall, will be decorated throughout in Moorish style, which will give ample scope for any amount of costly and effective treatment.

The billiard room, at the other end of the ground floor, will be decorated with light oak around the lower part of the walls, with panelling above to take pictures, which are to be mostly of sporting subjects. The first floor—as the floor above the ground floor is called—will be the entertaining floor. It will consist of a ballroom seventy feet long, a conservatory, a boudoir, a corner drawing room and a large drawing room. These rooms have been arranged on an ingenious plan that will permit guests to keep moving through them in a circle, and so avoid confusion. Guests will pass out of the ballroom into the conservatory, through that into the boudoir, on into the corner drawing room, and so into the large drawing room, from which they will pass along a spacious corridor back into the ballroom.

The ballroom will be in Louis XV. style. The walls will be panelled with rich silk, and the ceiling will be ornately moulded and decorated with paintings by some noted artist. The flooring throughout the entertaining suite will be of polished oak parquet.

WONDERFUL SKILL WITH HIS TOES---THIS YOUNG MAN HAS NO ARMS, YET PAINTS, DRIVES, BOWLS, WRITES AND DRESSES WITHOUT HELP.

John Mylchurst, the armless boy of Middletown, Conn., is a veritable wonder. He is the son of William Mylchurst, contractor and builder. He is about twenty years of age, was born without arms, but he has managed to make his feet do more than most persons do with their hands. When he was a babe it was noticed that he grasped objects with his toes as he crept over the floor, and this was what gave his parents the first idea that he might be able to use his feet in lieu of hands. He early learned to feed himself, sitting upon a stool a trifle higher than the table upon which his food was placed, but it was some time before he could cut his

own meat, or spread a slice of bread with butter. Now he eats as naturally and waits upon himself as readily as any one. By practice the muscles in the lower part of his legs have become so trained that he can comb his own hair, and even fasten the button on the back of his shirt, when he puts on his collar or adjusts his cravat. He can get out of bed and dress himself as quickly when the fire alarm sounds in the middle of the night, as his older brothers. When dressed and desirous of knowing the time he raises his right foot and catches the chain of his watch between the first two toes and presses the spring with his big toe. This act is done as

quickly as any boy can do it. He opens all doors by the same toes, and uses them to pull the old-fashioned door bell, but he pushes the electric call bells with the foot proper. He has always been a lover of horses, and as his father has always employed many in his business, John early learned to care for them, assisting the men around the barn, and finally was permitted to drive an old and safe horse. This only whetted his desire to drive a fast horse, and he has become so expert with the reins that to-day he drives any horse without fear. When driving he holds the reins in his right foot, from which the shoe has been

removed, the foot resting on the floor of the carriage. He never uses a whip. He drives anywhere, and has never been run away with, except once, and that was when the trolley cars were first introduced. And it is not safe for any one to try to pass the armless driver on the road. When he tightens up the reins and whistles, the horse is off. All the horses in his father's stable know when he is driving, and seem to delight to have him handle them. He goes to the bank and makes the deposits for the firm, giving the passbook and the money—often a bag of specie—to the receiving teller with his foot, and on receiving the book back again he slips it

in the pocket of his coat. When he has to make change, he lays the money down in front of him and picks out the right amount with his toes, and then puts the rest back in a purse much like a bag in appearance. He can write quite plainly and quickly. To do this he lays the paper on a table and grasps the pen or pencil between the big and the first toe, holding the paper steadily with his other foot. When he reads he holds the book or paper with his left foot, turning the leaves or pages with his right. He is also an artist of some promise, and, in fact, it is with his pencil and brush

that he hopes in the end to support himself. He began to take lessons in painting of Mr. Sumner, a local artist. He proved to be an apt pupil, and quickly learned to grasp his palette with his left foot and to mix colors accurately. His easel is arranged on a level with his chair, and he uses his brushes with his left foot. At first he had trouble with form and perspective, but now his pictures have many really creditable qualities. His two best pictures are a woodland scene and a study in fruit—a heap of strawberries tumbled out of an overturned basket. A bit of the Cromwell meadows is pronounced an excellent piece of work.

No one in Middletown nowadays is surprised at anything they hear that the armless wonder has done, but there was the greatest interest when it was learned that he was bowling in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. He grasps the ball with his big and little toes and puts it from the rack upon the floor, rolling it to its place. Then he sits down, and by a peculiar motion of his right leg huris the ball to its destination. It was some time before he mastered the trick, and at first his ball went far wide of the mark; but now he is able to bowl a good string. He is always ready to have a game with a friend, and asks for no odds.



Bowling.



Tying His Cravat.



Driving a Horse.



Eating His Dinner.



Painting.

